MY DIARY IN INDIA.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WOODFALL AND KINDER,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

Routledge Warne & Routledge London & New York

MY DIARY IN INDIA,

IN THE YEAR 1858-9.

BY

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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

With Illustrations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,

FARRINGDON STREET.

1860.

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MY DIARY IN INDIA.

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May 5th.—BATTLE OF BAREILLY.—Early this morning, the army, pushing on a strong advance guard of cavalry, guns, and infantry, proceeded to attack the enemy's position before the city of Bareilly. We had a long march before us ere we could get at them. In our little camp at Head-Quarters, there were great preparations last night. Norman was indefatigable; so were Macpherson and Allgood; and last, not least, the Chief and the Chief of the Staff. General Mansfield's small staff are well exercised. Hope Crealock has joined him as Assistant Adjutant-General, in lieu of Hope Johnstone, gone home sick, and Flood is Aide-de-Camp. An order of march and battle was specially ordered, and dispositions made to strengthen Tod Brown's ordnance guard from any demonstration on the part of the numerous cavalry of the enemy. Lieutenant Morland, the

indefatigable baggage-master, had no ordinary task before him to keep those enormous masses of vehicles, and beasts, and men, which seem to be growing every day from the ground, in anything like order. In our camp special instructions were given for the restriction of the dooly-bearers to a certain part of the line of march. There were three of us—Sir David Baird, Alison, and myself—who were to be marched at the head of the infantry column, but on the right or off side, the enemy lying on our left front. There were other sick officers similarly placed. It was curious how little information we could get about Bareilly, even when we were so close to it. Natives do not understand topography well, and cannot give a good description of country, which demands intelligence and education to do well. This time we had spies, but they were not very useful in that respect. Indeed, our payment is too small to quicken zeal. George Allgood had an agent living among the rebels, and sending out information at the risk of his life for several months, whom he rewarded with only 300 rupees, or £30. A native prince would have paid him as many thousands. All the way from Furreedpore till within a mile of the ruined cantonments of Bareilly, the country is as level and smooth as a bowling-green. The road is consequently raised above the ground, in order that it may not be flooded in the rains. Outside the cantonments there is a small stream flowing deviously in a deep bed, and the ground is intersected by nullahs and is unfavourable for the movements of regular troops. Brigadier Jones is now supposed to be within a day's march on the other side of the town; but there are

at least two sides open for the greater part of the rebels to get off, and they are far stronger in cavalry than we are.

Before we started this morning, I called the syce, and told him to keep my best horse close to the litter. It was quite enough to be disabled and lamed for life by the negligence of one of them, and so my injunctions were fervent and menacing. Alison and Baird gave the same directions to their servants. This little piece of foresight saved all our lives, although I had a hard struggle for my own. One of the most horrible deaths which a man can meet, to my mind, is to be cut to pieces as he lies helpless on a sick couch, and that fate happened but too often to our sick and disabled in their doolies during this campaign. Knowing that the enemy had thousands of sowars, whilst we had only a few hundreds of horse, that our line of march would necessarily be very long and imperfectly protected, and that natives are very prone to make flank and rear attacks, it struck me that our position and arrangements would be such as to afford them every inducement to try the effects of a charge; and the result proved I did not miscalculate. We marched at daybreak and moved slowly, with frequent halts to close up the column, and to permit the baggage and siege guns and ammunition to join. As the sun rose it gave promise, which was only too well kept, of a day of intense pitiless heat. By 9 o'clock in the morning we had not got much more than half way towards Bareilly.

Tortured by flies, smothered in an atmosphere of dust, prostrated by heat, my sufferings were augmented by loss of blood, by recent leech-bites, and

by a fresh blister. Belladonna had lost its influence over the pain in my injured limb.

Looking out of my portable bedstead, I could see nothing but legs of men, horses, camels, and elephants moving past in the dust along the elevated causeway on my left.

The trees by the roadside were scanty. There was no friendly shade to afford the smallest shelter from the blazing sun. I had all the sensations of a man who is smothering in a mud-bath.

The constant halts of the column were most irritating and annoying; but, about noon, I heard some shots fired in front. The men moved forward at once, and, making my dooly-bearers avail themselves of an opening between two battalions on the line of march, I was carried over to the left side of the road, which was blocked up with a mass of men and baggage, of which language can give no description. By this movement I was enabled to see a little of what was going on, and got a little out of the dust clouds.

It appears that we had just come upon a picket or patrol of the enemy, who had abandoned a gun in a small work, which was intended to sweep the road. They "bolted" almost immediately, pursued by a few rounds from our guns, and were soon lost among the trees and buildings in front of Bareilly. The firing ceased, and the troops continued to advance. After a time I observed a squadron or two of the Carabineers moving along in the fields to my left, beyond and fringing which were the usual dense woods of mangoes, peepuls, and other trees common over all this part of Rohilcund. I could not quite see the

base of these groves where it was buried in the corn, but presently I beheld a puff of smoke rise from the midst of them, close to some cottages, and the round-shot, which seemed to pitch into the centre of a squadron of the Carabineers, ricochetted through the fields right towards my dooly, to the infinite discomfiture of numerous camp-followers who were engaged in plundering the vegetable gardens and corn-fields. The shot stopped within thirty yards of the road. It was followed quickly by another, directed at the Carabineers, which did not come so far. The Carabineers trotted slowly out of the line of fire; and just at that moment I saw Sir Colin and his small staff cantering over the ground, and then a troop, or part of a troop, of horse artillery under Tombs, on both of which the enemy seemed to recommence their practice. Suddenly their fire ceased, and, looking as far forward as I could in advance, I saw the infantry deploying on the ground in front of the road, and extending themselves towards the left. There were some white buildings to be seen here and there amid the trees before them. "Bareilly hai, sahib," said my bearers. Then a fresh outburst of musketry fire took place, which died out, and one or two heavy guns began to open from inside the city upon us. Another pause took place. I was consumed by desire to see and to know.

An officer—I forget his name now—came down the road, and, seeing me in the dooly, he asked, "Can you tell me, Russell, where Tod Brown is? The Chief wants up the heavy guns!"

I could only reply that I had seen him an hour before struggling to make his way through the

baggage and infantry which blocked up the road towards the front. "And what are the heavy guns for? Are there works in front?"

"No; but the enemy seem strong, entrenched in old houses and enclosures, and Sir Colin wants to give them a pounding before he goes in at them. They have shown lots of cavalry on both our flanks."

The delay, or rather the halt of the part of the column where I was placed, lasted some time after this. Every moment the heat became more fearful. More than one European soldier was carried past me fainting, or dead. Major Metcalfe had kindly given me two bottles of French wine of the Chief's. I gave a cupful to one of those poor fellows who laid down by my dooly, getting it down his mouth with difficulty, for his teeth were partially set; his tongue sticking in his throat. He recovered a little—looked at me, and said, "God bless you!"—then tried to get to his feet, gave a sort of gasp, and fell down dead. The crush on the road had become tremendous. The guns were beginning to move towards the front of the line which was halting yet. Each instant rude shocks were given to the dooly, which threatened to hurl it down the bank; so I told the bearers to lift me, and carry me off from the road to a small tope in the field on my left, which seemed to be a quarter of a mile away, and looked as though it would certainly give us shade. The fields were covered with camp-followers, who were plucking the grain and salads, with which the country appeared to abound. But it turned out that the tope, which after all was a very small cluster of bamboos and

other trees, was much farther than I thought, and was by no means umbrageous. Here my dooly was placed close to Baird's; two or three sick or wounded officers followed our example, and Alison and some others were lying near us; the bearers went inside among the bamboos, and squatted down to smoke, or sleep. Have we not all in our small experience seen an army swallowed up by skilful leadership? Perhaps not often at Chobham or Aldershott, but still often enough at accidental reviews. Just now there was no sign of the British troops in front. They had dipped down into ravines, or were at the other side of the high road. Here and there were clouds of dust, which marked the course of cavalry on our flanks. Behind us were the columns of the rear-guard and of the baggage. But the camp-followers were scattered all over the plains, and the scene looked peaceful as a hop-gathering. There is a sun, indeed, which tells us we are not in Kent. In great pain from angry leech-bites and blisters, I was so irritated by the heat and the weight of my light coverings, that I had removed every particle of clothing, except my shirt, and lay panting in the dooly. Half-an-hour or so had passed away in a sort of dreamy, pea-soupy kind of existence. I had ceased to wonder why anything was not done. Suddenly once more there was a little explosion of musketry in our front, and then a long, steady, rolling fire. I leaned out of my dooly, and saw a long line of Highlanders, who seemed as if they were practising independent file-firing on a parade-ground, looking in the distance very cool, and quiet, and firm; but what they were firing at I in vain endeavoured to make out. A few native troops

seemed to be moving about in front of them, and hiding among the buildings against which our line of fire was directed. As suddenly as it began the firing died out once more. "What can it be?' ' said I to Baird.

"I have not the least idea. It is firing of some sort or other. How deuced hot it is! Phew! I am going to die."

A long pause took place. I looked once or twice towards the road to see if there were any symptoms of our advance. Then I sank to sleep. I know not what my dreams were, but well I remember the waking.

* * * * * *

There was a confused clamour of shrieks and shouting in my ear. My dooly was raised from the ground and then let fall violently. I heard my bearers shouting "Sowar! sowar!"—I saw them flying with terror in their faces. All the camp-followers, in wild confusion, were rushing for the road on which was massed our column. It was a veritable *stampedo* of men and animals. Elephants were trumpeting shrilly as they thundered over the fields, camels slung along at the utmost of their jogging stride, horse and tats, women, and children, were all pouring in a stream, which converged and tossed in heaps of white and black as it neared the road—an awful panic! And, heavens above! within a few hundred yards of us, sweeping on like the wind, rushed a great billow of white sowars, their sabres flashing in the sun, the roar of their voices, the thunder of their horses, filling and shaking the air. As they came on, camp-followers fell with cleft skulls and bleeding wounds upon

the field. A few squadrons turned to the right. As to the rest, there could be no doubt about their destination; the left wing of the wild cavalry was coming straight for the tope in which we lay. The eye takes in at a glance what tongue cannot tell or hand write in an hour. Here was, it appeared, an inglorious and miserable death swooping down on us in the heart of that yelling crowd. At that instant my faithful syce, with drops of sweat rolling down his black face, ran towards me, dragging my unwilling and plunging horse towards the litter, and shouting to me as if in the greatest affliction. I could scarcely move in the dooly. I don't know how I ever managed to do it, but by the help of poor Ramdeen I got into the saddle. It felt like a plate of red-hot iron; all the flesh of the blistered thigh rolled off in a quid on the flap, the leech-bites burst out afresh; the stirrup-irons seemed like blazing coals; death itself could not be more full of pain. I had nothing on but my shirt. Feet and legs naked—head uncovered—with Ramdeen holding on by one stirrup-leather, whilst, with wild cries, he urged on the horse, and struck him over the flanks with a long strip of thorn—I flew across the plain under that awful sun. I was in a ruck of animals soon, and gave up all chance of life as a troop of sowars dashed in among them. Ramdeen gave a loud cry, with a look of terror over his shoulder, and, leaving the stirrup-leather, disappeared. I followed the direction of his glance, and saw a black-bearded scoundrel, ahead of three sowars, who was coming right at me. I had neither sword nor pistol. Just at that moment a poor wretch of a

camel-driver, leading his beast by the nose-string, rushed right across, and, seeing the sowar so close on him, darted under his camel's belly. Quick as thought, the sowar reined his horse right round the other side of the camel, and as the man rose, I saw the flash of the tulwar falling on his head like a stroke of lightning. It cleft through both his hands, which he had crossed on his head, and with a feeble gurgle of "Ram! Ram!" the camel-driver fell close beside me with his skull split to the nose. I felt my time was come. My naked heels could make no impression on the panting horse. I saw, indeed, a cloud of dust and a body of men advancing rapidly towards us from the road; but just at that moment a pain so keen shot through my head that my eyes flashed fire. My senses did not leave me; I thought that I knew quite well what it was—I felt certain that I was "cut down," and I put my hand up to my head, but there was no blood on it—still this faintness must be death. For a moment a pleasant dream of home came across me; I thought I was in the hunting-field, that the heart of the pack was all around me; but I could not hold on my horse; my eyes swam, and I remember no more than that I had, as it were, a delicious plunge into a deep cool lake, in which I sank deep and deep, till the hissing waters rushed into my lungs and stifled me.

* * * * * *

On recovering my senses I found myself in a dooly by the road-side; I thought what had passed was a dream. Then I felt my head, and expected to find a gaping wound there where the dull pain beat fitfully into the brain. But there was no

wound. I endeavoured to collect my thoughts. There were only shifting pictures of black faces, swords, and the echoes of agonized cries. I had been for a long time insensible. I tried to speak, but my mouth was full of blood. Then I was seized with violent spasms in the lungs, from which for more than an hour I cough ed up quantities of mucus and blood; my head felt like a ball of molten lead. It is only from others I gathered what happened this day, for my own recollections of the occurrences after the charge of the cavalry are more vague than those of a sick man's night visions. I can remember a long halt in the dooly, amidst an immense multitude of ammunition camels, sick and wounded soldiers, and camp-followers. I remember rows of doolies passing by to the rear, and occasional volleys of musketry, and the firing of field guns close at hand. It appears that I was struck down by the sun, and fell from my horse close to the spot where Tombs' guns were unlimbering, and that a soldier who belonged to the ammunition guard, and who was running from the sowars, seeing a body lying in the sun all naked, except a bloody shirt, sent out a dooly when he got to the road for "a dead officer who had been stript," and I was taken up and carried off to the cover of some trees. Alison and Baird saved themselves also, and being active and uninjured in limb, they got well away before I could mount my horse. Baird's servant poured some brandy down my throat when I was brought in to the dooly, but I could scarcely swallow it owing to the violent spasms of the lungs and the incessant flow of clotted blood. After a long interval of painful half consciousness of life, Simon came to me, chafed my legs

and arms, and rubbed my chest. My thirst was insatiable. The heat from twelve o'clock to sunset had been tremendous, and this day all over India we lost literally hundreds of men by sun-stroke. For hours we were halted close behind the 79th and 42nd. At one time I have a dreamy sort of notion that I saw a body of men charge on the latter and the Staff, and a great deal of bayonetting and shooting going on; but I cannot say whether it was real, or if, hearing of the charge of the Gazees that evening, and the descriptions of it given so often whilst I was very weak, I mistake the impressions of one sense for those of another. No surgeon came near me, as well as I recollect, for several hours. The non-attendance of my friends—ungrateful fellow that I am!—may have tended to save my life. As soon as the flow of blood and mucus from the lungs had somewhat ceased, Simon got me a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, which I drank at a few gulps. My dooly was recovered, and it was lucky I was not in it, for it bore marks of a probing of no friendly character by lance and sword. Tod Brown afterwards told me that some of the sowars came up within a few yards of his guns, and that one fellow was shot when within ten feet of a heavy piece of siege ordnance, which he seemed determined to spike. The Mooltanee horse were wheeled round, and sent out to meet the sowars the moment they were seen to be coming down on us; but some of them turned, and Tombs, who had come up at a gallop, was obliged to fire into a mass of Mooltanees and sowars who were all coming pell-mell together upon his guns. This, and the sight of the Carabineers bearing down on them, rapidly sent the

sowars flying to the right-about; but the panic produced by their demonstration was very great, and almost as soon as the first was over I believe a second alarm took place. I never wish to see a panic again. It is appalling, and men under its influence are as wild and unreasoning as a herd of buffaloes, or a prairie full of frightened horses.

The sun was going down ere we were moved forward for about half a mile, and there, on a bare sandy plain, was one small tent pitched for Sir Colin, and two or three pall and servants' tents for the officers. I was put into my own pall. Scarcely was I placed in the charpoy ere Sir Colin, covered with dust, red in the face, and hoarse from heat and excitement, came in, and congratulated me on the escape from sun and sowar, and proceeded to give me details of what had occurred, to which I tried to listen, but it was difficult to rouse and fix my attention. He complained very much of want of information. When he thought he was outside Bareilly he was in reality only outside the ruined cantonments, some miles from the city proper. He had got the cantonments, but that was all. The enemy were still in the city. They had fallen back, and it was too late to pursue them or to make an attempt to enter the place. The men were quite exhausted. They had suffered fearfully from sunstroke. Sir Colin described the charge of the Gazees vividly.* Just at the moment he was telling me

* The Gazees are Mahomedans who, having taken an oath on the Koran, rush into the ranks of the enemy, and die fighting to the last in the belief that they will gain the joys of Paradise by their death at the hands of the infidel—a sort of martyrs of sensuality.

all about it, Walpole came in with a bloody handkerchief round his hand. He had a narrow escape from the Gazees, and was nearly cut to pieces under Sir Colin's eyes. The General sat talking to the Chief and to me for some time; and then Cameron of the 42nd came into my tent to add his narrative of a very narrow shave indeed of his own. The Gazees dragged him from his horse in a moment, his revolver was in the holster, his sword fell out of the scabbard as he was pulled to the ground, and but for the coolness and courage of two or three of his own men, who shot the fanatics as, maddened with bhang and religious fury, they cut at him so furiously, that their blind rage impeded their blows, he would have been hacked to pieces in a moment. Of the Gazees, but one or two escaped. Languidly and drowsily I listened to all this; all worldly affairs for the time seemed of little consequence to me. I was thinking of home, and of that which is beyond it.

The doctors came in at last, Tice and Mackinnon. They saw me—withdrew, consulted in whispers. I can remember so well their figures as they stood at the door of the pall, thrown into dark shade by the blazing bivouac fires! No tents were pitched; the soldiers lay down in their blankets, or without them, on the sandy plain. The cavalry stretched themselves by their horses, and the artillery lay among their guns. Strong pickets and patrols were posted all round the camp. Ere I went to sleep for the night I was anointed all over the back and chest with strong tincture of iodine. I never knew till long afterwards that up to this moment one lung had ceased to act

at all, and that a portion of the other was gorged from pulmonary apoplexy, brought on by the sun-stroke or heat; and that in fact my two friends had no expectation of my being alive next morning. Such is my recollection and experience of the Battle of Bareilly.

May 6th.—A night of great pain. The army marched early this morning to close in upon the city, and we moved in their train. There was a third panic as we started. We halted near the cantonments, and Sir Colin came over to the place where Baird and I were lying, and held a long and pleasant talk with me. He is not so fatigued and dissatisfied-looking as he was yesterday, but he is evidently discontented at something or other. Colonel Jones of the 60th, called "Jones the Avenger," came into Bareilly to-day with his column from the other side, so that the place is pretty well cleared out of the enemy, though some fanatics are said to be holding out in the Nuwab's house, where they will, it is said, fight to the last. Sir Colin says that the Gazees came on so rapidly and so boldly, that he was nearly taken by surprise, but he had time to say, "Stand firm, 42nd! bayonet them as they come on." The men, however, fired, and a lot of Gazees got in past the left of their right wing, attacked Walpole and Cameron, and wounded them, and killed some of our people. There was a good deal of promiscuous firing and stabbing, cutting and hacking, for a minute or two, and at length the last of the Gazees rolled over. Sir Colin had a narrow escape. As he was riding from one company to another his eye caught that of a quasi-dead Gazee, who was lying, tulwar in hand, just before him. The Chief guessed the

ruse in a moment. "Bayonet that man!" he called to a soldier. The Highlander made a thrust at him, but the point would not enter the thick cotton quilting of the Gazee's tunic; and the dead man was rising to his legs, when a Sikh who happened to be near, with a whistling stroke of his sabre cut off the Gazee's head at one blow, as if it had been the bulb of a poppy! The Gazees were fine fellows, grizzly-bearded elderly men for the most part, with green turbans and cummerbunds, and every one of them had a silver signet-ring, with a long text of the Koran engraved on it. They came on with their heads down below their shields, and their tulwars flashing as they whirled them over their heads, shouting "Deen! deen!" (The faith! the faith!) and dancing like madmen. The champion of the band as he approached shouted out to us to come on, and got within a yard of the line amid a shower of bullets. Then a young soldier stepped out of the ranks, blazed away his Enfield between his two eyes, and followed it by a thrust of the bayonet in the face, which finished the poor champion.

It was far advanced in the day—how the heat grows, as it were, every hour, and this month is the hottest of the year—ere Baird and myself were carried into the shell of what had once been a comfortable bungalow in the cantonments, but of which nothing was now left but the roof and walls. Here we found Colonel Hagart and his aide-de-camp, young Gore, and some others of the 9th Lancers, who had taken up their quarters inside. Charpoys were provided for us; again I was rubbed over with iodine. My head began to get clearer, but now my

leg became most painful. All the blistered skin had been rubbed off; the leech-bites were very sore and raw. In the night Jones moved into the town, and a portion of our column went round by the right of the city, but neither of them did much mischief to the rebels. The enemy have got clear away, and our caution seems to have been a little overdone.

May 7th.—The doctors tell me that had I not been so weakened by previous bleeding and doseing, the *coup de soleil* would have been as fatal to me as it was to many of our poor fellows on the 5th. I am now able to employ an amanuensis, but my leg is still very painful, and the swelling is now as hard and as large as an egg; so I shall remember the Rohilcund campaign for the rest of my life, be it long or short. The Chief sent a force to the Nuwab's house and found it empty, except some sick and an English lunatic. Two of the Rifles (60th) came right through the city yesterday, down the main street, which was full of rebels. When asked how they performed such a feat, one of them said, "We skirmidged thro' them, yer hanner!"

The Chief was kind enough to pay us another visit to-day. He has ordered out Jones, "the Avenger," with a force, to march in all haste to relieve Shahjehanpore, where Hale has been holding out splendidly against the Moulvie, whom Sir Colin admits to have shown very good capacity in his operations. I fancy he took the Chief a little by surprise in venturing to throw himself on our rear so boldly.

May 8th.—After a day of heat beyond description or conception, we had a winding-up, which nearly wound up Baird and myself.

The day had been, as usual, unbearably hot, but it had been exceedingly sultry. Towards evening the horizon darkened, and a storm, which, for grandeur, fury, and variety of physical phenomena, I never saw surpassed, burst upon our camp. It came on about an hour before sunset, its approach being heralded by strong hot winds, laden with dust, which increased in violence until they became what sailors call half a gale. From the point whence this wind came there was visible, behind and above the clouds of dust, something which looked like a gigantic wall of bright red brick, advancing at a slow and equable pace, and spreading more widely across the horizon as it approached. Around it tumbled a confused mass of whirling black clouds, scintillating with incessant lightning, and convulsed by the throes of the thunder which echoed within them.

It was a sight almost appalling—it certainly was all-absorbing—to watch the progress of this awful manifestation. As the wall of sand rose high in the air and came across the track of the setting sun, darkness, as of an eclipse, fell upon the land, though on the opposite side of the horizon there still appeared a sort of pale, sickly twilight through the dust. When the storm came nigh it seemed as if the earth were beaten by the hoofs of myriads of cavalry. The roar of the wind, the beat of the hail, the rush of the rain, and crashing of the branches of trees, mingled with the loud peals of thunder. The lightning flashed out in every variety of form—in narrow streaks, in broad belts of blinding light, in bright blue zigzags, in balls and bolts of fire, and in snapping jets, which seemed to leap from tree to tree, and to run along the

ground amidst the hail. With two or three invalids, Brigadier Hagart, and his aide-de-camp, Mr. Gore, of the 7th Hussars, I was located in the ruined bungalow, compactly built of brick; and, though the windows and doors were gone, and even the framework had been removed, the roof, fortunately for us, had been left. So great, however, appeared the violence of the storm and the strength of the gale, that we were apprehensive the stout walls would be brought down upon us.

The Brigadier and his aide-de-camp were just about setting out to overtake Brigadier Jones's column, in order to avail themselves of the opportunity of their escort towards Futtehguhr, when the storm made its first appearance. It was fortunate that it did not overtake them on the road. The moment the tempest reached the spot upon which the bungalow stood, darkness descended upon us, or rather rapidly-intermittent intervals of darkness barred the glare of the blaze of incessant lightning. The rain fell in torrents; with it were jagged hailstones, or transparent frozen lumps of water, the majority of which, as far as I could form an opinion from the numerous specimens which came into the bungalow, exceeded in size a pigeon's egg. In a short time we were driven to the lee of a wall in another room by the torrents of rain. One globe of fire, falling like a shell, struck a tall tree in the middle within a few feet of the house, and clove it in two, the upper part beating down a tent below it to the ground, the occupant happily escaping unhurt. Notwithstanding the admirable way in which Indian tents are pitched, many of them in our camp were levelled to the earth. The

arid plain upon which the men were encamped (the old general parade-ground) became a sheet of water two or three inches deep.

The tremendous tempest which caused such a change, having raged over the camp for nearly an hour, at last rolled away in the distance; but it was only to wheel round upon us in half-an-hour with increased fury, and to exhaust its strength in one grand convulsion. The wind and clouds advancing in one direction encountered a great wall of dust, propelled by a gale from the opposite quarter. Eurus and Notus contended together, and reft each other with lightning, till even the power of the elements was exhausted; then, joining their forces together in a wild truce, they swept off into the dark night, marking their path by twittering flashes of fire, and by the hoarse murmurs of the dying thunder. The ground was so much altered by the tempest that the 42nd Highlanders, and portions of other corps, had to shift their camp next morning. The dry nullahs became sounding watercourses, and the level plains in the morning looked like marshes. As for ourselves, we were moist, damp, and unpleasant for the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

My amanuensis.—A memorable anniversary.—Kindly visits.—March back from Bareilly.—Sale of my stud.—Sir Colin and the camel-driver.—The Moulvie again.—Herbert's reconnaissance at Shahjehanpore.—Its results.—The breath of the simoom.—Arrival at Futtehguhr.

May 9th.—My amanuensis comes in, an honest, stiff-fingered corporal of H.M.'s 42nd Regt. He did not write this notice of himself, but for days he continued to come to my bedside, and write for me to the paper, to friends at home, who would, I feared, be alarmed by false reports of my accident and escape, and did so well till we marched and left him behind us, when his place was taken by another soldier. The kindness of these good fellows, their anxiety to please me, their desire to give me no pain by forcing me to raise my voice or alter my position, were touching; and when I paid one of them he refused for a long time to take a farthing. "No! Mr. Russell, there's not a man in the regiment who was out in the Crimea would take a penny from you, sir. Sure, we ought to do more than that for your honour, for you were the true soldiers' friend." Well, I hope I may be pardoned for the vanity of recording this little piece of flattery. It was my best reward for trying to do my duty, and it was a full one.

Metcalfe came in and reminded me that this day is the anniversary of the outbreak at Delhi. Assuredly,

never was the strength and courage of any race tried more severely in any one year since the world began than was the mettle of the British in India in 1857. And yet, it must be admitted that, with all their courage, they would have been quite exterminated if the natives had been all and altogether hostile to them! The desperate defences made by garrisons were, no doubt, heroic; but natives shared the glory, and by their aid and presence rendered the defence possible. In one instance a British garrison in a weak entrenchment surrendered, and was ruthlessly butchered almost to a man. Our siege of Delhi would have been quite impossible, if the rajahs of Puttiala and of Jheend had not been our friends, and if the Sikhs had not recruited our battalions, and remained quiet in the Punjaub. The Sikhs at Lucknow did good service; and in all cases our garrisons were helped, fed, and served by natives, as our armies were attended and strengthened by them in the field. Look at us all here in camp this moment! Our outposts are native troops—natives are cutting grass for and grooming our horses, feeding the elephants, managing the transport, supplying the Commissariat which feeds us, cooking our soldiers' food, cleaning their camp, pitching and carrying their tents, waiting on our officers, and even lending us money. The soldier who acts as my amanuensis declares his regiment could not live a week but for the regimental servants, dooly-bearers, hospital-men, and other dependants. He admits to-day he is quite fatigued coming across in the sun to my quarters. We never hear any public acknowledgment of their services. But Goorkhas, Guides, and Hodson's horse did good work at Delhi,

and the natives attached to the Bengal artillery were as much exposed as the Europeans.

May 10th.—More blisters; pains and great heat combine to render me rather unhappy. Sir Colin is detained here just now by the engineering operations which are requisite to secure the troops which will be left in Bareilly. Alison and Murray are going to the Hills. Baird is pining for home. The doctors tell me I must go from this to Nynee Thal, if there is any opportunity. Walpole is to have the command at Rohilcund, and Coke is off with a small light column to Phillibeet, where the rebels are said to have re-assembled in some force. The thermometer to-day marked 107° in the shade at four o'clock inside our bungalow, and the flies were beyond description tenacious and irritating.

May 11th.—General Mansfield paid me a visit this morning, and gave me interesting details of our operations all over India. He maintains even to me who am the results of an experience *corpore vili*, that heat does no harm to our troops, and that we need not fear the results of hot weather campaigns or bad barrack accommodation, such as the men are likely to have. The Chief came in also, and was kind enough to bestow more than an hour of his time on me. It is curious that the old officers who served against the French in the Peninsula are much more friendly towards them than the young officers who served with them in the Crimea. Sir Colin has a Napierian regard for his former enemies. Among other matters he mentioned that a considerable number of French officers published memoirs and notes at the close of the Peninsular war which were full of

value and usefulness to military men, but none of them appear to be known in England at present. He speaks with great feeling of O'Connell, and always expresses the most kindly and generous sentiments towards Ireland and her people, among whom he says he spent many happy days, though he also recalls with indignation his forced military services in the tithe campaigns in that country, which were "the most painful it ever fell to his lot to be called on to perform." We had also some conversation about the relations of the Guards to the Line, and his Excellency, from his own experience, gave some illustrations of the results of Guards' privileges during the Crimean war, when they were on duty before Sebastopol.

May 13*th*.—Here we are still. There is no chance of my getting to Nynee Thal from Bareilly, so I must betake myself to Simla when we get down to the main trunk road; and I had to-day an intimation that we shall move back to Futtehguhr almost immediately. It is quite useless to talk about the heat any more. It seems that any increase of it must be fatal. News arrived that Shahjehanpore was relieved by Jones on the 11th, but the Moulvie still hangs about it. Several rebels have been executed here, and the process of punishment promises to be pretty long, though Alexander, the Commissioner, is said not to be very severe.

May 14*th*.—Alas! the doctors tell me I cannot ride for months. We march to-morrow, and so I am obliged to sell my horses. The Serjeant-Major of the 9th Lancers acts as auctioneer, and disposes of them this evening. My Caubul pony I wished to buy in, but I made a very strange mistake in my

directions, and the serjeant took rupees from a bidder instead of pounds, which I meant in my reserved price, very rightly saying that "We never count by pounds in India." The Chief told me to-day he would ask Mr. Alexander to make arrangements for sending me to Nynee Thal if I wished, but on the whole I decided it would be best to stay with him till he got back across the Ganges.

May 15th.—At 1.30 this morning the Chief and Head-Quarters' Staff marched from Bareilly *en route* for Futtehguhr. We had with us H.M.'s 64th, one wing Belooch Battalion, 9th Lancers (a wing), Lahore horse, and some irregulars, and a troop of Bengal artillery. Baird, Alison, myself, and a number of sick, were carried off in doolys. We left behind, in addition to Coke's column, the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, two regiments of Punjaub infantry, cavalry and guns, under Walpole, who is to command in Rohilcund. Marched all the morning, and encamped in the tope of Furreedpore at 8 A.M. The Chief was lying down beside my dooly, taking a nap while his tent was being prepared, with his head resting on his hand, for he refused to accept the loan of my pillow, when a camel-driver came by, leading a huge dood so carelessly as to bring him right across Sir Colin. One great flat pad was about descending on the Chief's head, when he started to his feet, and ere he was quite awake had his sabre out of the sheath, and was flourishing it in the air as if he was going to slay all the doodwallahs in camp.

May 16th.—From Furreedpore to Futtehgunj in the moonlight soon after 2 o'clock this morning. We hear the Ganges is rising fast. Rose has not yet

taken Calpee, and the Governor-General, who is still at Allahabad, is anxious that the Commander-in-Chief should be in some accessible place and within the range of the telegraph. His Excellency feels for the losses of the 71st Regiment, and of the detachments unwisely sent up the Indus in boats, which have suffered greatly from sickness.

May 17th.—On arriving at our camping-ground, in Tilhour tope, a large swarm of bees, irritated by the smoke of the camp-fires, which ascended the trees to their nests, made a furious charge on us, routed Sir Colin, General Mansfield, and all the officers ingloriously, and forced me to draw the curtains of my dooly, and remain in a state of semi-suffocation till their rage abated. I hear we are likely to have a fight near Shahjehanpore, as the Moulvie still hangs about that place with 5,000 irregular cavalry, and a body of infantry, with eight or nine guns.

May 18th.—A magnificent thunder-storm this morning, just as we were preparing to march. I rarely have beheld a grander sight than the sheets of lightning which flashed over the camp, and lighted up the tope and tents continuously. As we moved off, the doolys were put in the rear of the main column, for it seemed very likely we should have a fight for it ere we got into Shahjehanpore. It was a long, tedious, hot, and trying march of five or six hours. Instead of encamping in our old tope outside the town, we passed over the bridge and through the main street of Shahjehanpore out to the site of the cantonments, where our tents were pitched under some trees about nine o'clock. Observed that many houses had been recently burned here. After we encamped there was another thun-

der-storm. I was sound asleep on my charpoy, when, about three o'clock, the rapid discharges of two or three heavy guns, close at hand, roused me. I heard the Staff turning out all around me. "The Moulvie 's coming to attack us, Russell; look sharp, or you 'll miss the fighting." I could not mount a horse in the orthodox way; but I was helped up on a substitute for a side-saddle, and managed, though in great pain, to ride to the left of our camp, where I found the 60th Rifles occupying a house and the bank of the river, on which two 18-pounders were in position. At the other side of the stream was a very wide plain, dotted with trees, and gradually rising to a ridge in front of us, which was covered with groups of horsemen, extending for miles along the horizon. The 18-pounders, at a high elevation, were plumping round-shot into them, which those bahadoors dodged, with their active horses, in wonderful style. Sir Colin stationed the Rifles, H.M.'s 64th, H.M.'s 79th, with his cavalry and guns, along our front, and made an advance on the plain, which brought out more cavalry of the enemy, and a number of their guns, so that, at one time, there were at least 4,000 horsemen capering about in front of us, at the distance of a mile or so, under the fire of the heavy guns and of a field-battery on our left. Presently we saw the enemy's guns opening, and a troop of artillery replying fervently, and our infantry advancing and occupying a large village, from which they opened fire on the horsemen. As Sir Colin rode across the plain with Mansfield and his Staff, he had almost as near an escape as Norman had at Bareilly, when the heel of his boot was carried off by a round-shot. We saw a shot

strike the earth so close to him that it seemed impossible he could escape; but on the dust clearing away, the Chief was seen trotting along as usual. As our men advanced, the enemy fell back on a fort, which we could see was crowded with men; but it was too late to press them; the soldiers were much fatigued, and so, posting strong pickets all along our front and exposed flank, we retired before sunset, having gained a large accession of position without any material loss.

This affair was mainly caused by the zeal of Colonel Herbert, who went out to reconnoitre the enemy with a small body of horse, and drew the fire of the enemy's guns upon him. Therefore he retreated very properly, and the enemy, native-like, came on after him as though they had gained a great victory, till our guns opened on them and forced them to keep their distance. It is said that the Moulvie and the Delhi Prince Ferozeshah are in command of the rebels, and that they have a large force in rear and support of them at a place called Mohumdee. The enemy had two guns disabled, and about fifty or sixty killed and wounded. I returned to camp in great pain from my leg, and as I was getting it sluiced with cold water, by order of the doctors, and to the great increase of my sufferings, Sir Colin, in no very pleasant mood, passing by my tent, asked me if I knew what had taken place, and seemed to consider there was nothing so bad as "too much zeal."

May 19th.—I see the wise people at home have determined the war is over, and that India is at peace. But many an Englishman must shed his blood, and many a pound must be spent, ere peace

comes back again. I was carried in my dooly to mess this evening, and heard Norman, rich in dates and facts, make a vigorous defence of General Anson, against the charge that he had not been sufficiently quick in moving down troops to Delhi. Norman's head is like a crystal casket, clear and perspicuous. It is full of returns and tables, and logical methods.

May 20th.—The Chief seems disposed to march on Mohumdee and burn it, but he is short of cavalry, and waits for the return of Coke's column. The Ganges is rising, and the bridge to Futtehguhr may be impracticable. If so, Sir Colin will have to make a great *détour;* but he assures me the sick will be taken care of, and that we shall be put in a place of safety. What a pleasant prospect to spend months in such a place as Shahjehanpore or Jellalabad!

May 21st.—Mackinnon alarmed me this morning by coming into my tent with his tongue thickened between his lips, his eyes staring, pupils dilated, and manner confused and agitated. He had taken an overdose of belladonna for an internal pain, and was threatened with coma (my amanuensis spelt this "comber," I perceive). He returned to his tent, and sent for his friend, Sir Colin, who mildly remonstrated with him for having any objections to dying on the spot if necessary, and so cheered him greatly. His Excellency afterwards visited all his sick people, and told me it was probable he should hand the troops over to John Jones for the razzia against the Moulvie, and should go himself to Futtehguhr, in order to be on the main trunk road and in easy intercourse with the Governor-General. The heat to-day and to-night was frightful. Two hours after sunset it was 110°

in my tent. Alison, who is now in a non-contagious state of small-pox, was admitted, and Baird also came in, and we sat sweltering in the warm bath of the air whilst we discussed our chances of getting to "the Hills." *Il me rit enormement.* But our attempts to penetrate the Chief's plans were frustrated by that wary General, who covered all the flanks of his intentions with a cloud of secrecy.

May 22nd.—Coke arrived with his brigade this morning within a march of us. At 12 this day the thermometer stood at 115 degrees in my tent, which is pitched under a large tree in a dense grove; at 2.30 it was 116 degrees. In the evening, whilst Baird was with me, the Chief came in. Baird made a very adroit, but an entirely unsuccessful, attempt to ascertain from the General what he was going to do. However, afterwards, his Excellency gave me a hint, which permitted me to guess that I ought to be ready to move with him at a moment's notice.

May 23rd.—Whit Sunday.—Coke arrived this morning, and his column is now encamped near us. The enemy fled from him as he advanced. It is really distressing for us sick people to be in such doubt whether we are to be shut up in a fort in Rohilcund, sent up by Rampore to Landour, or despatched by a round of several hundred miles to Simla. The doctors say we must not stay down in the plains during the rainy season. Sir Colin has not yet made up his mind whether he will lead the troops against the Moulvie, or give them to Jones, but his anxiety to get over the Ganges will, I think, prevail.

From the intelligence which reaches us it is evident that it will require another campaign to subjugate

Oude thoroughly; for, although our columns march through the country and disperse the enemy on all sides, they can make no permanent impression on foes who start up the moment we have passed, and who are supported by the popular will, or are, at all events, powerful enough to crush our friends into silence.

Some other sick officers had joined us; but Baird and others were so perplexed by the Chief's unrelenting silence, that they had decided on taking advantage of the march of a very small column this morning for the fort of Jellalabad, which was a stage on their way to Futtehguhr, and they started under protection accordingly.

It was late to-night when his Excellency came to see me, and told me that the Head-Quarters Staff, and sick, escorted by two guns, a wing of the Belooch battalion, and some irregular horse, would make a forced march at midnight to cross the Ganges! I now learned the reason of the unusual secrecy of our march. Our spies had come in, and reported that the Moulvie went off to-day towards Palee, taking with him 500 cavalry and four guns. Now Palee would be on our left flank as we marched to Futtehguhr, and it would be by no means pleasant for the Commander-in-Chief and all the heads of the departments of the army to be attacked by such a force when they were escorted by a weak body of native troops. It was supposed the Moulvie had gone out to try and intercept a convoy of "Europe provisions," which were coming from Futtehguhr, for the use of the troops remaining in Rohilcund; and if that were his object he would be quite as likely to make a dash at his Excellency if by chance he heard

we had left Shahjehanpore. Sir Colin was so anxious Jones should have every man, horse and foot, who could be spared, that he preferred running the risk of this attack to weakening the cavalry by increasing the strength of his escort; but it was obvious that it would be most impolitic to say a word of the intended march. It was known that the troops not required for the defence of Shahjehanpore would march to-morrow morning to attack the rebels at the other side of the river, to drive them out of their position, and to burn Mohumdee, their principal stronghold on the east frontier of Rohilcund. No one knew, however, that the Chief was not going in command of the force, and it was in order that it might be perfectly secret Sir Colin was so uncommunicative. Not a soul was aware of the move, except General Mansfield, till a few hours before we were actually on the march. Oh! for one squadron of the 9th Lancers and a wing of British infantry, and dozens of Moulvies might be on our flanks.

As the march was long, it was recommended to us to go on elephants. Our march was precipitated finally, for at 10 P.M. the Head-Quarters' tents were struck, and at 10.30 we marched silently away. My charpoy was placed across an elephant's back, and was there secured with ropes; but the motion was sickening, and the swaying from side to side very painful; so, weak and ill as I was, I preferred trying to sit up, and to hold on by the bed as well as I could. The confusion in passing through the narrow streets of the town was very great, for the camp-followers of the army which was preparing to march under Jones were on the move, and blocked up the thoroughfare with their

Routledge, Warne, & Routledge London & New-York. Day & Son Lith^rs to the Queen.

SICK & WOUNDED BEFORE THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.

main current, which ran directly against our feeble stream.

The scene when we forded the river at Shahjehanpore by moonlight was very picturesque. At the fords and on the bridges, elephants, camels, horses, and their varieties were jammed together with soldiers and camp-followers, and bazaar people struggling for the right of way, and now and then some unhappy pedestrian sinking into the holes in the bed of the river made by the elephants' feet, got out of his depth, and shouted lustily for help, and if he was lucky, had his prayers heard, and was pulled half dead to the bank. These various columns cutting into each other at the opposite side of the stream, created immense confusion, particularly as we were among narrow lanes, embanked fields, and irrigated lands on the confines of the town; and more than once the bayonet point and sabre were used to enforce order or to attain to it. At length we got out on the open and into regular order of march. In the far distance, on our left, we could see the watch-fires of the rebels, whose quarter Jones will beat up at daybreak. I was in much pain, and after some hours' jogging on my unpleasant couch, I was glad to accept the offer of Captain Hearsey, and mount up on his elephant, where I was a little more "less uncomfortable." This gentleman was one of the unhappy refugees who was sheltered in the terai from the mutineers and murderers, and, although he saved his life, he was struck down by terai fever, which has reduced him to a skeleton. He speaks the native languages like a native.

May 24th.—Whit Monday.—Such a march!

Such a night of wretchedness! I could scarcely keep my eyes open, nodding to and fro in the chowgamah. Goldsworthy, who took my place on my elephant, slept easily on the charpoy, and was an object of envy to me, who dared not close my eyes lest I should fall to the ground. About 2 o'clock this morning we had a long halt. Sir Colin, Mansfield, Sterling, and the rest of the Staff, lay down on the grass, and slept soundly for more than half-an-hour. Again I mounted the elephant, and jogged on in grim pain, my companion sleeping soundly all the time. About dawn I caught sight of my dooly-bearers, and Hearsey hailed them. It was, indeed, a great relief to me to get into the perambulating-bed, which was to me a couch for a Sybarite; but my poor bearers looked greatly exhausted, as well they might, for our pace was rapid, and they had been marching since the previous night. It was 10 o'clock in the morning before we reached Jellalabad—nearly twelve hours on the road, in great heat! Here we found that Baird and the other sick officers were in the fort, as there had been alarms of an attack on their weak escort. Their doolys were carried out and placed beside ours in a tope when the camp was pitched. The reports which were brought in about the Moulvie were rather exciting. He had burned Palee, and killed all our police; and it was positively affirmed that he was hovering about Allygunj, which was close on our line of march. Our two guns were put in position outside our tope, and in heat quite indescribable we lay on our charpoys and slept.

We hoped for a long rest, but at 3.30 P.M. general orders were brought round, and we were warned to get

ready for the march in two hours more. The Head-Quarters' bazaar had not *arrived* when we left our ground, so they will have a pleasant tramp of it. Horses and camels, elephants and men, are dead beat; but Sir Colin wills it, and we must go. At 6.30 P.M. our little force left Jellalabad again. Strict orders were given to keep all doolys in the rear of the main body. We were smothered by the dust. One of us who made some remark to General Mansfield as to the straggling of the Belooches, and the danger to baggage and sick in case of an attack, was informed that "it often happens on occasions of this sort that baggage and sick must be abandoned to the enemy!" And such an enemy!

This was, indeed, a forced march, with a vengeance. On—and on—and on—for the Ganges all the weary night. The air was heavy, and hot as molten lead. I had some extra dooly-bearers, but they could scarcely keep up with the column, for the Belooches marched as fast as the cavalry. The gun-horses were very much done-up. And thus we marched all night.

May 25th.—Whit Tuesday.—I awoke out of a heated, feverish sleep about 1 o'clock this morning, in consequence of my dooly stopping. The bearers told me there were "budmashes in front," and I saw Sir Colin riding past with a few of his Staff. A Belooch officer told me that the advance guard had halted, as they saw a vast column on the plain before them. "There is our friend the Moulvie, and it is a very nice state he finds us in! The infantry have not a leg left, the cavalry can barely keep their horses off their knees, and the horse-guns are reduced to the state of guns of position!" I listened eagerly, sent for my horses, and got out my revolver once more.

All the camp-followers had halted, which is very unusual, as they generally creep along the flank of the column when it stops, in order to get a good offing; but now they were alive to their danger, and were sitting, with their ears pricked, among the doolys, and close to the infantry. The men were literally puffing like "roarers" from fatigue.

The delay was very exciting, but it seemed pretty evident after a time that either the Moulvie had fallen back to take up some favourable position, and to make his dispositions for attack or retreat, or that the force in our front was not that of an enemy at all. It was scarcely possible for us to be so near as we had been without a gun opening, or a musket being fired. It was possible, if it were the Moulvie, he might have retreated, but he would be certain to observe our weakness in the morning, and we were too weak and too exhausted to fight well. Just to think of the gallant old Chief being murdered by the rascals—not to speak of ourselves! Would the world be as hard upon him in such a case as it was on poor General Penny, and blame him for rashness, want of caution, and the like? It nearly did as much when Sir Colin, in his haste to get up country, barely escaped falling into the hands of the mutineers on the main Trunk Road.

"I am weary of conjecture!" But it becomes a very lively time when I see the artillery slowly falling back, with horses staggering in the traces, and the Irregular Cavalry following their example. It is still more exciting when I observe that my dooly-bearers take me up and trudge towards the front as if to offer me as a sacrifice to the enemy! The enigma is soon solved. After some little suspense we learn that the

body which we observed in our front was the convoy of "Europe provisions" for Bareilly, under charge of some companies of H.M.'s 80th. The discovery must have been a considerable relief to Sir Colin. He decided, after some deliberation, to send on the convoy to Shahjehanpore under the protection of our two guns, the Belooches and Irregular Cavalry, and to take back the party of the 80th Regt. as an escort.

The march was resumed. On again we went for mile after mile over a sandy, dusty plain. The soldiers of the 80th, who had had a long march already, were soon as much exhausted as those of our old escort.* From every side were cries of distress for the bheesties. Suddenly there came out of the hot black night a fearful storm—not of rain or thunder, but of wind and dust, which burned like the ashes of a furnace. The column halted at once. Nor man nor beast could face the force of the blast, the burning breath of the Simoom. The current was as a stream of lava, and it fell on my dooly so savagely that I tumbled out of it on the sand to leeward lest it should be blown away with me. The bearers threw themselves on the windward side and kept the litter down. I felt the hot dust gathering over me, my skin burned as though in fever. Close to me lay a gnarled old soldier of the 80th, who was gasping for breath, and in the lulls of the storm calling for the bheesty with feeble breath. I told him to cheer up, and that it would soon be over.

"That it will—soon for me. I've been eighteen years in the service, and never had such hardship as

* I believe the men were ordered to take out their great coats when they marched from Futtehguhr!

this ——. It 's more than a man can bear, sir. There 's ten of my section missing—and no wonder!" All the officers were dismounted, and the men were crouched on the ground during the violence of the storm.

In a quarter of an hour or so the strength of the wind abated. The column re-formed, and the march began once more; but the poor fellow near me had spoken only too truly. They tried to rouse him. He was a dead man. Several of our escort died that night. A large proportion were carried into hospital on our arrival at Futtehguhr, where several of them expired afterwards. Some were missing up to the time I left the Fort.

I really believe that if the dust-storm had lasted half as long again, the results would have been fatal to most of the column. It was the same evil wind that smote Lake's corps in his awful march to Cawnpore at precisely the same period, and just fifty-four years ago. The "Devil's breath" was upon us. If I could describe it I should shrink from reviving the recollections of that "*mauvais quart d'heure,*" which was in its horrid fervour worthy of the name which is translated by the above epithet. I crawled back to my dooly into a bed of burning sand, and there I lay exhausted. For hours we marched on. Oh! what delight at last to wake up in the midst of a stream of bright clear water, to see beyond its banks another broader still! I had been borne over the Rumgunga in a sort of dreamy consciousness, and even the pangs of thirst could not awake me. But now I was in the midst of water. My dooly was at rest in the shallow stream like some small island, and

the waters rolled over the sandy bed with a gurgling, pleasant song, away, under, and through the legs of my bed. And then came Sukeeram, and taking up the grateful wavelets in a gourd, held them to my parched lips. Then with the hollow of his hand he dashed the dimpling surface of the current on my head and face. I could fancy how the sun-smitten earth drinks in the first autumn showers. All around me, above and below, the native camp-followers, syces, bazaar-people, were rolling in the river, and puffing and blowing like so many porpoises. We were in a branch of the Ganges, and beyond us, across a long low waste of sand-banks, rolled the main body of the Sacred River. Nor were the poor fagged British soldiers less delighted, if they were not quite as demonstrative in their joy, when they beheld the water, and bathed their aching heads and legs in the stream. Presently, sitting over his horse's shoulder, with an air of fatigue, as well he might, came Sir Colin himself, with a few of his Staff. His clothes and face were covered with dust, his eyes were half filled with sand, and, indeed, I scarcely recognized him for a moment, when he drew up to speak to me. "Futtehguhr is only four miles away," said he, "we 'll be there in an hour and a quarter." And after a minute or so more spent in talking of the night we had passed, he rode his horse, which had not lost its time in the water, but had plunged in its head up to the eyes, across the stream, and went on. If any of the United Service, or of "the Rag" seniors, could have seen the dirty jaded men who followed the General, they would have required much faith to believe they were Staff officers.

We jogged on over the wide sand-banks of the broad bed of the Ganges, cut here and there into deep nullahs and dry watercourses, and covered with coarse grass, which will soon be under water.

How lovely were the mud walls of the Fort of Futtehguhr as they appeared in the distance! In the hope of getting to those hospitable walls, it was almost akin to pleasure to be suffocated in the press on the narrow, long bridge of boats which joins island to island, and at last spans the broad river itself!

And there at last we arrived. Le Geyt Bruce received us. Alison and Baird and I found shelter in a nook of that hospitable bungalow. Such a bath! Such a breakfast! Such a grand beaker of claret cup! Baird was too ill to rise from his charpoy, and Alison and I soon crept over to the two which were placed for us in a low dark room, with tatties and punkahs, and enjoyed the pure animal happiness of repose. And so ended our forced march across the Ganges, from Shahjehanpore to Futtehguhr, which had nigh ended us ere its close. Certainly a most trying and painful march—two nights of great misery.

CHAPTER III.

A day of calm enjoyment—The Trunk Road.—A fine piece of loot.—General Rose.—Mrs. Sukeeram.—Away to the Hills.—Remains of the station of Eytah.—Departure from Futtehguhr.—Approach Delhi.—The descendant of Akbar.—A house of bondage.—Selimghur.—Ruined streets of a deserted city.—An agreeable change.—Visit to the King of Delhi.—Poverty in a palace.—Jumma Bukht—Orientalized matter of fact—The ex-King's countenance—Our dealings with the Moguls.—The latest begum.

May 26th, Wednesday.—A day of calm—positively calm enjoyment. The weather, we were told, was overcast outside, and the thermometer was not at more than 90° in our room, and 130° outside. Baird has severe fever. Alison looks unwholesome, but is pronounced non-contagious. After another Sardanapalitic breakfast, we lie on our charpoys all day, and doze away, with punkahs fanning us, and kuskus-tatties working. At dusk my dooly is brought down, and I am carried down to the mosque in the Serai to dinner. It is hot, and so we do not sit long, and I am carried back to the Fort to bed.

May 27th, Thursday.—The Trunk Road up and down is unsafe. The Commander-in-Chief has literally not a man to escort him down to Cawnpore. A few days back one Ruheem Ali made a dash across the Ganges, out of Rohilcund, with some hundreds of sowars, and in the night came upon a gharry, in

which were Major Waterfield and another officer. They cut the former to pieces; the latter had an escape little short of miraculous, after a desperate fight, and got away in the dark. Under these circumstances we shall have to stay here for some little time.

Poor Hodson's horses and guns, which were left here, were sold by auction early this morning in the Fort. Some handsome swords and good guns went cheap enough; but the horses were all well sold. A rusty Westley Richards, in case, which probably cost £50, only fetched £3 10*s*.

To-day we saw a fine piece of loot belonging to one of our officers—a great plaque, for an imperial crown or turban, composed of flat diamonds, with some brilliants of great size. No one seemed to know the value of it. The mode in which he came into possession of it is remarkable. He was quartered in the Kaiserbagh after the storm, and his servant brought him in this plaque, which is about the size of a dessert-plate, and said he had found it amid the rubbish. Thinking it was glass, our friend threw it out of the door. Another native brought it in to him; again he threw it away. A third time the plaque was presented to him, and, fairly tired out, he stuck it up against the wall of his room, where it remained till an officer, who had been in the service of the King of Oude, came in and recognized it as an ornament of the great state turban. This is better than the way in which another officer is said to have got some precious stones, of great value—namely, as the result of a sharp fight with one of our own Sikhs.

May 28th, Friday.—The news to-day is, that the

rebels have been at Bewah, close to Bowgong, on the Trunk Road which is only a few hours from us, and have plundered and burnt it. But these are small matters—the results of the dispersion of the armies and large bodies of the enemy.

Rose has taken Calpee gallantly, and would be in a position to clear the rebels out of Central India but for the dreadful heat now, and the rains, which are imminent. The march of this General, his great successes—particularly his brilliant repulse of the attempt made to raise the siege of Jhansi—and his storm of Jhansi itself—now terminating with the capture of Calpee, have been splendid military achievements. Koer Sing has died of his wounds, and the bands which his influence held together about Jugdespore will no doubt soon be accounted for. There was something of the soldier and general about this old chief, and his men had the honour of inflicting three defeats on British soldiers, who were, on all three occasions, however, very badly handled. Be it observed, however, that there never yet was a defeat in which the beaten party were not "injudiciously commanded."

Brigadier Seaton and the magistrate informed us to-day that it would be unsafe to attempt to go up to Agra or Delhi at present.

Sir Colin expects the 79th here, and a troop of Bengal artillery, after the Moulvie has been disposed of. I must give up talking about the heat. Its monotony and its force and constancy are quite overwhelming.

In the evening, as I sat in the balcony over the Ganges, I observed two prodigious flights of bats, all

crossing from the west, and going straight away to the east. Not one returned or deviated—all flew in a direct line; they were in thousands.

May 29th, Saturday.—The report is, that Rose will not take the command of the force marching from Calpee to Gwalior, which may be threatened by the rebels, and it is said that he refuses to do so on the plea of ill-health. No doubt he has suffered very much in those tremendous marches, which were more fatal to his men than were the enemy's bullets; but it is whispered that he and Sir Colin are not on the very best terms, and that the Chief was displeased with his General for taking away the camel corps to Calpee, which was done in opposition to the spirit of their duties and orders. After breakfast Sir Thomas Seaton came in, and told me he thought Alison and I might venture up, as the police would soon be established along the road, and Ryves and two others had left this morning. The Brigadier thinks that everything is going on smoothly now. Lord Canning, however, is uneasy about the aspect of affairs in Bundelcund and Central India, in Azimghur, Goruckpore, and Rewah. In Oude we have done nothing except display our force in military promenades, and in the destruction of a few strongholds. Seaton is to take command of Colonel Jones's ("the Avenger's") force, and the latter goes back to his regiment. McCausland will relieve Seaton in the command of Futtehguhr and its forces.

I received letters to-day giving an account of Jones's march to Mohumdee, and the retreat of the Moulvie and his troops at a speed which set our cavalry at defiance.

In the evening, when my biped friends had gone off to play cricket, I returned with my one leg to my place in the balcony, and watched the herds of buffaloes swimming the Ganges, from their pasturage on the Rohilcund side. They seemed to enjoy their swim amazingly, though they sank so deep that only their heads were visible. It was amusing to see the herdsmen holding on by the tails of the beasts, and swimming over along with them. When thus escorted, the men are safe from the attacks of alligators. Again the immense flights of bats set in from the west, and continued steadily till night fell upon us.

As we had nothing else to do, Bruce, Alison, and myself formed ourselves into a public meeting, and passed resolutions declaring it was expedient we should dine with Captain Mylne, in the adjoining compartment of the bungalow. The captain approved of the resolutions, and we dined with him accordingly, and sat up till near midnight telling and listening to old-world stories. We sat in the very room where some of our ill-fated countrywomen were massacred by the sepoys. Mylne told me that he had no doubt two women were blown from guns, and that some children had been placed against the targets on the practice-ground as marks by the men of the 10th and 41st B.N.I. These were the acts of barbarous savages. But were our acts those of civilized Christians, when in this very place we hung a relative of the Nuwab of Furruckabad under circumstances of most disgusting indignity, whilst a chaplain stood by among the spectators? It is actually true that the miserable man entertained one or two officers of a British regiment in his palace the day before his death, and that he

believed his statements with respect to his innocence were received; but in a few hours after he had acted as host to a colonel in our army, he was pounced upon by the civil power, and hanged in a way which excited the displeasure of every one who saw it, and particularly of Sir William Peel. All these kinds of vindictive, unchristian, Indian tortures, such as sewing Mahomedans in pig-skins, smearing them with pork-fat before execution, and burning their bodies, and forcing Hindoos to defile themselves, are disgraceful, and ultimately recoil on ourselves.* They are spiritual and mental tortures to which we have no right to resort, and which we dare not perpetrate in the face of Europe.

Trinity Sunday, May 30th.—Early service soon after dawn, before the bungalow this morning. Short withal. Bugle sounds "parade." Five minutes' reading. Bugle sounds "dismiss," and the service is over. There is no chaplain at Futtehguhr now. The heat was so great to-day, that several men actually died in the barracks inside the Fort of apoplexy. My leg becomes more painful, and I find now the calf and ankle swell at the least attempt to walk. Once more I sat out in the evening and watched the bats as before, and the men swimming over on the backs of the buffaloes. There were several alligators rolling about on the banks. They are divided into two sorts, one with a long, sharp snout

* It is one of the most deplorable signs of our deterioration in the East, and of the evil influences of the systems around us, as well as the most positive proof of the want of any sound public opinion, that men can be found in the ranks of our statesmen and magistracy in India, to defend such acts as those I allude to.

and great jaws, which preys only on fish; the other (*mugger*), with a short, round snout, which attacks men and sometimes will dash in among the bathers and pull them down at the ghauts. Otters were also numerous to-night, and fish, like porpoises, tumbling about in the rapid current. Flocks of pelicans, duck, and teal, waded and swam about in the shallows, and on the banks sat rows of adjutants, looking, in the distance, like old gentlemen in white waistcoats over their wine.

May 31*st*, *Monday*.—Alison and I went to dine with the Commander-in-Chief, who has moved from the Fort to a very good house in a fair garden, and close to a tope of trees, in which the Head-Quarters' camp is pitched. In a few days he will go down to Allahabad. Norman, who has a holiday, dined with the Chief, but started immediately after dinner by dâk to Umballa to see his family. Sterling preached a charming sermon on the text, "I said in my heart all men are liars," with especial reference to his compatriots one degree removed. Alison and I have determined to start to the Hills to-morrow, if we can get gharrys, and Brigadier Stisted, who is going up to his command at Sealkote, will accompany us.

June 1*st*, *Tuesday*.—Preparing for our journey up country. Sir Colin came over to see me in reference to a little misunderstanding on the part of one of his Staff, and, in the course of conversation, expressed great anxiety as to the troops who would be necessarily forced to remain in the field during this season and in the ensuing rains. His thoughts are rarely absent from his soldiers. Crealock also paid

me a farewell visit in order to show me some of his sketches of the campaigns, which he is going to publish if possible. His pen and pencil are facile, powerful, and effective—his expression excellent. There is always one big burly fellow in his sketches, with great beard, polished boots, and melodramatic air, on whom he bestows much pains and large art.

June 2nd, Wednesday.—At the last moment, when we were all ready for our journey, the baboo of the post-office wrote up to say he could only lay horses for one gharry up to Delhi, and that the other gharry must wait till to-morrow. Stisted was unwell, and very anxious to get away, and so I resolved to let him and Alison have the gharry, and to wait till to-morrow. After much delay they got off, and I was indeed glad, when I saw them under way, that I was not doubled up as they were—two inside, and a dog, and lots of baggage, a servant and numerous trunks on the top: a broiling evening, and a bad road to Bowgong. By the bye, Ryves and his comrade had a narrow escape the other night. The pickets of the rebels were so close to the road he could hear them speak, and he could see the fellows standing by their watch-fires.

June 3rd, Thursday.—Up early, and received a letter from the baboo assuring me that the horses would be ready in the evening, but that he feared he could not let me have a gharry, as the return vehicle, on which he had relied, had not yet made its appearance! This is pleasant. However, by Mylne's assistance, I got the loan of a gharry belonging to Lieutenant Bennett to Bowgong, and if there is not one there, I can take on his and buy it out and out for £30.

In the afternoon there came over an orderly from Sir Colin with a parcel of telegrams, announcing that the rebels had attacked Gwalior; that Scindia had been defeated; and that he had arrived as a fugitive with his minister, Dunkur Rao, at Agra! This is, indeed, bad news. Colonel Frank Turner, who has come here to take charge of the gun-carriage factory (*vice* Bruce, who goes back to his duty), thinks it is the worst we have had this long time. Sir Thomas Seaton, however, does not attach such great importance to it, though he regrets very much that Scindia should have suffered so severely for his loyalty to us. There is a disposition to throw some blame on Rose for his supposed delay at Calpee; but after all we know so little of the case, that it would be very unjust to censure one who has shown such energy and decision.

His Excellency came over to bid me good-bye, and rode across in the sun from his quarters to the Fort, for the purpose. We had a long talk over the reports which I had received from him. Rose, who seemed disinclined, owing to ill-health, to take the command of the Gwalior force, will now, no doubt, at once proceed to follow the mutineers. The Chief has no fear of the result. He thinks that it will only require a vigorous march, and a strong attack on Gwalior, to restore Scindia to his capital; but it is evident he is disconcerted at the news. It is all the more awkward because Sir Colin has sent down a general order to Allahabad, somewhat in the form of a proclamation, announcing the close of the summer campaign, and thanking the troops for their services. When Sir Colin was leaving, I hobbled out from my room into

the compound to bid him good-bye. I prophesied two things then, ere we shook hands. One has come to pass—the other may follow. But to His Excellency I was a veritable Cassandra.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, all being ready, I took farewell of all my kind friends, many of whom came some way to see me, and left Futtehguhr for Simla, almost a cripple, and quite low-spirited and downcast, in my gharry, with the faithful Simon perched on the roof. I paid off all my other servants; my dooly-bearers, khitmutgar, dhoby, bheesty, sweeper, syces—gave them all chittys or notes describing their virtues and services. One of my servants, quite a lad, was accompanied in all our marches by his wife, of whom I can truly say I never saw more than her feet and arms, so adroitly did she manage to keep her face covered whenever I went out of my tent; but on this occasion, as if to reward me for the gratuity I gave her husband, she drew back the white fall of calico from her face, and there flashed out on me a pair of lovely black eyes, two rows of glittering ivory teeth, and as pretty a face as one could see. The hood was down again in a moment, and I saw, what I had long suspected, that Mrs. Sukeeram was fair to look upon, in spite of her Vandyck-brown skin. Travelled all night over one of the worst roads in the world.

June 4th, Friday.—It was nearly 4 o'clock this morning when I reached Bowgong. There was no gharry to be had at this wretched place, so I was obliged to take on Bennett's gharry. I was now on the main Trunk Road, and I observed there was a sowar or two always riding after us. These men were furnished as a sort of guard by the various

thannahs, or police-stations, along the road to guard travellers. As I rumbled along, I passed over in my mind the strange scenes I had gone through, and endeavoured to dwell upon them; but the aspect of the country around me continually forced on my imagination the horrors of this year in India. Bungalows, police-stations, tehseels, were all burned down, blackened, and in ruins. Even the milestones were defaced. The Grand Trunk Road was nearly the sole remaining trace of our rule; and from the excellence of this I was diverted, in the midst of my reflections, by the passage of a wide, sandy stream which cut it across. At 7.30 in the morning, I reached the remains of the station of Eytah. Here, in the ruins of a bungalow, I found Mr. Daniel, Lieutenant Henessey, and another young gentleman, representing British rule, law, and order, over an immense district lately swarming with rebels. They had 100 Sikhs to aid them, and a local levy; but not another white face was there within many miles of them. A hospitable reception, some new magazines and books, induced me to stay longer than I intended, and it was 2.30 P.M. ere I started again, in opposition to the advice of the civilians. I had not been long on the road, ere I wished I had followed their recommendation, and had waited till the sun went down, for now the heat was so great that even my servant said he felt ill, and the drivers and horses were alike exhausted. The people we saw on the road were sheltering themselves in the scant shadows of the trees. I was struck by the size and fine muscular development of the men, as by the extreme aridity and flatness of the country, through

which, on my right, flowed irrigation-branches of the Ganges' canal, most of which were dry, as well as I could ascertain. Peacocks alone appeared to live on the baked-up plains. Towards evening I felt a little curiosity as to the contents of a French *pâté* that Sir Thomas Seaton had given me, and I found my pains in opening it rewarded. When I arrived in Koel it was 9 o'clock P.M. I gave myself but an hour's halt at the bungalow of Allyghur, and pushed on again. The gharry, when I re-entered it, though it was night time, seemed to glow like a baker's oven. The panels had retained the scorching heat. At another time I should have liked to see Perron's fortress and Lake's conquest; but my thoughts were all fixed on the Hills, and day after day I felt myself growing weaker as I wasted away in the fervour of summer. No Indian, be it observed, ever thinks of undertaking a long journey at this time of year, or travelling night and day as I was doing. On again, and travelled all night.

June 5th, Saturday.—At 6 o'clock A.M. awoke and found myself, according to the milestones, twelve miles from Delhi; the country around of exceeding dreariness and desolation; crossed a stream by a suspension bridge. At the sixth milestone a large plain of corn and grass, very refreshing and pleasant to look upon, extended for miles on our right. Great quantities of cattle are grazing in the meadows. Large tumuli appear after a time, which are probably the remains of brick-kilns, or may-be mortuary heaps. At last the eye catches a glimpse of the Jumna, and beyond it, on a high ridge, are the minars and domes of Delhi.

When I left the Commander-in-Chief's camp Major Metcalfe had been good enough to recommend me to his friend, Sir W. Campbell, who was acting as prize-agent at Delhi; and I intended throwing myself upon that gentleman's hospitality for the day; but in India, as in other places, "it 's a wise bird who knows in the morning where he 'll roost at night."

I was occupied in absorbing my first impressions of the city of the Great Mogul. Here is the place from which came the haughty ukases that gave to a few trembling humble traders the right to hold lands in India on the tenure of service and submission, and which, but one year ago, was the centre of a formidable rebellion. As I looked at the gaunt old red walls which tower above the Jumna, I could not help reflecting that there were probably not five thousand people, unconnected with India, in the country from which India was governed, who two years ago had ever heard of the King of Delhi as a living man, or who knew that even then, in the extreme of his decrepitude, and in the utter prostration of his race, the descendant of Akbar had fenced himself round with such remnants of dignities that the Governor-General of India could not approach him as an equal, and that the British officers at Delhi were obliged to observe in their intercourse with him all the outward marks of respect which a sovereign had a right to demand from his servants. The first knowledge the great mass of Englishmen had at home of the King of Delhi was that he was the nominal chief of a revolt which was shaking our Indian empire to its foundations. He was called ungrateful for rising against his benefactors. He was, no doubt, a weak and cruel old

man; but to talk of ingratitude on the part of one who saw that all the dominions of his ancestors had gradually been taken from him, by force or otherwise, till he was left with an empty title, a more empty exchequer, and a palace full of penniless princesses and princes of his own blood, is perfectly preposterous. Was he to be grateful to the Company for the condition in which he found himself? Was he to bless them for ever because Polyphemus, in the shape of the British Government, snatched poor blind Shah Alum from the hands of the Mahrattas, and then devoured him piecemeal? We, it is true, have now the same right and the same charter for our dominions in India that the Mahomedan founders of the house of Delhi had for the sovereignty they claimed over Hindostan; but we did not come into India, as they did, at the head of great armies, with the avowed intention of subjugating the country. We crept in as humble barterers, whose existence depended on the bounty and favour of the lieutenants of the kings of Delhi; and the "generosity" which we showed to Shah Alum was but a small acknowledgment of the favours his ancestors had conferred on our race.

The present man was guilty of permitting very horrible murders to be committed within the walls of his palace. He had chosen to accept all the dangers and risks to which the head of a revolt against the British Government in India was exposed, and he was conquered. An English lawyer in an English court of justice might show that it would be very difficult for our Government to draw an indictment against the King of Delhi for treason, for the levying of war against us as lords paramount, or even for

being directly accessory to the murder of the poor ladies who fell victims to the brutal ferocity and blood-thirstiness of a Mahomedan mob; but as one who was conquered in the fight which he had provoked, the King of Delhi had no reason to complain of his fate; and even had we taken his life, though less merciful or magnanimous than some great conquerors, we should still have had precedents for our conduct. But, to my mind, the position of the King was one of the most intolerable misery long ere the revolt broke out. His palace was in reality a house of bondage; he knew that the few wretched prerogatives which were left to him, as if in mockery of the departed power they represented, would be taken away from his successors; that they would be deprived even of the right to live in their own palace, and would be exiled to some place outside the walls. We denied permission to his royal relatives to enter our service; we condemned them to a degrading existence, in poverty and debt, inside the purlieus of their zenanas, and then we reproached them with their laziness, meanness, and sensuality. We shut the gates of military preferment upon them—we closed upon them the paths of every pursuit—we took from them every object of honourable ambition—and then our papers and our mess-rooms teemed with invectives against the lazy, slothful, and sensuous princes of his house. Better die a hundred deaths than drag on such a contemptible, degrading existence. Had the old man and his sons refrained from shedding innocent blood—had they died with harness on their backs—I for one should have felt that sympathy for their fate which mankind are wont to exhibit for fallen dynasties and unfortunate kings. But they leagued them-

selves with a murderous and most treacherous mutiny, and there was nothing in their personal conduct during the struggle to excite any pity for their end.

I am passing over a wide stream, as broad as the Ganges at Allahabad, by a rude bridge of boats, which is so broad, however, that it is divided into two roads, one for carriages going to, another for those coming from, the city. There are lamp-posts at intervals; and the heads and sterns of the boats are covered with matting sheds for the shelter of the men who manage the huge ropes and anchors by which the bridge is secured. At the gateway of the bridge there is a guard-house, and Sikh sentries are on duty, who examine all natives, and force them to produce their passes; but on seeing my white face they present arms. My skin is the passport—it is a guarantee of my rank. In India I am at once one of the governing class—an aristocrat in virtue of birth—a peer of the realm; a being specially privileged and exempted from the ordinary laws of the State.

The gharry rumbles over the bridge towards the grand donjons of a giant keep that frowns over the flood. Behind this castle are visible the long lines of a battlemented wall, which stretch along the banks of the river, and sweep away backwards till they are lost in a maze of buildings. The keep is Selimghur (Selim's Fort); the walls belong to the king's palace, and to part of the fortifications of the town. I have seldom seen a nobler mural aspect, and the grand face of the bright red walls put me in mind of the finest part of Windsor Castle. At

the extremity of the bridge there is another post of guards, who examine the papers of the natives as usual, and give the "sahib" a military salute. One now sees that Selimghur is detached from the main land, and that it is connected with it solely by a long drawbridge, below which runs a strong and deep arm of the river. On emerging from the archway at which the bridge nearly terminates, I found myself in the ruined streets of a deserted city, in which every house bore the marks of cannon or musket-shot, or the traces of the hand of the spoiler. I was forcibly reminded of the main street of the city of Sebastopol, as it presented itself to us the day after the capture of the Malakoff. As the gharry rattled along at the foot of the huge red wall, not a creature was to be seen, except a hungry pariah, or an impudent crow. The walls of ruined houses, covered all over with bullet-marks, stared out dully at us from their blindless eyes of windows. But we turned at length into a wider street, though every house was still in the same state as those we had already seen. Here, at the shady side, were to be seen a few soldiers, in red and green coats, lounging about, taking an early morning smoke. Not one knew where my host in perspective was to be found with any degree of knowledge, but each indulged in wide, and all in diverse, conjecture.

To some of the houses doors of matting and rude jalousies were put up, and chubby-faced English children, or pale thin boys and girls of riper age, looked out of the glassless windows as the gharry drove by. A few natives of the lower order slunk through the wide street. No shops were visible, and

but for the grand minarets which towered above the houses, and for the traces all around me of the tremendous struggle which took place, I could scarcely believe that I was in a city which is described by an old traveller as being "of the bigness of London, Paris, and Amsterdam together, and of incomparable greater population and riches."

I drove on—and on—and was fairly bewildered at the ignorance of the soldiers, though I knew how little the British private concerns himself about the abode, and even about the name, of his officer. I was very much fatigued, very hungry, and very hot, when Simon informed me that he knew all about the sahib, having received most satisfactory information from a chuprassee whom he had met in the street. On and on the gharry went, again through more ruins, past walled enclosures, by an open space surrounded by public buildings, and past a church, till we came to heaps of rubbish by the roadside; saw a fortified wall on our right, and then, shooting under an archway in this wall over a rickety drawbridge, across a deep moat, Simon and the gharry and I emerged on a plain, intersected by roads, and found ourselves and itself outside the city walls once more.

"Where are you going to, Simon?"

"We go to burra sahib, master. Luddylo Cazzle name of de burra sahib bungalow. All right, sar."

The road we followed led us past some walled fields and hedges of prickly pear, towards a fine mansion, with turrets and clock-towers, something like a French chateau of the last century. On a nearer approach I saw that the universal cannon-shot had not spared it, for walls, and windows, and towers, alike bore

marks of heavy fire. The gharry drove up under the pillared portico; a chuprassee lifted the purdah which hung across the door, salaamed, took my card, and disappeared. In a moment afterwards out came a ruddy, comely English gentleman, and before I well knew where I was, I was ushered into the presence of a fair Englishwoman, who sat at a well-furnished board, doing the honours of her table to a circle of guests, and was presented to her and to them. It was some time ere I could explain my mistake, but the excellent Commissioner—for it was Mr. Saunders—insisted it was no mistake at all, and that I did perfectly right in driving straight to his house, and I was fairly installed at table in a few moments.

To me the change was as great as it was agreeable. I had not seen the face of an Englishwoman since I left Calcutta. I had lived in camps and under canvas from the time of my arrival at Cawnpore till that moment. I came in dusty—I am afraid, dirty—fagged—a hot, unpleasant-looking stranger. I found myself at once back in civilized life, amid luxuries long unknown, received with a courtesy and frank cordiality which made me feel less like an intruder than an invited and welcome guest. I need say no more.

The comfort and luxury of the house itself were a positive gratification to the senses. Large lofty rooms—soft carpets, sofas, easy chairs, books, pictures, rest and repose, within. Outside, kuskus-tatties and punkah-wallahs. The family were at their first breakfast when we went in. I found there were two breakfasts, one at 8, the other at 3 o'clock. Stisted and Alison were resting at the dâk bungalow

in the city. The Commissioner at once sent them an elephant and an invitation. When the sun got low the carriage was ordered round, and the whole party, with the exception of the ladies, drove to see the King of Delhi, and to meet the Brigadier and Alison at the palace. Once more we passed through the Cashmere Gate, traversed the streets through which a few natives were wandering, and then turning through a grand portal in the high red wall which encloses the palace, we entered the court-yard, wherein is the well, sheltered by a large tree, at which the poor English ladies were murdered. I cannot describe the interview with the King, and the interior of the palace, better than I did at the time when I wrote the following passage :—

"We drove out of the court and turned into a long parallelogram, surrounded by mean houses in various stages of ruin. Nearly all of them were shut up and deserted. The lower stories of others were open and used as magazines of corn and shops for the encouragement of a sickly traffic with the few miserable men and women who found shelter within the walls of the palace. A few of the older—I cannot say of the more venerable—buildings are in such a condition that a clap of thunder near at hand would endanger their existence. None of them exceed two stories in height. They are all provided with decaying verandahs and rotting lattice-work; the court is only partially paved, and the stones in places have been removed, to repair the decaying houses. At one end of the court there is a fine tower, surmounted by the cupolas of which I have already spoken. In the apartments which were formerly occupied by officers of

the household are now lodged some of our officers, who do not find them very comfortable quarters. Sentries of Ghoorkha Rifles or of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment are on duty in every court. Within the walls of this palace there was a population of more than 5,000 souls, of which no less than 3,000 were of the blood-royal and descendants of Timour-lung. These latter, of course, were too proud to do anything which could not be done by their European brethren, but they seem to have lost all military spirit, and to have sunk into a state of abject debasement, and of poverty unredeemed by self-respect or by usefulness. The King seldom stirred out of late years, or went beyond the palace walls; but inside their precincts he was subjected to constant annoyance from his numerous relatives—the Great Mogul Olivers were always 'asking for more.' It may be imagined how this wicked, lazy, sensual, beggarly crowd stormed and raved round the courts when there came upon them a vision of plunder, conquest, jaghires, grants, treasures, zenanas—how they yelled for blood and shouted, 'Kill! kill!' They were in a state of such poverty that some of these royal families were in want of their meals, and their numbers had increased far beyond the provision made for them.

"We turned out of this court, near the tower, by a breach made in the wall of houses, and, passing over the bricks, came to a large garden in a state of utter neglect and overrun with weeds, in which were a crazy kiosk and some tottering out-houses or offices. Several of the soldiers of the Sumoor battalion, some on duty, others lounging about their piled arms, were stationed close to the breach in

the wall, at the foot of a rude stone staircase, some twelve or fifteen feet in height, which led from the garden to the top of one of the houses of the court or enclosed space of the palace through which we had just passed. The staircase was intended to form a communication between the rear of the house and the garden, and ascending it we found ourselves in a very small open court at the top, which was formed by the flat roof of the house, and which might have been designed for another story, inasmuch as the side-walls were still standing. Two sentries were on duty at the doorway of this little court at the top of the stairs, and several native servants were in attendance inside.

"In a dingy, dark passage, leading from the open court or terrace in which we stood to a darker room beyond, there sat, crouched on his haunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull-cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious, certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timour the Tartar with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature who was the symbol of extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-King was sick; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So for the time we turned our backs on the doorway, and looked around the small court, which was not more than thirty feet square. In one corner of this court, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature, who sat up at the sound of our voices and

salaamed respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue silk sash around his waist; his head was bare, exhibiting the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well-shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin, but his eyes were quick and bright, if not very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white-tunicked and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with obsequious anxiety. One of them said, 'He is sick,' and the Commissioner gave directions that he should lie down again, and so, with another salaam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the House of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself on his back with a sigh, and turning his head towards us, drew up the chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence. At the head of his bed there was a heavy-looking, thick-set lad, of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who was, we were told, the latest born of the house—by no means 'a sweet young prince,' and whose claims to the blood-royal the Commissioner considered more or less than doubtful, considering the age of the ex-King and the character borne by the particular lady who had presented the monarch with a pledge so late in his life; but I am bound to add that, at all events, 'he has his father's nose,' and his lips are like those of Jumma Bukht.

"The qualms of the King at last abated, and we went into the passage—not but that we might have gone in before at any time, for all he cared. He was still gasping for breath, and replied by a wave of the

hand and a monosyllable to the Commissioner's tart salutation. That dim-wandering-eyed, dreamy old man, with feeble hanging nether lip and toothless gums,—was he, indeed, one who had conceived that vast plan of restoring a great empire, who had fomented the most gigantic mutiny in the history of the world, and who, from the walls of his ancient palace, had hurled defiance and shot ridicule upon the race that held every throne in India in the hollow of their palms? He broke silence. Alas! it was to inform us that he had been very sick, and that he had retched so violently he had filled twelve basins. This statement, which was, it must be admitted, distressingly matter of fact and unromantic, could not, I think, have been strictly true, and probably was in the matter of numeration tinctured by the spirit of Oriental exaggeration, aided by the poetic imagination of His Majesty. He is a poet—rather erotic and warm in his choice of subject and treatment, but nevertheless, or may be therefore, the esteemed author of no less than four stout volumes of meritorious verses, and he is not yet satiated with the muse, for a day or two ago he composed some neat lines on the wall of his prison by the aid of a burnt stick. Who could look on him without pity? Yes, for one instant 'pity,' till the rush of blood in that pitiless court-yard swept it from the heart! The passage in which he sat contained nothing that I could see but a charpoy such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat which was suspended from doorway to doorway, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length. Inside the mat we heard

whispering, and some curious eyes that glinted through the mat at the strangers informed us that the King was not quite alone. I tried in vain to let my imagination find out Timour in him. Had it been assisted by diamond, and cloth of gold, and officer of state, music and cannon, and herald and glittering cavalcade and embroidered elephantry, perhaps I might have succeeded; but, as it was, I found—I say it with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell Street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems as if it were about to guide us to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nerveless, quivering, and gaping mouth, filled with a flaccid tongue; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling moustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. Recalling youth to that decrepit frame—restoring its freshness to that sunken cheek—one might see the King glowing with all the beauty of the warrior David; but as he sat before us, I was only reminded of the poorest form of the Israelitish type as exhibited in decay and penurious greed in its poorest haunts among us. His hands and feet were delicate and fine; his garments, scanty and foul. And this is the descendant of him who 'on the 12th of August, 1765, conferred on the East India Company the Dewanee (or lordship) of the Provinces of Bengal, of Behar, and Orissa, and confirmed divers

other possessions held by the Hon. Company under inferior grants from the Soobadhars of Bengal, the Deccan, and Carnatic!' But a short time ago it might have been said almost with justice of the Hon. Company and the house of Timour—

> "'Timon has been this lord's father,
> And kept his credit with his purse;
> Supported his estate. Nay, Timon's money
> Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
> But Timon's silver treads upon his lip.'

"Upon the whole I cannot say, even when the Mogul was nothing more than the prey of the Mahratta, that the Hon. East India Company treated him very magnanimously. As he has departed for ever, it may be as well here to recapitulate our little dealings with the race which, in the eyes of the millions of India, have a sort of sacred character, of which European nations, with the exception of the Russians, can form no conception. King, poet, priest, the Mogul was to the good Mahomedan what a descendant of the House of Jesse would be to a nation of Jews. When Lord Lake received the Emperor after the battle of Delhi, he could not be less generous than the Mahrattas, and accordingly all the territories and revenues which had been assigned by them for his support were continued by the British to Shah Alum. His stipend of 60,000 rupees per mensem, and presents of 70,000 rupees per annum, making altogether less than £80,000 per annum, were, in 1806, in compliance with promises made in 1805 by the East India Company, raised to £102,960 a year, and in 1809 to a lac a month, or £120,000 a year; but Akhbar Shah complained of the smallness of this allowance for him-

self, his family, and his State and dependants, and in 1830 he sent an agent to England to lay his case before the authorities, whereupon the Court of Directors offered an addition of £30,000 per annum, on condition that the Mogul 'abandoned every claim of every description he might be at any time supposed to possess against them.' The control of this £30,000 extra was to be taken out of the King's hands. He refused to accept the augmentation on such terms, alleging, that he had a right, according to treaty, to expect a decent maintenance for himself and his family; and the money was never given, the grant being annulled in 1840 by the Directors, in consequence of his refusing to comply with the conditions annexed to its acceptance. The present ex-King adopted the objections of his father, and thus, since 1830, when the East India Company offered to buy up some visionary claims for £30,000 per annum, admitting that the sum then given to the King was too small, the State of Delhi, a mere pageantry, has been carried on with increasing debt and poverty and difficulty. But more than this. While they were weak and grateful the Hon. East India Company presented nuzzurs or offerings to the King, the Queen, and the heir, as is the custom of feudatories in India. In 1822 they began to take slices off this little lump of pudding. In 1822 the Commander-in-Chief's nuzzur was stopped. In 1827 the Resident's offering, on the part of the British Government, was suspended. In 1830 the nuzzurs usual on the part of the British officers were curtailed; next the Queen's nuzzurs were cut off, and, in lieu of those acknowledgments of a degrading nature, the King, although claiming the same

sovereign rights, and asserting his pretensions as lord *in capite* of the lands which once formed his dominions, received the sum of £1,000 per annum. The King was not permitted to go beyond the environs of Delhi; the Princes were refused salutes, or were not allowed to quit Delhi unless they abstained from travelling as members of the Royal family, and were content to give up all marks of distinction. And yet these rules were laid down at a time when the Royal or Imperial family were our good friends, and when we were actually keeping up absurd and ridiculous forms, which rendered our contempt and neglect of others more galling and more apparent. We did all this, and yet suffered the occupant of the powerless throne to believe that he was lord of the world, master of the universe, and of the Hon. East India Company, King of India and of the infidels, the superior of the Governor-General, and proprietor of the soil from sea to sea. It would have been well for the miserable old man if he had recollected recent history instead of fixing his eyes on the phantoms of departed glory, and if he had remembered the restoration of Shah Alum to independence by Lord Lake, late indeed though it was, and not done without selfish motives,—instead of indulging in dreams of the restoration of a Mogul empire. Well may he now say with his ancestor, Shah Alum, in his celebrated poem —the great Moguls were their own laureates—'The tempest of misfortune has risen and overwhelmed me. It has scattered my glory to the winds and dispersed my throne in the air.' Well for him if he can add, 'While I am sunk in an abyss of darkness, let me be comforted with the assurance that out of this

affliction I shall yet arise, purified by misfortune and illuminated by the mercy of the Almighty.' I could not help thinking, as I looked on the old man, that our rulers were somewhat to blame for the crimes he had committed, in so far as their conduct may have led him to imagine that success in his designs was feasible. In what way did the majesty of Britain present itself before the last of the house of Timour the Tartar? With all the grandeur of a protecting Power and the dignity of an Imperial conquering State? No. At least with the honest independence of an honourable equality? No. Our representative, with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness'—aye, with bare feet and bowed head—came into the presence of our puppet King. More than that, the English captain of the palace guard, if summoned to the King, as he frequently was, had not only to uncover his feet, but was not permitted to have an umbrella carried over his head, or to bear one in his own hand, while proceeding through the court-yards —a privilege permitted to every officer of the Royal Staff. This was the case in the time of the last Resident, up to the moment of the revolt; and in the time of the last captain of the guard, up to the moment of his assassination. In such degrading subserviency we recognize the instincts of a commercial corporation—*quocumque modo, rem.* But to the King the representative of the East India Company was the representative of the British Empire.

"Although the guilt of the King in the encouragement afforded by him to the mutinous and murderous sepoys was great and undoubted, there is some reason to suppose that he was not so much responsible for

the atrocious massacre within the walls of his palace as has been supposed. From the very first he had little power over the sepoys and their leaders—his age and infirmity forbade all physical exertion. It is certain that for several days he protected the unfortunate ladies who fled to the palace, and resisted the clamorous demands for their blood which were made by the monsters around him; but it is true, too, that he did not take the step which would have saved their lives. He did not put them into his zenana. It is said he was afraid of his own begums and the women of the zenana, who would have resented such a step. At all events he did not do so. Our countrywomen were murdered in his palace; and we have assumed that he could have saved their lives. It may be that we are to some extent punishing in the father the sins of the children.

"He seemed but little inclined for conversation; and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, and said, 'I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it.' His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage, while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums, the latest, who remained inside her curtain, and did not let us see her face.

"Here was this begum, a lady of some thirty-five, very aggravating to the ex-Great Mogul, who was both in pain and anguish, and very anxious to get away from him. 'Why,' said she, 'the old'—(yes,

I believe the correlative word in English *is*)—'fool goes on as if he was a king; he 's no king now. I want to go away from him. He 's a troublesome, nasty, cross old fellow, and I 'm quite tired of him.' Bow-strings and sacks! was not this dreadful language? But the ex-Mogul is a philosopher; he merely asked one of his attendants for a piece of coffee-cake or chocolate, put a small piece in his mouth, mumbled it, smiled, and, pointing with his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction from which the shrill and angry accents of queenly wrath were coming, said, with all the shrug and *bonhomie* of a withered little French marquis of the old school, '*Mon Dieu!*—I mean, Allah! listen to her!' And so we left him alone in his misery. He numbers upwards of eighty-two years; but they are said to be only of lunar months, and that his real age is seventy-eight. It is needless to say that he will never, if sent, reach Caffraria alive."

From the Palace we drove through the Chandnee Chowk, which we found full of people near the shops, where sweetmeats and some small mercéries and provisions were sold, and returned in darkness to dinner.

What a civilized evening! Mr. Egerton, the magistrate of the city, came in, and several other gentlemen, who, with the guests, formed a large and agreeable party, not unmusical or unvocal either, and not so much given to piano and song as to be tiresome. Brigadier Stisted, Alison, who is my companion to the Hills, another *convive* and myself, retired to rest in a huge room, in well-punkahed beds, and dropped into such lovely slumbers that the howlings of all the jackals of Delhi had no effect on us. Does any

require to be told, that a punkah is a sort of fan on a gigantic scale, consisting of a light parallelogram of wood covered with calico, from which depends a short curtain? This machine is slung from the ceiling by ropes, and from the centre a rope is passed over a pulley in the wall, and descends to the cooly who pulls it, and thus flapping the frame and curtain to and fro, causes a constant current of the air in the room. The life of a punkah-cooly must be of the saddest and most monotonous.

CHAPTER IV

The Church at Delhi.—Ruins of the trenches.—The audacity of the Siege.—The Burra Sahib's cutchery.—The Jumma Musjid. —Mahomet, Shiva, and Vishnu.—Sufter Jung's tomb.—The Kootub.—Parting—The outskirts of Kurnaul.—Noor Khan. —"Parker's Hotel."—Sir Robert Garrett—A hard bargain.— Palkees and attendants.—The Hills, the Eternal Hills!—Mrs. Barnes.—Kussowlee—Kunker.

Sunday, June 6th.—It had been agreed that we were all to get up at 5 in the morning to go to church; but we were tired by our long journey, and more than that, so worn out by early hours, which, to my mind, are the worst form of dissipation, that we lay in bed till 8 o'clock. I gave leave to Simon to go into the town to buy some things he required, but, he returned to say that he must get a pass before he would be allowed to go through the gate. Our *first* breakfast was at 10 o'clock—melons, mangoes, plums, lechees, and other fruit. Another more substantial in viands, but not more plentiful, came on later in the day Saunders is a father to us in the desolation of Delhi. [There was, in the original edition, a passage immediately after the last lines which seemed, in the eyes of the gentleman to whom it alluded, to bear an offensive character I never designed it to have. I thought that gentleman was a "nice little parson," but he

does not like to be described in that way. He does not desire that it should be supposed he was all solicitude about a pattern for his pulpit in the new church at Delhi. I admit I thought he was solicitous, and I regret that I offended him by the misrepresentation. The church at Delhi, it appears, is not "new," it was built some years ago. As to the rest of the paragraphs which relate to matters of memory and matters of opinion, there is no need of explanation. I have put them into the limbo of first editions. I wish they had been there ere they had provoked the gentle irritation of so estimable a man as the Rev. Mr. Poynder, whose pardon I hope I have gained, *en vrai Chrétien*, by this confession.]

Monday, June 7th.—An hour before daybreak, Captain Hayley, our next-room neighbour, began to discourse most melancholy music on some implement to me unknown; and about 4 o'clock, or so A.M., the worthy Commissioner himself, fully equipped, appeared at our bed-sides, candle in hand, and urged us to spur our unwilling steeds to meet the Lord of Day as he rose over the ruins of the Delhi trenches. Wah! wah! Those good Indians forget how campaigning makes bed pleasant; and I have heard how in London they vex early housemaids by rising before the sweeps, and excite the suspicions of watchful policemen by præmatutinal promenades around the silent squares. But we are up and away, and our good hostess accompanies us in the carriage, though I am sure she does not care much for the scenes we are about to visit. Bellona was worshipped by men, and termagants, and poetesses; but surely no kind, gentle woman ever bowed at her sanguinary shrine. It was

with no ordinary emotions I visited the remains of our trenches, and looked out over the decaying parapets upon the city and its great circling sweep of wall, and bastion, and battery; for I saw it was the pride, self-reliance, and greatness of a conquering race alone, which had enabled a handful of men to sustain and successfully conduct the most hopeless military enterprise that was ever undertaken. But at the same time I felt that had we been demi-gods we must have failed, if the enemy, to whom we were opposed, had possessed the ordinary intelligence and military skill of any European soldiery. At every step the audacity of the siege, the grandness of our courage, the desperation of our position, grew upon me. I visited our old cantonments — the flag-staff, the Subsee Mundee, the house of Hindoo Rao, and so on, down to the canal. Our position, strong enough and well-chosen, was nevertheless enfiladed by the enemy's batteries at Kassgunj, and the quantity of shot and fragments of shell lying inside our trenches showed how heavy their fire was. It was, indeed, one of the noblest exploits to take such a city as that before us, surrounded by strong high walls of masonry, defended by most formidable bastions and crenelated curtains, with good flanking-fire at certain parts, and a very fine glacis covering three-fourths or more of the height of the wall, behind which was an army at least six times as numerous as our own. Most of those defences were put in order by our engineers; and it is a most extraordinary proof of the blind confidence of our Indian authorities in the *status quo*, that they prepared Delhi with such care and skill for a defence, placed inside it a garrison, and then denuded it of

European troops.* I was in great pain, going about on my crippled and swollen leg, but I thought it shame to talk of such sufferings in a place that had been the head-quarters of misery, wounds, suffering, and death.

Although we started so early, the sun had become a persecuting enemy ere we returned and got safe inside our stout walls and punkah-cooled rooms. As we returned, some of the Sirmoor Goorkha battalion passed us going out to enjoy the "nice warm day." In garrison there are the 61st Regt., one regiment of Company's European Infantry, and the Goorkhas.

The day passed in contending unsuccessfully against fervid heat; but it was an encouragement to us in our battle to see, now and then, when the purdah of the burra sahib's cutchery or office was lifted, the array of moonshees scribbling and reading for the bare life, and to behold Saunders in a light jacket, with untiring energy heartily engaged in the practical work of governing his province. In the evening we drove out once more in the carriage to a fine public garden, lately made for the use of the British residents, and heard there a very fair military band. It was pleasant to see the English children playing about with their native men and women nurses; and it was difficult to us, who remarked the care and tenderness of the latter, to think that the kinsfolk of these black people had hewed little children to pieces and dashed their brains out against the stones, as we read in the papers. Young Smith and Miss Brown were giggling and flirting in the very heart of the ruins which surrounded

* We placed an arsenal here, though we were bound by express treaty not to quarter European troops in the city or near it.

us, as though there had never been murder and massacre at Delhi.

Tuesday, June 8th.—This morning the worthy Commissioner made a futile attempt to rouse us out at 3.30 A.M. We had been sustained in our determination not to get up by a very bad sleep, which was mainly caused by jackals, horses breaking loose in the compound outside, and flies, to whose researches and appetite the dark was no impediment; and so we defeated our kind host, and lay in bed triumphantly till near breakfast-time. The whole party fully intended to start for the Hills this evening, but Mr. Saunders and his wife were resolved that we should not, and they detained us with silken bonds. I was glad, indeed, that I was conquered, for I saw the Jumma Musjid. It is one of the grandest temples ever raised by man. There is a chaste richness, an elegance of proportion, and grandeur of design in all its parts, which are in painful contrast to the *mesquin* and paltry architecture of our Christian churches. Assuredly, if our rule in India were to be judged by the edifices which have arisen under its inspiration, it would take the lowest rank in the order of Indian Governments, from which fate even the Ganges canal, the College at Roorkee, the Institutions at Calcutta, would scarcely redeem it. It has been warmly urged that we should destroy the Jumma Musjid. This advice was given under the excitement and blind rage produced by the mutinies. But long before the mutinies occurred an enlightened Governor-General is said to have gravely proposed that we should pull down the Taj at Agra and sell the blocks of marble.

The fact is, that the Mahomedan element in India

is that which causes us most trouble and provokes the largest share of our hostility. Our missionaries make no progress in the Mussulman districts. Our religious and educational movements are watched by the Moulvies and fanatics with the greatest suspicion; above all, the recollection of the days when the Mahomedans were paramount is more recent and active in their minds than the memory of Hindoo glories among the Brahmin Rajpoots. We do not tread on the feet of the latter so often and so heavily as on those of the former. Our antagonism to the followers of Mahomed is far stronger than that we bear to the worshippers of Shiva and Vishnu. They are unquestionably more dangerous to our rule. But if we destroyed every temple they have in India to-morrow, we should only add to the intensity of their hatred, recruit their fakeers and fanatics by millions, dishonour our own principles of Christian toleration, and furnish every casuist in the bazaars with powerful and irresistible weapons wherewith to meet our own missionary preachers. If we could eradicate the traditions and destroy the temples of Mahomed by one vigorous effort, it would indeed be well for the Christian faith and for the British rule. But such an effort cannot be made by man; and any attempt to effect the object will only add to the difficulties which always lie thick enough in the way of our faith and in the progress of our government.

The Governor who shall find some healthy use for the energies of Mahomedan nobility and gentry will confer a great benefit on India. Such centres of their intrigues as Delhi and Lucknow are now broken and destroyed, and it is to be feared the discontented and

disaffected will take refuge in the neighbouring independent States; and I for one would rather keep these mischievous spirits within the reach of our hands, and inside our own territories, than let them go through all the inimical Mussulman States to excite animosity and hatred against us.

June 9th.—We were aroused at 2.45 A.M. to get up, and visit the Kootub; and I fear that at first Alison and myself used most improper language in reference to the designers, artists, architects, and builders of this most wonderful and interesting edifice. Our amiable hostess courageously and kindly got up, and took us off in her carriage, and, with an escort of some sowars, we trundled on in the darkness for the famous pile, which is about sixteen or seventeen miles from Delhi. The dawn found us at Sufter Jung's tomb, which is about half-way. Horses, sent on beforehand, were waiting for us here, and were put to the carriage in lieu of the exhausted quadrupeds that had drawn us over a very middling road. This tomb is a grand edifice, in a grand enclosure of red stone; but we had no time to visit it. It covers more ground than St. Paul's, as far as I could judge; and it is a mausoleum of which any country might be proud. When the horses were put to we continued our journey. The road lay through a dreary waste of plains, covered with tombs and ruins—through the traces of a city of the dead. On all sides tombs and ruins, ruins and tombs, broken-down walls, arches of ancient brick, mouldering monuments, and, above all, in the distance, like a pharos to guide one over this sea of desolation, rises the tall tapering cylinder of the Kootub. At first

it reminds one of the Round Tower of Pisa; but, as we approach, the resemblance disappears. The sun was becoming very hot ere we reached the entrance —a large gateway in a walled enclosure, in which we found a few native bungalows. Traversing this outer court, the carriage passed through another grand portal, and we found ourselves in a great garden, with fruit-trees and regular walks, in front of the Kootub, whilst on our right lay most extraordinary remains of Hindoo and Mussulman architecture, in the form of grotesque temples, such as not even the Society of British Architects could dream the like of after their annual dinner. The photograph alone could do justice to the wonderful richness, the extravagant grotesqueness, the wildness of ornament, the exquisite finish of those ruins, the origin and object of which have puzzled our best Indian antiquaries. I admired and wondered, which is as much as the best of us can do. When we had investigated those memorials of departed races, we went to the base of the Kootub, which is a vast cylinder, about two hundred and fifty feet high, covered from top to bottom with the most elaborate and beautifully-finished carvings, inscriptions, and Kufic characters. It had been the intention of Captains Hayley and Alison to have mounted it, as far as they could, by the winding staircase; but an old man came out of one of the temples and told us that a leopard had taken refuge inside, and that it had torn a native almost to death the day before. My lameness forbade me to make the attempt, and my companions did not seem inclined to hazard it, so the interior of the Kootub was left to the leopard. Whilst Mrs. Saunders and the rest of our party went

off to visit some other remarkable ruins, wherein was a great deep well, into which the gentlemen saw boys throwing themselves a distance of sixty or seventy feet for the sake of a few pice, I sat in the carriage and bored myself by empty speculations as to the Kootub, which was built, I believe, in honour of a famous saint. Verily, there were giants in those days! Saint or devil, Kootub, if he be of woman born, has a glorious monument.

Our drive back to Delhi in the morning sun was like a swim through a stream of fire.

In the full glare of the morning the miserable sheds outside the walls, in which the outcast population of the city, forbidden to return to their homes, are now forced to live, looked squalid and vile. For miles they stretch along the road-side. More squalid and vile nought can be, save the wretched creatures who haunt them—once, perhaps, rich bunneahs, merchants, and shopkeepers.

It was 8 o'clock A.M. ere we gained the shelter of Ludlow Castle once more. Our servants had packed up our things; the gharrys were ready at the door to start when we pleased. The heat of the day was passed in pleasant talk and in reading, whilst Saunders worked away in his cutchery, and his good wife sat reading her Bible, in Hindoostanee, under the guidance of a long-nosed, white-bearded old moonshee. At last the parting came. The Brigadier and Alison started off at 7 o'clock in the evening. After they had gone, and the sun had declined, we got out seats on the lawn, and sat for a long hour in quiet communion as to home, and in conversing of books and men dear to

English exiles all over the world. At 8 o'clock my horse made his appearance, and was soon attached to my locomotive house. I bade good-bye to those whose kindness had quickened acquaintance into friendship and esteem, and tucked myself in for the night. Our course lay along the road by which help had come to Delhi from the Punjaub. After some hours' travelling the road seemed to cease altogether, and my gharry was dragged through a river and over a wilderness of sand and boulders by a company of coolies.

June 10th, Thursday.—All night, all the early morning, the gharry rumbled along, the only excitement being a race between Stisted's vehicle and mine, and the alternating sensations of joy and sorrow at victory or defeat. The country around is by no means interesting. Though there are many water-courses and nullahs, the ground is covered with prickly thorns, is badly cultivated, and now and then it is mere jungle. The people we see by the road-side are of a far finer race than the inhabitants of Bengal. The women are gaily dressed, and are more free in their looks and manner, and more liberal in the display of their charms, than the peasantry of the south-eastern provinces. It was 8.15 A.M. ere the gharry arrived at the outskirts of Kurnaul. The road lay by an old brick wall, of great extent, which encloses the native city, and I could catch glimpses of venerable-looking old mosques and ancient buildings above the bastions. It was somewhere near this that Nadir Shah defeated Mahomed Shah, King of Delhi, in 1739, and marched to the sack of his imperial city.

We drove on for some miles past the city to the ruined and deserted cantonments, where there is a dâk bungalow, in which there was now only one room to spare. The Brigadier, Alison, and myself "pigged" together. However, we had a good breakfast, for the host had some eggs and Caubulee grapes, and we had taken bread, tea, and other stores with us. To us there comes one Noor Khan, a musician, with a harp very like Brian Boirohme's implement, as preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, strung with wire, very metallic in tone, who was attended by a lad with a flat, bell-less tambourine. They entertained us mightily for an hour or so with their music, which was really not quite intolerable. The book of Noor Khan is a singular record of the bad taste and intense "snobbism"—the vulgarity and coarseness of some of our countrymen, who have not been ashamed to put their names to the poorest kind of slang. A barber next entertained us; cut our hair, our nails on hand and foot, and finished us off by probing our ears carefully with a sort of silver spoon. The day was too hot for travelling, and so we lay sweltering on our charpoys, sleeping and waking up, singing huskily like the birds outside, and reading at intervals till dusk came nigh, whereupon we had dinner, mounted our gharrys, and at 7 o'clock were on the road once more. Kurnaul, which was once a considerable station, is now abandoned, and a decaying miserable city is left to its fate. The city people whom we saw looked very insolent and "disaffected." Our gharrys passed a regiment of the Punjaub Rifles on their way home. They had a long train of cars, filled with loot, on which were perched

monkeys, deer, children, parrots, and dark-eyed beauties from the plains, who had consented to share the fortunes of the long-legged Sikhs. Our carriages were horsed by Jotee Persaud, and their speed was very creditable.

June 11th, Friday.—All night I travelled on and slept. Although it is but fifty-six miles to Umballa, the road is so bad that we do not travel more than two and a half to three miles an hour, and at fifteen miles from Umballa the way seemed to cease altogether in a chaotic track of stones like the *cru* of an Alpine torrent. Multitudes of coolies shoved and pulled on the gharry at an excruciating pace over the stones. This, mind, was the route by which our soldiers, and our provisions and munitions of war, were sent to Delhi, and by which our mails now travel from Umballa.

It was 8.50 A.M. ere the gharrys reached "Parker's Hotel," a large pretentious bungalow, in a compound in the lines of Umballa. On our way to it we passed a church, which was surrounded by a weak, recently-made fortification, and I learned afterwards it was intended as the strong place for the British residents in case of an outbreak. The cantonments of Umballa struck me as being on a scale of great extent. The roads which intersect the large rectangles of the compounds, some of the latter being, *per se*, as extensive as St. James' Square, are as broad as Portland Place, with good footpaths at the sides, and shady avenues of trees. At Parker's there is a large *salle à manger*, with French clocks and English engravings. Our breakfast had neither French cookery nor English comfort to recommend it. Although the

furniture was good, the want of tatties, and the presence of flies and musquitoes, rendered the rooms hot and aggravating. At breakfast I met Captain John Forster of the Carabineers, who was very badly wounded by the Ghazees in the night-attack at Kukrowlee, where poor Penny was killed. His hands, arm, and head, bear marks of the keenness of the fanatics' tulwars, and he received seven wounds in a few moments.

We sent over to General Garrett, who commands here, to announce our arrival, and soon after breakfast his aide-de-camp, Major Dallas, came over with invitations for us to dinner, but Stisted was so anxious to get on, that he declined the General's invitation. Major Norman, who is residing here with his wife, came over to see me also, and gave me some interesting news as to the progress of our columns in different parts of India. So the day passed away. In the evening Sir Robert Garrett rode over to call on us, in time to see off Brigadier Stisted, whom we accompanied with our best good wishes to his new command at Sealkote.

At nightfall a very curious vehicle appeared at the door—a gharry drawn by two fine Shootee sowar camels nicely caparisoned, and mounted by men postilion-wise, whilst supererogatory coachmen sat on the box. This was the General's carriage, which he had sent for Alison and myself to take us over to dinner. They rattled along at an astonishing pace, and we were soon in the General's compound, which encased a large and airy bungalow. The thermantidote, which is a sort of windmill worked by hand to make a current of air, was pouring its refreshing

streams through the house, and tempering somewhat the heat of the night.

Sir Robert, who has seen as much hard work and gone through as much service, from the Peninsula down to the Crimea, as most men, looks remarkably well, and has that air of "lastingness" which some *aguerris* old soldiers retain to the last. We had a capital dinner, but it would be bad fare, indeed, which the dry humour and fun of Dallas failed to recommend to his companions, and it was rather late when we bade the General good-bye, and returned to the hotel in our camel-carriage.

June 12th, Saturday.—"*Giorno d'horrore!*" Musquitoes of Umballa—most relentless, insinuating, and enterprising of your race—how ye persecuted me! Through one little rent, not larger than a wren's eye, they stole in and stung me inside the musquito curtains. My leg was very painful, and after breakfast I was in such agony I could not go over, as I had promised, to lunch at Norman's. As the practicable road ceases at Umballa for the line to the Hills, I was fain to part with my gharry. It was difficult to find a purchaser, and I was obliged to put up with a hard bargain on the part of the landlord of the hotel. One of the civilians of the station who visited me, *boasted* that he had hanged fifty-four men in a few hours for *plundering* a village! Now I can readily comprehend the hard necessity which could force one of our officers to punish these criminals, but I cannot understand how any educated gentleman could take pleasure in his task, and I plainly indicated as much; however, I do not imagine that any expression of my opinions could affect the

sentiments of a man who regarded the odious duty with intense satisfaction, and who regretted that he had not "more of it."

In the evening, before we started, Sir Robert Garrett, accompanied by Major Dallas, kindly rode over to bid us good-bye, and we had a pleasant talk of old Crimean times and a friendly retrospect of the people we had met before Sebastopol. What changes have come over them by land and by sea! But more striking than the changes from life to death have been those of opinion. How the great army of grumblers in the Crimea has become the body-guard and champion of "the Departments"! How the camp conspirators have become the club sycophants! But these are notorious cases. The renegades are only remarkable for their extreme violence and the intemperate zeal of their new faith.

My companion and I left Umballa at 7.15 P.M. I have said the road had now become impracticable for carriages. I was therefore obliged to hire a palkee, or a dooly, provided with wooden slides and doors, instead of curtains. In this was laid my rezais and arms; a lamp hung from the roof; a small shelf at my feet sustained some wine biscuits, preserved meats, a few books, flask, powder and shot, rifle and fowling-piece, for there was just a chance of our getting some game along the road. Simon had an inferior sort of palkee for his especial use; Alison had a third; and, when we set out, the regiment of coolies who rose from their hams, and proceeded to accompany us, was to me incredible in its uses. Some of them were banghy-bedars, and carried our properties in odd square boxes, slung over their shoulders from long

bamboos; others were musalchees, or torch-bearers, who ran by the side of the palkees, throwing a light on the path of the bearers from flambeaux, which they fed continuously with oil from flasks made out of hollow gourds; then came the bearers and their reliefs: in all, we had in attendance upon us upwards of one hundred and forty men! As I looked out and saw the procession moving along by the torch-light, which at every step made some new combination of effects in the chiaroscuro of the picture, I became fairly perplexed in trying to account for the extraordinary picturesqueness of the ordinary life and scenes one meets with in Hindostan.

June 13th, Sunday.—Our journey continued all last night, only interrupted by short halts, to change the gangs of coolies. At dawn, isolated hillocks and mounds and tumuli on a barren plain, which was studded with a few trees and shrubs, rising from a soil like a tiled pavement, appeared around us; but the hazy atmosphere did not permit us to see far in advance, if, indeed, our position in the palkee had been more favourable. The sun burst out strongly, and I tossed and turned in my box like a squirrel in a cage.

But let him, tremendous as he is, do his worst now. Thank God! thank God! There, like some grand shore rising from a bleak, cheerless sea, are the grateful mountains! Oh! who that has never known the dread, dull purgatory of the plains can understand the delight with which the suffering soul lifts its eyes to the heaven of the Eternal Hills? They are the islands where are pleasant harbours of refuge for the poor, wandering, sun-smitten, storm-driven bark.

Templa quam dilecta! How grateful am I for the mercy that brought me even within sight of your protecting shade! None but the half-drowned mariner, who grasps the sharp rocks and crawls up higher and higher, till at last, nigh dead, he gasps and sighs out, in a swoon, his prayers for the Providence which has saved his life—safe from the utmost fury of the billow—can imagine what is the pleasure of the shattered, broken voyager, who has been tossed in seas of fire, and pierced in every limb by sun and fever, when at last he sees the Hills opening to him the haven of rest.

At first sight the Hills, as I saw them, had no very imposing features. The higher ranges were too far back to be visible, and the lower were covered by the universal Indian haze. Ere I reached the foot of the Hills, the palkee had been borne past a fine native-tomb, a high, battlemented wall, like the enclosure of a fortress, and in the distance, perched on a conical hill, I observed a white château. The approach to what is very properly called here the foot of the Hills, is marked by a number of small sugar-loafs, covered with brushwood and dwarf oak generally, but some of them are bare and burnt, and on their summits are perched round stone watch-towers. From these, in time gone by, the Goorkha or the Hindoo watched for the advent of their enemies. The frequent watercourses, the nullahs, and boulder-strewn plain, covered here and there with patches of gravel, indicated that we were near some mountain-chain; but the actual ascent of the road was scarcely appreciable, even up to the village of Kalka, which lies at the base. For some time ere the palkee reached this

place, I had been persecuted by the native touters and chuprassees of Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. McBarnett, who keep the rival establishments for posting from Kalka to Simla, and the bungalows for the reception of travellers. There are a few neat bungalows near the village, which, in itself, offers no attraction whatever, as it is, in fact, nothing more than a native bazaar, with a few wretched houses for coolies around it. The houses are flat-roofed, like the dwellings of the Tartars in the Crimea.

Mrs. Barnes' establishment is a large open quadrangle, on one side of which are the rooms for the reception of travellers. The lady herself, a brisk, stout, Eurasian widow, came forth to welcome us, and evinced every desire to be civil and attentive. Breakfast was soon ready—tea prepared by Simon, biscuits, sour grapes, and peaches. Our palkees and their bearers were paid and discharged, for now we travel upwards in a light sort of arm-chair, with shafts before and behind, between which four men are harnessed as bearers. The palkees are too heavy to be borne up the Hills, and the tomjohns are here substituted for the sake of lightness and portability, the heavy properties being removed from the former and consigned to banghy-bedars, whilst the sahib gets into his tomjohn or jampan. It was pleasant to look up and see the road zig-zagging up by the mountain-side, turning, and twisting, and twining through the forests, against the dark green of which the white track stood out distinctly.

Away we go—our bearers get under the straps of the shafts before and behind, and bear our chairs along—veritable *chaises à porteur*—to the measure of

a low, monotonous, grunting cry, and we mount wave after wave of hill which comes tumbling down towards the plain. We pass goats, mules, asses, ponies, and sheep in the narrow path, which at times is carried by the edge of fearful precipices, climbs up the sides of giant cliffs, and ovreshoots tremendous torrents. But we had not yet left the heat behind us. It followed us up as the day advanced. Up and up we went, ever with a slow, even swing—up and up to one ridge above another, and another above another, till we spied, far above us, a white bungalow, perched on the steep overhead, amid a forest of pine-trees. "There is Kussowlee!" It was 11 o'clock ere we reached this charming hill-station, which is on a small plateau, and on the side of a long ridge of hill, covered with pines of great size. First, we passed a dirty fakeer, sitting in a hole, burrowed out in the side of the road—then, some poor native huts —then came in sight a handsome church, some large barracks; a few English children and soldiers playing and sauntering in the shade; then a few shops, and a long road, bounded by hedges, inside which were English bungalows, with the names painted on the gateways, "Laburnum Lodge," "Prospect," "The Elms," and such like home reminiscences, and the clang of piano-fortes, and streams of song rushed out through open windows, and told us that the Traviata had wandered here, and that the Trovatore could be found in every music-stand. Our jampans or tom-johns were borne along to the Kussowlee dâk bungalow, where we found a comfortable room for a dâk bungalow, from the windows of which there was a beautiful view of the station of Sabathoo, on a dis-

tant ridge, and of the Lawrence Asylum, directly opposite. Having halted an hour, we pushed on once more, and descended into a very deep valley, crossed a stream, and mounted the opposite side of a most toilsome hill. The motion of the jampan, after a time, is tiresome and sickening. It gave me a violent headache, a complaint to which I have been much subject since my sun-stroke, and the constrained position of my injured leg caused very great pain, so that I longed for the end of our journey. But all day we toiled along. The sun set and left us alone in the mountain passes, the cry of the jackals and the scream of the owls echoed around us—up rose the moon, and gave an exaggerated profundity to the ravines among which our path lay. At last, in the distance, we saw a faint light, which marked the haven where we were to rest, and at 9 o'clock we arrived at Kunker, where we were to stop for the night. The bungalow was small, hot, dirty, and uncomfortable. There was nothing to eat except what we brought with us, and the appearance of the charpoys was so unprepossessing, that we decided to sleep out in the court-yard, in front of the bungalow.

CHAPTER V.

Lord William Hay's chuprassee.—Improved cultivation.—English children.—The Simla club.—Newspapers and books.—Poor Hodson's orderly.—Advice asked and given —Brigadier Innes.—Old Jumen.—The Queen's Jeweller.—"The Priory."—Multitude of servants.—The Snowy Range.—Mail from England.—An increasing menagerie.—Jacquemont's Letters.

June 14*th*.—A sort of night-demon, unknown, fed on my flesh last night. When I awoke the sun was just flushing up the hill-tops, with an unwholesome red. The jampans were ready. A very hasty and unsatisfactory breakfast of tea and bad biscuit was disposed of, and we set out once more on our journey. I forgot to mention that Lord William Hay, who is Deputy-Commissioner of the Hill States, and who resides at Simla, sent down one of his chuprassees to meet Captain Alison yesterday, and that the sight of this gentleman's chuprass, or badge, which is engraved with many fine flourishes of honour, has a great effect on dâk bungalow kitmutgars and jampanees. The latter are fine muscular young fellows, and seem joyous and light-hearted.

On leaving Kunker I was carried down a very steep hill-side, into a deep valley, at the bottom of which flowed a clear mountain stream. There were a few houses at the end of the path, which served as a sort of bazaar and market for the hills around. The river is crossed by a handsome light iron suspension bridge, at the entrance to which there is a dowdy

little mosque, and, as we passed, the priests were sounding horns, tinkling bells, and summoning their faithful to worship. On ascending the other side of the valley, the scenery becomes most uninviting and uninteresting. Hill-sides of naked clay and slate torn by landslips, bare burned slopes and treeless ridges on our left, are all I can see, but on the right, below us, are patches of cultivation, wherever it is possible to make anything grow. As we advance higher and further the cultivation improves, and at last the road winds above and below terraced hill-sides, of which every inch is cultivated. As far as I can judge, there is here, at least, no room for colonization, or for any increased culture of the soil. Immense quantities of mules descending to the plains, with small loads on their backs, passed frequently, and numbers of men, each of whom carried two planks of fir as his load—a painful and unprofitable labour. The population I saw were small, fair, and handsome, but miserably clad and exceedingly dirty. The women wear huge rings in their noses. Some of them were really beautiful.

After a most fatiguing ascent of six hours and a half, we reached a dâk bungalow, where we breakfasted on flies and grapes, and at noon we entered our chairs and were borne on once more. I pitied my bearers, who at times were nearly beaten by the burden and the steepness of the rugged path, and I observed that nearly all of them had large varicose veins in their legs, owing to the severity of their avocation. Many villages are visible from the road hereabouts on the hill-sides, and down far in the valleys, and there is no room for any increase of

numbers. But the scenery is very monotonous in its heavy rolling hill-sides, and the forests have disappeared altogether. About 2 o'clock, our bearers plunged down into a very rocky and very profound ravine; then we crossed an unbridged torrent at the bottom amid large boulders, and then commenced one of the steepest ascents we had yet encountered, so that the bearers were obliged to put down the chair frequently, and to relieve each other every five minutes. At the top we saw a wooded hill-top before us, through which gleamed white bungalows here and there. Then we came out on a fine hard new road, which led us through pleasant forests of pine, and patches of rhododendron of great size. Right and left and on all sides were the waving forests, and a toppling sea of hill-tops. The bungalows before us became more distinct; the heat decreased sensibly, and I was glad to put on my jacket, which I had incautiously laid aside in the broiling valleys. A smooth sweet breeze fanned my cheeks. Passing by some native houses huddled together where several roads met, I came upon groups of English children, riding and driving about, attended by native servants. Above me, on the hill-side, and below me in the valley, were rows of detached bungalows, standing amid flower-gardens and neatly-laid-out compounds, with English names on the gateways. These increased in number and density. Then, through a turn in the road, I catch sight of a conical hill, covered with a deluge of white bungalows, dominated by a church behind, and above which again rises a steep sugar-loaf of fir-trees. "That is Simla! There is Mount Jacko!" said the jampanees; I heard

and gazed around me with pleasure and thankfulness. To taste such pleasure we must be sick, wounded, roasted, and worn-out in the dreadful plains of India. I have now houses on both sides of me. See, here are parties of ladies and gentlemen on horseback! There is a pony-chaise. Here come half a dozen grand jampans, borne by men in gaudy liveries. At length we enter the long street of the bazaar, pass by numerous English shops, through a row of native magazines and traders' stores, and are carried up a steep path, on all sides of which are more bungalows, to a large ostentatious building, called "The Simla Club"—in truth, an hotel.

It was nearly 5 o'clock P.M. ere my jampan was laid alongside the club-steps and I limped into a decent apartment, which was ready for me. The landlord, however, told me that the club was nearly full —many sick and wounded officers were up here. Alison had gone to Lord William Hay's, and I had not been long in possession of my room ere they both came over to see me, the latter with a request that I would dine with him, and share Alison's room in his house till we could both get quarters of our own, which there would be no difficulty in doing. I was carried off, jampan and all, and I must say that the air of the club did not make me quit it with regret, though some subsequent acquaintance with the place induced me to modify a little my first unfavourable impression. Our way lay through part of the bazaar I had just come through, and then below the main road to a capital bungalow, commanding a fine view of a deep broad valley, and hills which put me in mind of the view from the upper end of Interlaken,

minus the water between the two lakes. We were in more than luxury—a hospitable host, a good table, agreeable conversation, books and papers, repose, hosts of servants, within reach of a library, and, above all—how far above, words cannot say—a cool atmosphere, something like that of our English July.

June 15th, Tuesday.—Alison looked out for a house for us. Le Bas, who was judge at Kurnaul at the outbreak,* and others, unknown, came in to breakfast. I lay on a sofa all day, and revelled in newspapers and books. The post-office was full of letters, which had been sent on, and were awaiting me. Lord William worked at his desk near me, in the business of his office as Deputy-Commissioner, and I had an opportunity of seeing wonderful hill-men who came in with wonderful requests, suits, plaints, stories, and applications, some of which they sought to render palatable by small presents of uneatable fruit and hill vegetables. They seem to me a very interesting race, with greater intelligence and gentleness than those of the plains.

As I must now put myself under a course of regular medical treatment, I sent for Dr. Ross, who is the surgeon of the station. My lameness is fast increasing instead of diminishing, and my head is confused and queer.

Dr. Tritton, who was Chief of the Medical Department at the siege of Delhi, died here this morning of apoplexy, much attributable to uneasiness and sense of wrong, they say. He seems greatly regretted by every one in Simla.

In the evening Lord William had a small dinner-

* He died on his way home to England in 1858.

party, at which a few officers were present, and we discussed the mutinies, and the question of justice, vengeance, or wholesale slaughter, with considerable asperity and little logic. I was glad to find that Lord William Hay, who is a man of great shrewdness and natural ability, belongs to the opponents of the Jack-Ketch school of government. I did not feel well when I lay down to-night, and Alison is also complaining, and looks rather ill.

June 16th, Wednesday.—I did not keep my resolution to lie in bed all day, but got up to breakfast. Poor Hodson's orderly came in with a message to Lord William Hay early in the morning. He is a tall, bright-eyed, white-toothed, slender Sikh, of a good expression of face, whose attachment to his master has now been transferred to his widow, who resides here with her son, Lieutenant Mitford. This brave fellow received his master in his arms as he fell mortally wounded, and carried him away from under fire. His gallantry, proved in many a fight, has not yet been rewarded as it should be, and the sowar lives in hope, which I trust will one day be justified. Our breakfast would have afforded Lance a fine subject—splendid peaches, fine plums, green-gages, and grapes—the plumage of hill-pheasants and sheen of arms in the background. I was rather amused at one of Hay's cases this morning. An officer entered and sat down at table. After compliments, as the natives say—

Briton (loquitur)—"I say, Lord William, I want to ask your advice. Can I lick a fellow for serving me with a summons—a writ, you know?"

Lord William.—"No. If you lick a man you

must take the consequences. Do you owe the money?"

Briton.—"Why, yes; but the d——d nigger came up and annoyed me, and I want to give him a hiding. It's too bad that gentlemen should be insulted in this way by those confounded impudent rascals about the courts."

Lord William.—"Well; but you know those men must do their duty, and they must be protected in the discharge of it. As you have asked me, I must beg of you not to think of such a thing, or my assistant will have to notice the case."

Briton.—"The whole country 's going to the d—l! How can you expect gentlemen to come here to be insulted by those bazaar blackguards and those confounded summon-servers? I 'll lick—" &c., &c., &c. [*Exit.*]

Alison has discovered a very nice house called "The Priory," which we can get for £60 furnished for the season, and at a council of war it is decided that we take it. We can hire plated ware, crockery, lamps, and such things, and servants can be had in abundance. At the news of our requiring domestics, Hay's men swept a whole corps of people up to the bungalow, and we selected a long-bearded khansamah, a chief of jampanees or chaise-porters and wood-cutters, who were engaged to the number of ten, bheestys, dhobys, mehters, cooks, and fairly set our establishment on foot. Simla must be a very odd place. In addition to the little scene of this morning, an officer calls to know whether he cannot "take the law" of a shopkeeper named Anderson here, "for refusing to give him credit;" and a note

from a lady comes to Lord William, begging him "to be good enough to pay the amount for which you gave judgment against me in your court to the plaintiff, as I really have not got the money at present." Many visitors—among others Brigadier Innes, an officer of whom I had heard before as being one of those who were suspended for incompetence when the mutinies took place. From his appearance he is about the very last man against whom I should expect such a charge could be successfully established. Of bulk almost gigantic, his face expresses great shrewdness and determination, and his eye is full of Scottish common sense and sagacity. Before the Ferozepore affair, the Brigadier had a high reputation, and those who know him do not believe that he has at all tarnished it, notwithstanding the occurrences which disgraced that station; whilst all will admit the Brigadier was placed in a most painful and peculiar position.

In the afternoon the clouds settled down in the valley, and having rolled about for some time burst into a terrific thunder-storm, in the midst of which we sat blinking our eyes amidst the very flashes of the lightning. Then down came the rain in sheets. The roar of the water falling down the hill-sides, and audible through the storm, followed. It was a grand tempest. "The beginning of the rains," say the wise-acres, and shake their heads.

For me, I am indifferent. A malady peculiar to Simla, which seizes on new-comers from the plains, has attacked me, and the doctors recommend me bed, starvation, and drastics—low diet, full physic.

Thursday, 17*th June*.—The rain passed away

down to the plains. Several natives sent their vakeels to pay their respects to me, and to offer me presents of fruit, the latter of which I declined. The hill-people have heard that I am "the Queen's news-writer," and think they will do no harm if they propitiate me, so I am obliged to disillude—or disillusion—many of my visitors, though I cannot reduce my titles below "General Sahib," or "Lord Sahib Bahadoor." In horrible pain all day; lie on the sofa for an hour, and then to bed again.

June 18th, Friday.—Old Jumen, who is a sort of factotum in Lord William Hay's household, amused me very much by his stories. He is a very old, active, little man, speaks English, and has been several times in England; but retains his attachment to "the faith of his fathers." He actually served Lord Lake in the flesh! The fact is attested by Lord Lake's own certificate and discharge. It is strange to see at one's bed-side a human being living, and talking, and active, who was a youth when our history in India was young, and who was a man when we were fighting our way against Scindia and Holkar, against Frenchman and Mahratta, for the prime place in India, ere Rohilcund had been conquered and Oude had become a kingdom. But, Hear it, Tontines—Give ear, O actuaries! this old gentleman's father is alive! When Jumen was last on his way from England, he came home by way of Mecca, where he said he went to see his father, whom he found in perfect preservation.

He said "The Queen was a very good lady, because she stop the coolies going away in ships from England. But George III. was a very bad man;

he hanged peoples every week, and send coolies away in chains." It was some time ere I found out he alluded to transportation of convicts. Of our morality he had no high opinion. "I save much sovereign and gold mohur with my master in England. When I go to come back to India I take dem to jeweller in London—Queen's jeweller—to make into bangle and bracelet. He make dem very nice. I take dem to bazaar in Calcutta, and find dey all brass, wid gold skin on dem."

"Where did the jeweller live, Jumen?"

"Oh! Queen's jeweller, sahib! He live in place called Houndeysdisha" (which I make out to be Houndsditch), "and say he make for Queen Victoria. All tief dese men in London, sahib."*

How different is the reality from the anticipations in which I indulged as to the pleasures of Simla! Here am I unable to move and condemned to lie night and day, supine and sick. All the scenery

* It is the fashion to express wonder at the rapid growth of America. As an increase of material possession, the spread of the United States is not in the least degree comparable to that of the British Empire in India. Jumen remembers well when the East India Company's frontiers were many hundreds of miles to the east of Delhi, and when the Presidency of Bombay was a mere speck on the map. How great is the difference between the aspect of the two Empires—that which Britain lost, and that which she has won—a difference founded on races, climate, and laws. Jumen's notion of England is not very elevated. He says the people drink and do not wash, and are not like the sahibs in India; and he insinuates somewhat that the superiority of the latter is owing to their residence in Hindostan. "London not equal to Mecca!" All smoke, and no prayers nor fine serais. But Jumen little knows the gigantic charities of London.

I can "realize" is a patch of pine-trees near my window, and a little piece of grass, much frequented by hoopoes. Half-an-hour to-day was beguiled for me by watching a crow, which sought to frighten a dog from his bone by cawing and croaking fiercely from a branch above his head, and flapping down as if intent on attacking him.

The anniversary of Waterloo. This day twelvemonth I was bahadooring down Dawson Street, Dublin, on poor Toosey Williams' charger, and on my way to the Review, in the Phœnix, with a Scots Grey orderly after me, and thinking little about India, still less that I should be in one twelvemonth thence an invalid at Simla.

June 19th, Saturday.—I moved off in great state in my new jampan from Hay's hospitable house to-day to our new residence—"the Priory." It is a large bungalow on the ascent to Jacko, the mountain peak which overhangs Simla, above the road to Mahassoo, and stands about fifty feet higher than the road, from which a zig-zag path, just practicable for jampanees and horses, leads to the artificially-levelled plateau on which the house is built. Behind it is a wall of rock, above which is a pine forest, stretching towards the summit of Jacko. Below us is a deep valley, or "cud," as it is called here, with ridges and spurs shooting out of the hill-sides, on which are various bungalows. In the distance are the upper ridges of the Himalayas, crested by the still cool waves of the Snowy Range, and between us and their well-defined outlines is a wide expanse of valleys and mountains, dell and forest, now shut in by clouds, and by the gathering of another storm.

The house consists of one story. A long verandah runs in front, separated from the edge of the plateau by a narrow strip of neglected flower-garden. The hall is tolerably large; on the left is the dining-room, on the right is the sitting-room; each of these has a small suite of two sleeping-rooms and one bath-room attached to it, which fill up the quadrangle of the bungalow. At the back there is a long row of stone huts, and numerous dirty out-offices for servants. The roof is of shingle; the furniture very fair and substantial.

Lord William Hay came to see that we were well installed. It was astounding to hear a native from the bazaar ask a rupee a day for hire of a pair of branch candlesticks—that is, £36 10s. per annum. However, we managed to effect a compromise, and to hire all our chattels, which could be hired, at a very cheap rate, considering where we were. Our cook promised us great things, and our new brooms swept very clean. At dinner there were six servants in attendance, and when I remonstrated I was told that less would not do. There were some thirty and odd servants for two of us; and I am convinced that, except for cutting wood, and carrying up water and our chairs, there was not work for ten men. I was carried to bed, I must admit, which would have tasked the strength of two men, as my leg had to be borne in great state before me. I sat in the verandah, and after church comes Alison, with a band of promiscuous brethren, whom he, after a time, takes off to Lord William Hay's villa, at Mahassoo, to my infinite delight, as they left me to the contemplation of the Snowy Range.

June 21st, Monday.—There is this drawback to the view of the grand Alps from this place, that the variety of form is lost, and the outlines are blended together, owing to the great size and distance of the objects. The range appears like a saw-blade, and the snow does not lie evenly on the slopes as on the Swiss Alps. The landscape suffers from monotony of form, and from the magnitude of the mould in which it is cast, and it is only by minute and accurate analysis that one comprehends its vastness. On the hill-top opposite to me, for example, the pines do not appear larger than small ferns, and the bottom of the intervening valley cannot be seen even from the great height at which I am standing. On the hill beyond that of which I speak, the forest looks like a coat of green velvet, and so on, range after range, diminishes and loses its identity, till the horizon is bounded by the dazzling snow. There are some European bungalows on the spurs close to us, but the native villages are not visible in the mountains beyond them, for they are situated for the most part in warm valleys or on sheltered plateaux.

On the road below the house groups of hill-men and women are constantly passing to and fro with the produce of their farms, or the return goods of the Simla bazaar. I am condemned to a veritable "*Voyage autour de ma chambre,*" and to observations from my verandah. My researches must be limited indeed. Close to me are some magnificent rhododendrons, a number of pines, and a large umbrageous tree, name unknown. These are full of birds. The little aberdavats flit about like bees from branch to branch. Hundreds of cunning-eyed

crows haunt the cover of the trees, and lie in wait for the washings of the rice-pots, and for the scraps which the servants throw out of their cabins. Their cawing is so obstreperous at times, that I am obliged to frighten them by a round or two of small shot; but they are very courageous as well as crafty, and they soon return to their haunts. Vultures soar overhead in great numbers; the turkey-buzzards, and the brahminee kites, are still more numerous. To-day I killed a beautiful titmouse, about the size of a wagtail—bill, black; iris, blood-red; wing feathers, blue; breast and belly, white; head, dark blue; a white band over each eye; legs, black; tail, bluish-black, slightly forked, and consisting of twelve feathers. The guns were kept loaded inside the purdah at the hall-door, and for want of something else to do I pounded away at kites and crows, and hung up opposite the windows in the garden a number of feathered carcases *in terrorem* to evil-doers. I thought of the old reproach addressed to Englishmen long ago. "What a lovely day it is! Let us go out and kill something!"

The mail from England of May 16th arrived, and we learned the effect produced by the publication of Lord Canning's Oude Proclamation in *The Times*, and the consequent questions and debates in both Houses, with Lord Ellenborough's speeches, his despatch and resignation. The news made some sensation here. Whatever may be thought of the form in which Lord Ellenborough's opinions were made known, there can be no question of the fact that the immense majority of the English in India condemned the Oude Proclamation, and held views coincident in the main with those expressed by the late Indian minister.

Lord William Hay dined with us, and as some sort of solace to me in my lonely hours, he has given directions that the natives shall bring me in birds to look at, and any animals which may be tameable.

June 22nd, Tuesday.—A grand thunder-storm swept the ridges of the nearer hills. This morning there arrived, in a cage, a fine fighting chickore, or hill-partridge, full of battle, and ready to peck and kick away at one's finger with the greatest vigour. Its tail has been pulled out, on the ground that the process gives it more vigour in combat. I also received a large green parrot and a green parroquet, which appear to have mortal antipathies to each other. The doctor's daily visit gives me no comfort. I am still a victim to the Simla complaint, and the pain of my leg is at times unbearable. But how well it is to have a leg at all! How small are my sufferings compared to those of my poor friends, some of whom are near me, and others whom I shall never see again!

June 23rd, Wednesday.—My menagerie is increasing. A large cage, containing ninety-six aberdavats, a hill-ram, with enormous horns, curved backwards, very tame and bold, and a bird called the costurah, arrived this morning. The costurah is a bird about the size of a thrush, with glistening blue-black plumage, long orange-coloured or deep yellow bill, slightly curved downwards and sharp to the end. It belongs, I should think, to the graculi. It is kept in a darkened cage, and its shrill, sweet whistle gives much delight to the natives. I sent away the ram, as I found he had a decided tendency to butt at my lame leg; and the costurah must follow him, as the native wants £5 for him. The other offerings

are free gifts. I had many visitors to-day. Among others, a writer in one of the public offices, who has lived long in India, and who gave me a curious insight into the private characters of some of the best possible public instructors at Calcutta. The man fancied he would please me, but in reality I was pained by what he told me of the private life and antecedents of some of those who "pretend to be virtuous," and exhibit all the "atrocious" parts of Cato's mind, without any of his respectable tendencies, to commit suicide in the interests of the republic. Shipley, 7th Fusileers; Forster, Carabineers; Sibley, quartermaster-general, Umballah, also dropped in and stayed some time. One of my visitors was good enough to make a speech against me at a public dinner in England a few years ago. I suppose he thinks I never knew or have forgotten the circumstance, but I forgive him heartily, because his speech, which was evidently delivered under excitement, was very amusing to me at the time, and I have rather a pleasant memory yet of its vehement scratching of Priscian's head. To-day presents of fruit came from Mrs. Hodson, the widow of the gallant soldier who fell at Lucknow, and from an old hill-chief, a friend of Lord William Hay, who resides in the bazaar, and is called, I think, Ruttun Sing.

Maxwell of the Bengal artillery, a very clever, smart officer, who was wounded severely at the action on the Kala Nuddee, came in and breakfasted with me. The last time I met him was in Bulgaria, in the tent of his brother, who now commands the 88th Regiment. I read Jacquemont's Letters to-day. They are delicious—immensely conceited, shrewd, impudent,

egotistical—all one grand "*moi.*" "*Je*" is very affectionate, because "*Je*" is loved by every one—all the women love "*moi*" to desperation. As far as I can judge, however, his descriptions of India are very exact and true.

In the afternoon the news of Rose's splendid success at Gwalior came in. This victory will restore our *prestige* in Central India, but we cannot expect that the disturbed districts will be tranquillized at once, and I, for one, believe that as the favourable time for our amnesty is gone by, we shall be fortunate if we see India restored to peace within the next two years. We had a small dinner party this evening. As in the plains, each man brings his bearer, and I was amused by seeing nine servants in attendance upon six people at dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

Our jampanees.—Neglected parental advice.—Resource of young Simla.—Hill-monkey.—A pretty young woman.—Simon ill.—A miserable day.—State procession.—Native gentleman.—Jacko and Bruin.—Mea Ruttun Sing.—A hill-mina.—Forest laws.—European debtor and native creditor.—Feathered victims.—A new phase of weather.—An entertaining companion.—Colonel of Native Infantry.—Discontent and aspirations.—Mr. Layard's speeches and lectures.—Children of Thespis.

June 24th, Thursday.—A rain fog settled down on us this morning, and a thunder-storm broke over the valley with startling grandeur and vehemence. The lightning flashed from the clouds at our feet; and it was 2 o'clock ere the vapours rolled away, and studded the mountains with small flocks of white wool-like cumuli. A native Papageno arrived with some yellow buntings, and a number of reed-sparrows and four fly-catchers. Our jampanees appeared in their new liveries, very fine and gay; some in light-blue tunics, with red trimmings; others in green and scarlet, and turbans to match. The mate is a fine tall fellow, six feet high, and more, and straight as a rush. He superintends these men, and is super-intended by Simon, who, with Mahomet Ali, Captain Alison's man, is master of the situation. I shot a very beautiful jay to-day, not so large as those common in the plains, and more neatly shaped. Iris black; head covered with fine black feathers, rising into a high crest and top-knot; bill dark slate colour; underneath the lower mandible some fine white sharp-pointed feathers; back of neck and wing-covers gray

slate; wing blue with white bars; the extremities black, tipped with white; tail long, feathers with black white tips and bars; I found in its throat a quantity of wild strawberries.

A young raven, who would insist on eating up all my birds' food, also fell a victim to his temerity. His father and mother had warned him repeatedly of his danger when they saw me hopping along the verandah with the gun; but he neglected their advice, and little deserved the sorrow and distress they exhibited when they saw him die.

June 25th, Friday.—Two young hill bears were brought to me to-day. They had just been caught, and were not more than two or three weeks old. One was sick and quiet; the other lively and savage, covering its brother with its body either for warmth or to defend it. They are jet black, with a white mark in the shape of a horse-shoe curved upwards on the breast; long claws; little snow-white lancets of teeth; long, thin, narrow tongue. They drink milk greedily; but are evidently unhappy and discontented. When angry, they make an odd noise by champing their jaws rapidly together, and uttering at the same time a strong breath, which produces a sound like that made by a sow eating in a full trough. Their claws are very long and sharp, the paws broad and powerful, and fore-legs bowed. They have a propensity to climb and to stand on their hind legs, and they come to the charge with uplifted fore-paws and open mouth. The eye is very sagacious, and, I think, rather good-natured. My menagerie now extends along one side of the verandah.

It rained all day. The doctor insists on my

riding; and several ponies have been sent up for me, but none are up to my weight.

June 26th, Saturday.—Rain, fast and furious, and lasting. I wrote with my leg propped up on a gouty "T" chair, and beguiled the time till dinner-hour, Alison being at the Racket Court, which is the grand rendezvous and resource of young Simla on a rainy day. He goes down in state in the jampan, and generally returns with a few friends to dinner. Our *carte* is simple enough—a strong soup, a preserved-tin-fish, curries of mutton or fowl, joints of veal or lamb, now and then beef, plenty of sweetmeats, and dessert. The wine is ridiculously dear. Beer is half-a-crown a bottle, when it is to be had. Port, sherry, and claret are rare, and are of twice the prices they are in England. Lord William Hay has sent up a pony for my use, and if it be fine I shall try him to-morrow.

June 27th, Sunday.—Another addition to my menagerie in the shape of a small hill-monkey. It is quite young; but it has the oldest, most melancholy, and woe-begone face I ever beheld—more withered and wrinkled, and wretched-looking, than that of an aged county pauper. It became furiously attached to me; but its griefs after its parents are comical beyond all imagination. Its face would make any man's fortune on the stage, and it is not unlike some of the phases of Liston's. As the rain cleared off in the afternoon I mounted my horse, though with difficulty, and rode along the road towards Mahassoo for three or four miles. On the right is the wooded height of Jacko, on the left deep valleys, for about a mile of the way—then the road strikes a col, and

winds along the side of a barren mountain with a tremendous valley on the right-hand side, till it appears to be estopped by a high cliff. On coming nearer one sees that the road is carried by a tunnel right through the rock, and comes out at the other side about 200 yards away, whence it continues turning and twining amid valleys and mountains on its way for Thibet. There is one small squalid village about half-way to the tunnel. Just as I was turning round my horse, I was hailed from the distance, and saw Lord William and Alison riding along one of the curves to overtake me, and we returned together. It was interesting to see the friendly reception given by the villagers to Hay, who is evidently a favourite with them. They all got on the roofs of their cottages, salaamed and saluted him as we passed. These people are rather peculiar in some of their customs. For instance, there was among the crowd a pretty young woman who went off some time ago from her husband, and had returned after an absence of a year from him in an interesting condition; but so far was her lord and master from objecting to the accident, that he prized her all the more for the probable accession to his family.

Near Jacko, a large flock, or herd, or drove of immense apes charged across the road, and went chattering down the cud, with Hay's dog after them. Some of them were quite over three feet high, and were formidable-looking fellows for close fighting.

Captains Bunny, Chester, Fremantle, and Lord William Hay dined at our bungalow, and talked *de omnibus anglicanis*.

June 28th, Monday.—Simon, with much solemnity,

announced that the sly, demure, sick little bear, had managed to escape during the night. The arriere ban was at once raised. I sent off to Hay, and trusty hunters were despatched to look for little Bruin; but in vain. They toiled all day, and could not find him. Bruin, his brother, was inconsolable—quite savage and growling. The little fellow never was seen again. Although I do not find that riding agrees with me, I have had a long course this evening, and am delighted with the scenery. On my way I met two men whose faces were dreadfully disfigured—as I thought at first by evil, but on inquiry I heard they had been scalped by bears. The natives are much afraid of those creatures, which become very bold in winter. There are plenty of leopards near us; but though we hear of their depredations, we never see them.

On my return I learned my servant Simon was ill in his hut. I went to see him, and found he was white with fright. I sent off for the doctor, who came, I think, rather reluctantly, inasmuch as Simon is a native, and our medical men rarely attend an Hindoo or Mussulman, because there is a dispensary at Simla for domestics and for the poor. It is curious to observe the complete depression of my bearer, who behaves very well in the field and does not care about fire or round-shot. He has abandoned all hope of life. Dr. Ross tells me that when the cholera comes to the hills the people desert their villages in alarm, and fly to the tops of the mountains, where they think they are safe from its attacks. Although the small-pox is often fatal, they do not dread it much; and they persist in

inoculation and in their tacit opposition to the Government officers who are sent round for vaccination.

June 29th, Tuesday.—Simon is somewhat better to-day. As he gets more hopeful of life his skin becomes darker. To-day he is several shades deeper in colour than he was yesterday. I subscribed to the Simla Dispensary—two rupees a month—which entitles my servants to medical attendance, *soit qu'il soit*. The day was overcast, but this cloud shifts now and then; one had fine views of the Snowy Range. I hobbled up and down the verandah, growling in unison with little Bruin. I made advances to him with my telescope. The small savage turned on it, seized it in his claws, and gave the tube so keen a bite, that his teeth nearly went through the brass. By constant attention and bullying, however, I made such progress towards familiarity to-day, that he permitted me to scratch his head.

There stands on the spur of the road below our house, at the edge of a deep valley, the ruin of a bungalow, which is used by mendicants and native travellers as a kind of caravanserai. A curious party marched in this morning; an old native, very lean and ragged, and a boy about 10 years of age, driving a miserable pony, on which were perched two young women. They halted at the spur, cleared away a space for a tent, and put up a small canvas cone, in which the man and boy took up their abode, whilst the ladies appropriated a portion of the bungalow. The males went into the bazaar. The ladies sat on the ground and prepared their dinner. They appeared to be true gypsies. Very tall, handsome women, as well as I could see, dressed

in the most brilliant colours—pink tunics, blue pantaloons striped with purple, and light lilac-coloured robes. In the evening there came on a magnificent storm—grand thunder and lightning. When the flashes are unusually close and bright, I remember that a relative of mine was struck dead in the bungalow close to us. The poor lady was standing near the window when the lightning smote the house, and she fell dead into her husband's arms. It is wonderful that accidents are not more frequent and severe in these fierce tempests of electricity.

Lord William Hay and a captain of the 61st Regiment, whose name I forget, dined with us, and we had much talk of Delhi and the troubles, from which we all diverged into a violent controversy as to the position of a certain road, branching off the main road into Simla, and that, with the help of a rubber of whist, got us over the night.

June 30th, Wednesday.—A miserable day! Ross made a long examination of my injured limb, and at the end ordered me to lay up for one fortnight from this day as an experiment. Simon improves apace. The Rajah of Rampore or Bussahir, a hill-State near us, is coming in to pay his respects to-day, and to make explanations and give some satisfaction in reference to his conduct during the mutinies. The Governor-General has a lodge at Chini, which was established by Lord Dalhousie, about fourteen days' march from this, on the Thibet and Hindostan Road. Last year it was broken into and plundered. The chief of Bussahir is responsible, because it happened in his district; but as yet he has not had it repaired. He gave no assistance to the authorities in any way

during the disturbances at Simla and the hill-stations, and he is the only hill-chief who did not subscribe to the Government loan. It would seem as if the residents in Simla were in some danger at the time, as the troops at Jutog were in a state very little removed from open mutiny. At the neighbouring station the soldiery plundered the treasury and fled. It was a providence the battalion at Jutog was restrained from revolt. Simla was full of women, and men more timid than women, and many bad characters were in the bazaar ready for plunder and outrage if the troops broke out. A revolt on the very borders of the Punjaub might have roused the Sikhs beyond Lawrence's control, and then, indeed, history would have had to philosophize over the fall of our empire in India; the precursor, probably, of a greater fall in Europe, and in America, and in the fifth division of the globe. Clio might have to indulge in some injurious reflections on our policy; but on the whole, her page would emblazon great results, grand names, noble actions. She might have to stigmatize the cruelty which in some instances disgraced our civilization and our faith in the moment of our danger; but her finest periods would be needed to describe the magnificent attitude of the race on whom the tremendous disaster fell.

July 1st, Thursday.—This morning a strange wild music—the long quavering notes of huge horns, like those which awake the echoes of the Alps in the harpy-haunted route to Chamounix, drew us out on the balcony, and we were happy in seeing the state-procession of the Rajah of Bussahir passing below us, on the way to visit Lord William Hay in Simla. His majesty

was preceded by a dozen ill-dressed men on ragged horse and on bare foot, with kettle-drums, fifes, clarionets, and huge brazen trumpets, dressed in very motley and indifferent garments. Then came a sort of tray, borne by men, in the midst of which sat the Rajah, obscured by an enormous scarlet umbrella with a gold fringe, held by several men over his head. Servitors and ministers ran beside him with silver rods in their hands, and a rabblement of a hundred others on ponies, and marching, followed in his wake. The reports which had reached us of this "force" had given Simla several good panics; but, in truth, it was utterly contemptible, and there were not a dozen fire-arms among them. These hill-men are poor, ill-fed creatures, but their faces are very handsome; the custom of wearing bright yellow flowers in their black flat bonnets is very "*coquet.*" The camp of the Rajah is about a mile from our bungalow; and I should think we could defeat the whole of his army with our little battery of small-arms.

Hay came up after the interview with the Rajah, and told us he was full of professions of good-will, penitence, and submission.

After his majesty had returned to camp, a few of my friends amused themselves by pelting his retainers on the road with stones. The latter seemed to think it great fun to receive such attentions from the Sahib-logue, and "grinned consumedly." Whether the Rajah will like it or not, it is difficult to say; but it matters but little. For the first time I went out in the jampan, and passed through the bazaar. On my way I encountered a native gentleman who was

taking a stroll, followed by two or three attendants—a portly, middle-aged man, light-coloured, dark-eyed, with delicate touches of yellow paint on the bridge of his nose and lobes of his ears. He carried a large heavy cane, like that borne by stage-doctors, and, as he walked, he turned out his toes in a quaint modulated, dignified way which attracted one's notice, no less than his flowing robes, his huge turban, and his general air. Despite the richness of those robes, the whiteness of the turban, the grandeur of the air, the rings on his finger, and the portentous cane—despite his obsequious following, the gentleman, somehow or other, had an appearance of decayed state, which gently solicited one's sympathy. He saluted me as I passed. I returned his salute; and when I described him to Hay and asked who he was, he said, "Oh! it must be my old friend Mea Ruttun Sing. If you like he will come and call on you." And so I arranged to receive him to-morrow.

I took a solitary ride in the afternoon, and encountered many jampans with ladies of all sorts and conditions of mind, body, and estate, therein, on their way to the daily worship of Jacko and the Mall. The cavaliers were also turning out. Some for flirtation, others for the club or billiards—some for the racket-court, others for a purposeless demonstration against *ennui*. The jampanees, in spite of their gay liveries, are not exactly the gentlemen whom we would wish constantly to have betwixt the wind and his nobility, and I wonder that our delicate countrywomen can tolerate the evil, and that walking is not more fashionable. It is glorious to see the children at Simla,—whole regiments of chubby-cheeked, fair-haired,

bright-complexioned urchins, and misses on ponies, or in little cars, trooping along the shady roads which ring with their merry voices, and with the shrill gabble of the white-robed ayahs in attendance upon them. I dined alone as Alison was engaged with some friend, and the Khansamah put down as large a dinner as if a dozen people were coming to dinner. At night I sat out watching the stars, the result of which was a cold in my head.

July 3rd, Saturday.—It rained heavily this morning; but cleared up towards the afternoon. The little bear has recovered from his affliction, and is becoming affable, owing to the humanizing and civilizing efforts of a new monkey, who has taken the greatest fancy to Bruin, and teazes him incessantly. At first Bruin was savage; but the restless energy of Jacko overcame him—the bear got tired of having his little sprig of a tail pulled, of getting slapped in the face, of being leaped upon, of wasting his strength in abortive attempts to catch his agile tormentor, and at last he ratified a treaty of peace; and Jacko's favourite resting-place now is Bruin's head, on which he sits very serenely, unless when he is engaged in offices of kindness and in entomological research on the hairy coat of his new fat friend. As Jacko is quite tame, his example softened little Ursa, and the latter now submits to be played with, and enjoys a frolic amazingly.

About midday the Mea came to pay me a visit. I was in the verandah with Hay when he arrived, and I rose and went to meet him. He shuffled off his shoes when he entered the verandah, and advanced towards me in what we call in Ireland his "stocking-feet." His attendants drew up outside the verandah.

When I stretched out my hand to him, in the English fashion, he took it in both his hands, and put a small round ball of hair into it, which it required Hay's explanation to make me receive as a present—it being, in fact, a bag of musk. He was painted on nose and ears with orange ochre; his turban was of orange and white; his dress, a caftan of brocaded blue silk, trimmed with fur and gold lace, and open at the breast, so as to leave his white shirt and a necklace of fine beads visible. He wore small gold ear-rings, white muslin trousers, and a sash round his waist of Cashmere work. We walked together up the verandah—I with the help of my crutch—and sat down at the door, where we had a long talk, with the aid of Lord William Hay. The good gentleman thinks he ought to be the Rajah of Mundee; but our Government, under whose protection that hill-State fell, on the overthrow of the Sikh dynasty, have refused to alter the state of things which existed when the State was transferred to us, and have recognized the younger brother of the Mea, who usurped the throne in Runjeet Sing's time, and, by large presents, obtained that monarch's consent to their wrong-doing. The State of Mundee pays the British Government a tribute of £8,000 per annum, and poor Mea Ruttun Sing has only a paltry allowance of £15 a month. But that is not the worst. Goosein, the Vakeel of the Rajah of Mundee, is in great favour with Sir John Lawrence. He is bitterly opposed to Ruttun Sing, and has succeeded in obtaining an order from our Government prohibiting him from making his appearance in Mundee, and, in fact, banishing him from his native State. The Mea lives in the rooms over a paltry store in the

little bazaar of Simla, in a state of indigence, and, though he has quite given up the notion of becoming Rajah of Mundee, he is in hopes that we will either procure for him a larger allowance or permit him to return to his home, where his poverty will not be so conspicuous or so painful as it is in a place like Simla. His manners are exceedingly agreeable; his features, good; splendid teeth; dark moustache, brushed upwards; neck of great thickness; delicate hands, and small feet. He has never used either wine, spirits, or tobacco. On leaving, he said, in reference to my birds, "I have got a bird which speaks beautifully, and I will ask you to let me send him up here, that he may act as my vakeel, and remind you of his master, who is your servant."

In the afternoon, the bird of which he spoke was brought up in his cage—a beautiful black hill-mina, most probably from Nepaul. It is a handsome, lively bird, rather larger than a blackbird, with plumage of glossy jet, orange bill and claws, and a patch of bright yellow skin near each eye—a lovely dark eye, full and bright. Its activity is incessant. It pricks its ear as it were to every sound. No sooner had it been hung up in the verandah than it began to salute us with repeated cries in a wonderfully rich, odd voice, "Ram! Ram! bahee!" ("God! God! brother!")—the Hindoos' salutation to each other. Then he rang a bell—a musical, metallic tinkle, like the bells in the shrines and hill-temples—crowed like a cock, cawed like a rook, creaked like a rusty hinge, and performed a number of strange antics with his throat, as if to ingratiate himself with his new master. In the afternoon we practised rifle shooting across the road,

to the annoyance of the thievish kites, buzzards, vultures, and crows, that hover screaming, and whistling, and cawing all day long over every house in Simla. A pedlar came up to the bungalow and displayed his stores, though I assured him I did not want anything. He covered the verandah with shawls from Cashmere and Umritsur, gold cloth from Benares, lace-work from Delhi. I was rather surprised to hear that the machine-worked shawls are much more valuable than those which are made by hand. I dined alone, found myself in very poor company, and so to bed.

July 5th, Monday.—The mina early this morning set up a most dismal lamentation, and wept like an infant; and I was obliged to send out Simon to turn the baby away. The servant came back with expanded jaws, quite delighted. The imitation was most perfect. Already he begins to call out the servant's name. The faculty possessed by this graculus, of adapting its tongue and throat to all kinds of noises, is very remarkable indeed. I am still an invalid and a cripple. I have seen literally nothing of Simla. My riding has been suspended, and I cannot bear the jampan. Alison brings me news of the outer world, and tells me "who is going to marry who," and what is the gossip of the place. For the most part, it is rather scandalous. To-night there is a theatrical performance—an amateur dramatic company, assisted by the regular talent of a professional lady; and there is much talk of balls which will be given as soon as the rains abate. Captain Riley (88th Regiment) dined with us.

July 7th, Wednesday.—The mail came in. How

the heart leaps at letters from home! But they bring pain with them, for they remind you of distance—of long weary days and miles which separate you. Here was a most lovely day—calm and beautiful; and yet it seemed so dark and dreary, because a phrase in a letter caused me an apprehension which I could not allay at once. I paid my rent to-day; and was rather amused at a piece of English forest law in this out-of-the-way place. A troublesome old tree threatened to fall across our path. We had it cut down; it figured duly in the bill at 3*s*. Indeed, there is a constant controversy going on between the little local corporation, or town council, of Simla and the authorities in respect of the trees. There is certainly a change wrought in the character of many English people by their residence in India. The Judges of the Courts tell me they are much troubled by the prejudices of all classes of Europeans against paying their bills till they are forced into court. To-day an officer was summoned by his servant for wages due; and, as he had dismissed the man without payment, he was ordered to attend and give evidence in answer to the complaint. Instead of doing so, he wrote to the Judge to say he hoped he would not be required to appear, as, in fact, the man had broken things of more value than the amount of his wages, adding—this, mind, to the Judge of the Court!—he would take good care to put it out of the fellow's way to summons him again, as he had "no notion of putting up with such conduct on the part of a *dog of a native*"! Imagine how such a man would treat those who were placed under his command, or were subject

to his jurisdiction, if he becomes, as very probably he will be, invested with magisterial functions. Small dinner-party of men from the plains in the evening. Riley of the 88th, Thursby of the 9th Lancers, Plowden, and others, dined with us in the evening.

July 8th, Thursday.—Having written for several hours, as is now my wont every day, I sat with my gun across my knees in the verandah, watching the bear and monkeys, and the birds, and now and then waking up the echoes by a shot at a strange bird, or at a vulture, or buzzard. The alarm of the monkeys when I point a gun at them is most ludicrous. They seem convulsed with terror, and fly behind the bear for refuge. Bruin sits stolidly enough, and is only interested when I come near him, as he always expects on these occasions sweet cakes and mangoes, a fruit of which he is very fond. To-day I killed a bird in the tree before the door, which was making a very shrill odd noise, like the chirrup of some great cricket. It was not so large as a common red-wing; bill small, slightly curved; mouth wide, with hairs at the base; the whole of the plumage a uniform rich russet-brown with dark spots; under each eye a very large round orifice; the claws small; ten very large broad feathers in tail, with a few white specks on them. Two other unknown birds (to me) also fell victims. One, a kind of tit, with black head and bill; large white spot under the eye, tinged with yellow at the lower mandible; throat, jet-black; breast and belly, bright yellow, divided by dark blue line; legs, blue; claws, red; back, dark green; tail, bluish slate-colour; wing-covers, dark blue, tipped

with white; twelve feathers in the tail, which was o slate-colour, tipped with white. The other bird was a bunting, which at first I thought was only an odd kind of sparrow. A pair of crutches was brought home to me to-day by the doctor's order. Jacko is highly pleased with them, and thinks I am doing some clever trick as I try to walk with them for practice. At night a most tremendous storm burst over Simla. I lay awake for hours watching the lightning, which twittered about without .dying away altogether for a moment; and somehow or other I persuaded myself that the electricity had a good deal to do with the return of my illness, which presented itself as badly as ever towards morning.

July 9th, Friday.—Ill all day in bed. This is enjoying the hills, with a vengeance. I was very much better down in the plains.

July 10th, Saturday.—Somewhat better, and able to crawl on my crutches to the verandah, whence I turned from my monkeys and birds to the young ladies and gentlemen who were flirting and philandering, a-horse and a-foot, on the road below me, and from the lovers to the monkeys, till I was tired. Jacquemont says English society in India is less frivolous than society in general in France; but I do not think he would apply that remark to Simla, if what my gossips tell me be true. Probably Jacquemont's notion of an agreeable evening was realized when he had a party of nice women sitting round him—in silence, if possible—whilst he held forth, in broken English, and in unbroken talk. Here we have ball after ball, each followed by a little backbiting; the great event of every day being the promenade, which

is almost of a sacred and devotional character, in honour of the god of the mountain, who is called Jacko, and who is "gone round" and round as if he were a holy well. If he be propitious—"*Veneres Cupidinesque!*"—he leads to the altar of Hymen.

July 11th, Sunday.—A new phase of weather! The clouds came down in earnest to-day, and when I woke up this morning I found them in bed with me; not an object was visible beyond the windows; in the corners of the room the clouds had settled down into my boots; my clothes on the dressing-table were covered with a heavy dew; the bed-clothes were dank; and, in spite of the blazing fire of wood in the two sitting-rooms, the furniture was wet, as though it had been in a shower of rain. Closed all doors tight, battened down the windows, and made all snug for the day. My companion, who is an undaunted Christian, dressed in his best, and went off to church in his jampan. After church many visitors called on me. There was very heavy rain towards evening, and the clouds wept themselves away.

July 12th, Monday.—A day of incessant rain—the dull, monotonous beat of the water on the roof shingles, the splashing of the streams from the verandah, were very wearisome. Our garden is nearly washed away, and our molly, or gardener, does not present us with our morning bouquet. This is trying weather for invalids, but the letters I receive from the plains breathe out heat from their very substance, and are full of hot sighs and groans. The Rev. Mr. Farrer, the very worthy chaplain here, called on me, and we had a long conversation of many topics. The accounts which have just come in respecting the atro-

cities perpetrated by the Christian Montenegrins, seems as bad as those of the sepoys and budmashes in India.

July 13*th*, *Tuesday.*—Rain never ceased last night; it goes on steadily all day; and Ross, who comes in like a river-god in Indian-rubber, comforts me by saying the pains in my bones indicate fever. I spent the day with an entertaining companion, one Mandelslo, who was of the embassy sent by Frederick, Duke of Holstein, to the Great Duke of Muscovy, and who wrote an amusing enough account thereof, which was "faithfully translated by John Davies, of Kidwelly, and printed in the second edition for John Starkey and J. Basset, at the sign of the Mitre and George, London, 1669." He visited India by way of Persia, saw the Court of the Grand Mogul in all its magnificence, and beheld the rudiments of the British empire in a small factory at Ahmedabad, where he was entertained by an Englishman, who was only too hospitable. The book is much more interesting than Jenkinson's "Itinerary," or Bowen's "Fleur Chinoise," and it pulled me through a wet day right pleasantly, notwithstanding fever.

July 14*th*, *Wednesday.*—Thunder and rain, but, no ways downhearted, the young people of the station have a pic-nic, which is regarded by the natives as some sort of semi-religious ceremony in honour of Aphrodite. It is amusing to read in Mandelslo the constant invective against the Ambassador Brugman, and the rows between him and his companion, Olearius. All dead and gone now, Sir, two hundred years ago, and yet there is Brugman gibbeted, poor man, for all the posterity who may come across Mandelslo. I

find the latter gives rather a poor notion of our race in India. He describes us as being much given to wine, and sensuality.

July 15th, Thursday, St. Swithin's.—Here, at least, the tradition will hold; for no one can doubt it will rain for the next forty days as it rains to-day.

July 16th, Friday.—In one of the intervals between the showers to-day, the Colonel of a Bengal Native Infantry Regiment paid me a visit—in all his idiosyncracies a fine specimen of a race which flourished before the flood of mutiny. Although his regiment was disarmed at Ferozepore, under circumstances which satisfied the authorities that a worse-disposed set of men did not exist in the service, this good old colonel to this day declares his profound faith in them—says they never intended to do any mischief—and maintains they were cruelly used and ill-treated by their disbandment. And yet I found him a man of a fine soldierly intelligence, and as little likely to be deceived with regard to the dispositions of men under his command as any one I know. Either he is clear-sighted and we are wrong, or he lived under a system which blinded him. We had a long and very interesting conversation, in which I learned much from one who seemed competent to give information as to the condition of the Company's troops. He attributed the ill-feeling, which no doubt existed, concurrently with a certain amount of lax discipline in the sepoy army, to several causes—the numerous restrictions placed on the authority of the colonel, who should be, instead of a mere ministerial officer, almost an irre-

sponsible despot, in order to possess the confidence of Asiatics—the ignorance and arrogance of the young officers who recently joined the service, and who treated the old native officers as "niggers," instead of showing them the respect and consideration they had been accustomed to under the former order of things—the dissatisfaction produced among the latter by the slowness of their promotion, and the limited nature of the highest rewards open to them, and many matters of that sort, which, in the mass, tended to create disaffection. He conceived, too, that the Government had in several instances distinctly broken faith with their regiments, in ordering them to places which were quite beyond the limits of the service for which they had enlisted; that the Caubūl disasters had shaken their faith in the judgment and conduct of our officers, and the invincibility of our standards; and that the annexation of Oude had created immense dissatisfaction in the regiments recruited from that fecund nurse of sepoys. But, he believed, notwithstanding all this, the mutinies might never have come but for the greased cartridges, the mutiny and imbecile manipulation of the first malcontents at Meerut. The moment that the King of Delhi allowed himself to be put forward as the leader of the revolt, the heart of every Mussulman was moved within him, and Hindoos were naturally agitated by the prospect of regaining their independence in their old States. That was bad enough, but the worst consequence of all was, that the whole sepoy army was instantly placed under the ban of suspicion and distrust, and, in some instances, there is reason to believe, under the stigma of open insult. Every man, no matter how well-

inclined, was at once ranked among the intending mutineers and murderers, and the loudly-expressed confidence of their officers could not compensate for the evident distrust of the authorities, who took measures that often had no result, except to precipitate if not to superinduce the calamities they were intended to prevent. This universal suspicion grew and fed upon itself, and it so happened that at last the most efficacious and certain means of causing a mutiny at a station was to circulate the report that British troops were on the march to it, for the sepoys chose to consider the intelligence as proof of an intention to disarm and decimate them. Until the press had the Government-thumb placed on its delicate windpipe, the Fouquier Tinvilles of Calcutta, with mouths full of blood and froth, spouted out sanguinary tirades which were duly copied by the native journals, often but too well inclined to promote disaffection against the Government, and nearly as bitter against the Governor-General and Council as the un-English portion of the English resident in the Eastern capital of India. The revolt spread all over the plains of India, not with lightning-flash, but rather as a smouldering fire, which, having long burnt secretly, at last bursts forth in flame at one point, and thence steals along by reed and bush and jungle, till, at the solicitation of some favouring breeze, it leaps with a mighty roar from tree to tree, and soon wraps the whole scene in a universal sheet of all-consuming, irresistible heat.

Mr. Layard's speeches and lectures, which have been received with a shower of dirty dish-clouts from the well-furnished Billingsgate repertoire of the con-

vict Cleon of Calcutta, are now the subject of considerable attention and discussion here. Most men are disposed to blame the want of judgment and the immoderate tone of his statements, but there are many of his "facts" which we know to be true. As the Colonel said, "I know far worse than anything he has said." He told me he was so disgusted with the vulgar insolence and low abuse directed against Mr. Layard, that he had written to stop his "paper," in order to save himself from the outrage on every gentlemanly feeling to which he was subjected by the perusal of its columns. The moment I read the out-burst of intense ruffianism in question, I had anticipated his example. In justice to the good taste of one's countrymen in India, it must be admitted that not one of them has ever yet spoken of the "Journal" which disgraces an honourable name—no matter how long his residence in the country—in aught but terms such as its brutality, ferocity, and cowardice entitle it to in the mouths of decent men.

In the evening Mr. Arnold,* one of the Inspectors of Education of the Punjaub, son of the honoured Master of Rugby, visited me. He bears a striking resemblance to his great father, and possesses large ability and a vigorous pen, both of which he has largely employed in the support of Sir John Lawrence, who, among the other attributes of his greatness, has a keen perception of the value of such support. Arnold has been visiting the schools in his district, and he considers, I am sorry to hear, that the zeal of our missionaries impedes the work of education, by excit-

* He, alas! is no more!

ing suspicions in the minds of the natives with respect to our intentions in matters of religion.

Captain Riley dined with Arnold and myself in the evening. We had some conversation about Lord Granville's charge against Sir John Lawrence, that he was willing, at one time, to treat with the King of Delhi. Arnold promised to write and get me all the particulars.

July 17th, Saturday.—A day of incessant rain. Brigadier Innes, Arnold, Lord William Hay, and his brother, Maxwell and others, dined with us, and in the evening there was a discussion about all Indian matters, particularly the part taken by Sir John Lawrence in reference to the negotiations with the King of Delhi, which was raised by a recent speech of Lord Granville's, and which again was brought to notice; and, as is usually the case in India, not one man agreed with any other on any one point whatever.

Some of the company, devoted children of Thespis, went off in the midst of the deluge to rehearse their parts at the theatre.

CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Barton.—Charlotte Bronté.—Indian Etiquette.—A little excursion.—A present.—Native courtesy.—An ancient fakeer.—A bed of justice.—Solon Government school.—Large snake.—Anderson's store.—Bribery and corruption.—Hindoo boys.—The Lawrence Asylum.—House of Mea Sing.—A Scotchman and his dog.

July 18*th, Sunday.*—This morning my bear, finding I did not come out to see him, dragged his anchor, and toddled into my room, to the great distress of the monkey, who rushed after him, pulled his chain, and finally his tail, all to no purpose, till Bruin had satisfied himself I was in bed. He then settled himself to sleep on the rug before the fire, and Jacko, discovering the warmth was agreeable, crept into Bruin's arms, put his hands round his neck, and quietly joined him in his slumbers. Rained all day. Lord William Hay, Captain Riley, of H.M.'s 88th, and some other good-natured friends, came up and spent the evening with me.

July 19*th, Monday.*—Rain all day, but visitors came; among others, Colonel Barton, brother-in-law of Sir John Lawrence, and formerly commanding the 3rd Light Cavalry, which mutinied at Jullundur. Many of his views are identical with those of the Infantry-Colonel, and he appeared to think his men had been driven to mutiny by very injudicious treatment. As we had a spare-room, Riley, who

was very ill, and suffering from the racket and tumult of the club, came up on a visit to Alison and myself.

Day after day passes as did those before it, and each finds me still crippled. I am fain driven to read such novels as the Simla library can afford; for I cannot write, and works which require attention fatigue my head. To-day I read "Charlotte Brontë's Life." And what a life! Pain, sorrow, and disappointment, even when the goal was gained and the victory won! I do not think that there could be a more dreadful picture than that of the whole household of weird, unnatural prematurities of children, assembling hobgoblin-like in the gaunt, dark, cold room of that dreary parsonage-house, surrounded by congenial graves, there to indulge in their ghastly intellectual gambols, and to feed the diseases which were preying on their over-strained brains, and unduly-developed minds.—To think of those children talking politics, discussing the characters of statesmen, reading newspapers, and writing essays, plays, and poems, at six or seven years of age! Lord help them! say I. The character of the sturdy Irish father is well drawn, though it is rather un-Irish in some respects. Poor Charlotte did not at all appreciate Paddy. And yet her father was Irish, or, as I prefer to say, an Irishman. Mr. Nicholls was of the same nation, and her "first offer" came from an ardent "potatophagus!"

Of the next few days, one after the other, I can record nothing save rain and incessant letter-reading and writing, varied by the receipt of visits, by blistering, and by physic. The ball was a grand success.

So was the drama; but of both I know, of course, only by hearsay. I am told that there is one feature about the visits which are paid to me that I am unable to duly appreciate, owing to my ignorance of Indian etiquette. The fact is that, as I have called on no one, I do not deserve to be visited by any one. The rule in India, founded on a state of things which has altogether disappeared, or has been much modified, is, that the new arrival shall call on the people at the station, who return his visits in proper form. But the custom places a man in a false position. How can I know whether the General would like to see me or not? The excellent clergyman here, Mr. Farrer, and others, defend the system, but I am satisfied that, with railways, and hotels, and increased intercourse, it must fall to the ground. Awful and unforgiveable offence is sometimes given by strangers, who in their ignorance neglect the rules of precedence in paying their visits, or who may be guilty of unintentional omissions.

News reached Simla that Schlagentweit, of whose fate many conflicting accounts had been heard, was killed last year by the Kokandpas, and a narrative of the mode of his death arrived, of which I copied the material parts, and sent them to Sir Roderick Murchison. Major Hay, formerly resident at Kulu, is here on his way home, with a very curious and valuable collection of Thibetan drawings, Greek coins, and skins of birds and beasts, &c. There is a "sentiment" here that the Russians are pressing us dangerously close, and are moving down every year more surely towards India. One eccentric gentleman in Simla maintains poor Schlagentweit was a Russian spy.

Towards the close of July I became so far recovered, and had got the use of my leg to such an extent, that I was able to look forward with great delight to joining a little excursion which Lord W. Hay was about to make to Kussowlee, where he was required to attend an investigation, ordered by Sir John Lawrence, into the conduct of a European, who was accused of corrupt practices in the contracts for Government roads; and on

July 26th, Monday, Lord W. Hay, Captain Forster, and myself, set off in a light tax cart, Captain Riley and Captain Alison on horseback, for our first day's journey. It was a short one, for we halted for the night at the bungalow of Kearee, where we were very well accommodated. It rained incessantly; the road (which in places had been carried away) was like the bed of a stream; the deep valleys loomed awful through the curling clouds, and when we came to the Tara Devi rocks and the bridge, or viaduct, which is carried at a great height along a wall of precipitous rocks propped on wooden beams, the scenery looked so appalling, it was by no means pleasant driving under such rocks through the storm. The whole town of Simla was good enough to turn out to look at our departure; and just as I left my own house, being carried down in a jampan to the carriage, a party of fifteen men hove in sight laden with large trays of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, which were, they informed me, a present "from the Rajah of Puttiala to Russool-General Sahib Bahadoor."

July 27th, Tuesday.—The morning opened on us with a thunder-storm and heavy rain, but it cleared away in the forenoon, and we were enabled to leave

Kearee about mid-day. The scenery here is large, monotonous, and uninteresting. Had it been more attractive, still we should have had enough to do to mind our course, which lay among unpleasant places; deep cuds or valleys, torrents swollen by rains, bare receding mountain-sides; now and then steep wooded cliffs, and precipices of clay-slate, and limestone.

It was very interesting to see the natives all dressed in their best, and out in front of their villages, or on the sides of the roads, waiting to pay their respects to the Burra Sahib—the headman, in ample turban, and swathed in shawls over his white robes —the police of the tehseel or thannah, the inhabitants in clean white dhoties and turbans; the women in their best nose-rings, bangles, and trousers, retired inside their doorways or perched on the house-tops, also gratified their legitimate curiosity by a sight of us. As soon as our party come in sight, the village authorities move forward to meet us. On coming to us, they salaamed reverently, and uttered congratulations on account of our safe arrival. Then they ran beside Hay's horse, telling him all the news of the district, giving him reports, making complaints, asking for favours, all in the best humour and with the utmost affability. Many of them are handsome, pleasant-looking fellows, not so swarthy as Spaniards.

It was half-past 3 in the afternoon when we arrived at our pleasant halting-place at the bungalow of Solon. The bungalow is perched on a plateau a good way above the village, which lies on the brink of a pond, much infested by frogs. Each of us had a small room in the house, and in the fields outside were

placed the tents for our servants, the encampment of horses, and the bundles of the coolies. Our followers amounted to some fifty or sixty ; our horses and ponies to fifteen or sixteen, and their various combinations of form and colour were very picturesque. Hay has a number of his janissaries with him, in badges, belts, gay ear and nose rings, and jaunty turbans. One of his dependants, a very slight, odd-looking little man, with sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, long hair, and a voice like as though he were speaking through a full throat, is celebrated for his extraordinary powers of endurance on the road or mountain, and for his intelligence in surveying, and such matters. He is at present supposed to be in a state of great holiness, on the easy condition of keeping a vow that he will not speak to his wife for fifteen years, of which some three have already elapsed. It would be very difficult for the lady to take a similar revenge.

The black-partridge are calling around us on all sides. Hay is too busy to go after them. I am too lame. Alison goes out with indifferent success; but among his game was a very pretty flycatcher, which succumbed to repeated discharges of his gun. Its body is about the size of a titlark's, and its remarkable characteristic is its tail, which is twice the length of its body, and has one sharp pin-like feather in the centre of it, projecting far beyond the others. The bill is light-blue, broad, flat, and wide; the eye surrounded by a light-blue lid; the head and throat black, with a crest of fine black feathers; wing-covers, snowy-white; wing-feathers, dark-brown; breast and belly, white; legs, light-blue; tongue and inside of palate, bright-yellow; tail, black, with white points.

I hobbled down to the village, in which the only object of interest that I could see, was a very ancient and foul fakeer, who was lying on a couch of leopard skins.

Next day it rained so hard we resolved not to start for the day; but as it cleared up in the afternoon, the whole of the party, except myself and Riley, went off to fish in a river some miles away in a deep valley. We sauntered about on the road with our guns, shooting doves, which are very good eating, till my lameness warned me I had done enough, and I returned to the bungalow.

On our way we passed a hideous little idol in a dirty little temple, which was a wonderful contrast to an extremely lovely hill-woman, who, with her husband, seemed to be going to the shrine to pray. She had delicate creole skin, blue eyes, and on each eyelid was a fine streak of white paint, which gave great effect to the round mellow orbs beneath. She had lots of bangles and rings; was richly dressed, and did not at all disapprove of admiration on our part, to which her husband evinced a most decided dislike, and at his order the fair young lady let fall a flood of muslin over her face and quickened her pace to her devotions.

In the evening the rest of our party came home, greatly fagged and quite fishless, from the river. They could catch nothing, owing to the rain, they said. An old native fisherman, however, brought up a hank of very small and uninviting fishes for dinner. Some of our servants went down to the village and beat and robbed an old woman by way of a change in the evening. A bed of justice was called, the culprits were seized,

and eventually they were heavily fined, which is almost the only punishment available in these parts for such offences.

Again the rain fell in the early morning, accompanied by much thunder and lightning, and so we could not start. The whole party sat out in the verandah and assisted at another bed of justice, to which the natives came for many miles around. They much prefer these irregular, *quasi*-baronial, and semi-despotic courts, to the elaborate and tedious processes of the courts of law; and one could understand, as he watched their faces, how much reason there is in the arguments of those who condemn the whole of our monstrous, cumbrous, leviathan system, and recommend the adoption of a simple patriarchal—if arbitrary, and sometimes unjust—administration.

When all the plaints had been heard, and determined, or referred to the more regular methods of adjustment, the boys of the Solon Government-school, who were in attendance, were brought up by their master, and ranged with their slates, books, and writing materials, before us. The master, a young baboo, who has been educated in Bengal, renders Lord William an account of his stewardship. He speaks little English; his salary is not £30 a year, and for that he professes to teach all the pupils in the school Hindustanee, Persian (the French of India), writing, geography, spelling, and arithmetic; but history is not learned by the boys. From the specimen we had, it would appear that the education of the boys is rather superficial, but it is far better than that which English boys in similar circumstances receive. The boys, twenty-one in number, were poorly dressed, and sat

on their hams very placidly, with their reed pens and pieces of coarse native paper before them. Their faces were grave, their manner very quiet and self-contained, and they showed great zeal in answering, but their books and maps were bad and tattered. All of them knew where Persia, and Russia, and Arabia were; only a few knew where England was. France was scarcely known at all, and not a boy could tell us anything of the United States. The smartest of all was a bullet-headed little Goorkha, son of a soldier of the 66th Regiment, who distinguished himself by the smartness of his replies and the pleasantness of his manner. He had two little silver chains round his neck, which he told us would keep him from evil, unless he by his own acts destroyed their efficacy; not a bad notion of the use of a charm, depending on a reflex action in the wearer and in the thing worn. The examination lasted upwards of an hour and a half, and Hay then signed the master's papers; the boys salaamed and retired, some of them with faint hopes that they had attracted the notice of the Burra Sahib, and would be noted for some humble place. As they broke up there were no shouts of jubilee; the little fellows toddled down the hill demurely and gravely like so many old men.

The rain continued, and we did not leave Solon till late on the 29th, when we started on horseback for Kussowlee. The road, still at a very high level, winds along the mountain-sides, over ravines and valleys, which are barren and uninteresting.

As I turned an abrupt corner with a high cliff of shale on one side, and a steep glissade on the other several hundred feet deep, my horse shied violently,

and, as by an electric shock, all the beasts that were near us plunged and reared, and the natives on foot hopped about as if they were bewitched, shouting out, "Maro! maro!" (Kill it! kill it!) It was a moment ere I perceived the cause of the agitation was a very large snake which we had disturbed, and which was now slipping down the cud at a rate which soon hid it from our sight. I heard the peculiar sound of its scales as it hurled itself across the stony road ere I saw the creature itself, and in half a minute it was out of sight. We put up at the bungalow where I had halted on my way up, and after a short rest we strolled under the pine-trees along the road, which is exceedingly like a by-road in Perthshire of the better order, near some gentleman's place; passed neat bungalows in the midst of gardens and shrubberies, till we came to Anderson's Store, one of those establishments which flourish in the hills, and which are only to be found in remote colonies where wealth and luxury create a demand for all kinds of European produce. Thus, for instance, Mr. Anderson sells a curious sparkling "Johannesberg Cabinet Steinberg grand mousseux" (I presume a combination of the juices of Cette and Devonshire), with other wines; beer, cricket-balls, wide-awakes, telescopes, books, cameras, gloves, saddlery, perfumery, stationery, and other matters, ending in 'ery' and 'ary,' and ransacks the oddest corners of the globe to fill his shelves; and as to prices—why, Kussowlee is about 7,000 feet above the sea-level, and is a long way from it, and every article is 'carried' up that long range of mountains by men or by expensive and tedious bullock-train; and an Indian store-keeper has a great deal to go through

in the way of bad temper, risks to liver and trade, bad debts, and so on, and requires at least 20 per cent. to cover all these, so that an article which costs 1*s.* in London ought not to be considered very dear at 2*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* at Kussowlee.

Having exploited Anderson's we marched into the barracks, where we were much gratified by observing that the climate does not produce any depressing influence on our juvenile country folk, for two single combats were being conducted with vigour under the verandah, and anxious mothers were heard calling for their offspring in the tones familiar in the courtyards of Woolwich or Portsmouth. The barracks are double-storied bungalows, disposed in large long parallelograms, with plenty of space for parades and exercise between them. They are provided with good covered galleries at the second story, to which access may be had by flights of steps from the ground, and, on the whole, the buildings seemed very airy and comfortable. The officers are expected to find quarters in the bungalows of the station. It was late ere Hay returned from the committee of inquiry, and when we got back to the bungalow some dozens of natives were waiting for him; among others, one Mea Sing, a very intelligent zemindar of the district, who told me a good deal about the system of contracts in public works. From what I heard at Kussowlee I am led to believe that a system of bribery and corruption prevails to a large extent among the lower order of our *employés* in that department. The native contractors are expected to pay a large sum to the small officials by way of gratuity, and the sums thus paid are clapped on the price of the contracts. The practice is so

notorious that there is an understood tariff, but it is the general impression that the person whose conduct is now under investigation by order of Sir John Lawrence, will escape if he be guilty, owing to the difficulty of procuring evidence. I fear we resemble the Russians in more matters than the external forms of our stations in India.

In the evening some of the officers of the station dined with us. They say the neighbourhood of Kussowlee is much vexed by leopards, which are extremely bold. The other night one of these animals came into the station, killed a sheep and a pony belonging to our informant in his compound, and would have carried off a bull-dog from one of the houses, but that it was chained to its kennel. The barking of the dog alarmed the owner, and he went out in time to see the leopard canter across the court-yard.

July 31st, Saturday.—When I went in from my bed-room to the breakfast-room this morning, I found Hay surrounded by four very graceful and interesting boys; two the sons of Mea Bahadoor Sing, the others sons of the late Rana of Kothar, a small hill-State close to us. They are under the care of an intelligent baboo who speaks English, and instructed them in that tongue. They were very easy in their manners, graceful, intelligent, and handsome; but their bones were exceedingly small and feminine, and the elder, who was only thirteen or fourteen, was already overladen with fat, from want of exercise and a diet of vegetables, sweetmeats, and butter. The Mea is quite a "fine old Hindoo gentleman—one of the good old time." He is *criblé des dettes*—owes £7,000, and has not a prospect of paying it; but it is our

policy to prevent his being sold-up by the bunneahs, and he regards us as his protectors. As to the bunneahs' view of our conduct, "*c'est autre chose.*" We had a pleasant chat with the little boys; but when I advised the eldest to walk a little more, and to begin then by walking to his house, he drew himself up and said, "It does not become me to walk, Sahib." It is this effeminacy which destroys the native aristocracy, and causes the women to be the real leaders of the people in any outbreak. From their childhood these young chiefs will be educated like tender girls, and when they grow older they will be enervated by the harem; indeed the eldest told us he had already begun to read "Persian love-stories, and poetry."

When they had left us, we all mounted and set out for the Lawrence Asylum, which stands on the hill opposite to that on which Kussowlee is placed. We reached it in half an hour. On a near approach the Asylum, which looks very picturesque from the distance, assumes a flimsy—I had almost said a ragged—look, owing most probably to the action of the weather on the materials of which it is built. It consists of various detached buildings, of which the prettiest is the master's. Then there are school-rooms, workshops, dormitories for the boys and girls, and the usual out-offices.

The master, the Rev. Mr. Parker, was at home, and he and his charming family gave us a graceful reception. Unfortunately we had selected an unfavourable day for our visit, as the boys and girls were out playing and taking exercise, and the schools and dormitories had not been cleaned up. After a short visit, the party proceeded to visit the institution. What I

saw there, caused me to hear with much satisfaction that the Government had resolved to accept the princely sacrifice of Henry Lawrence, and that henceforth the Asylum will be a national institution. What a grand heroic mould that mind was cast in! What a pure type of the Christian soldier! From what I have heard of Henry Lawrence, of his natural infirmities, of his immense efforts to overcome them; of his purity of thought; of his charity, of his love of the virtues which his inner life developed as he increased in years; of his devotion to duty, to friendship, and to Heaven; I am led to think that no such exemplar of a truly good man can be found in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State in the latter ages of this world.

The expenditure of his private means in founding and sustaining this institution for the education and support of the orphan children of British soldiers in India was very great; but the thoughtful care which led him to found the institution for those who had been so long neglected under "the fostering eye" of Government, and the heedless eyes of their own officers, is especially deserving of the public gratitude. It has been thought that by some such institutions as these we can establish the germs of British Colonies in the hill-ranges of India, but I confess that if I were to judge of the feasibility of these schemes by the appearance of the children in this Asylum, I should form a very unfavourable notion of the result of such attempts on a larger and more extended scale. Mr. Parker has little or no assistance in the task of education, and the want of proper ushers is the great defect of the present establishment, as it accounts

probably for the low state of education of the boys. The paucity of funds may have occasioned this serious drawback, and Government-money must now supply the adequate agency. Efforts are made to develope the mechanical and engineering faculties of the boys; a workshop with models of machinery is attached to the school-rooms, and a few of the pupils have been sent to the telegraph department; but I could not learn, that, on the whole, much success had been attained in furnishing the departments of the public service with clever subordinates, and I had reason to think that the boys preferred to enter the military service as privates, just as the girls looked to the hand of a non-commissioned officer as the fitting termination of their studies in the school. Before the party left, we saw the boys at their parade before meals. They were attired in leathern helmets and tunics, which gave them the air of Russians. They were neither clean, nor healthy-looking, nor handsome, but the rate of mortality is not high, and the hobbledehoy stage is not favourable to the development of beauty. Many had Milesian names, others were the offspring of Europeans, and half-castes. There was a substantial repast of bread and milk prepared for their supper, and few of the boys were able to finish their rations of the former. Indeed there were very few who had an appearance of bodily strength or vigour about them.

Politeness towards the sex requires me to admit that the young ladies were more prepossessing and healthy; they certainly looked much more clean and less ragged, and they had already learned the arts of vigorous camp coquetry, as it were by intuition. Mr. Parker told us he did not encourage them to go out

into service, as he found, by experience, they were apt to lose character and situation very soon; and he therefore preferred letting them indulge in their natural ambition to become "wife of a full sergeant;" and the full sergeants were by no means indifferent to the young ladies, and came up to select them as fast as they could be married.

It would be a great improvement if the bedsteads in the dormitories were made of iron, for in their present state they foster parasites and uncleanliness, and there was a dank, disagreeable odour which indicated that the rooms were not very clean. Indeed, Mr. Parker explained to us that one of his difficulties was to get the native servants to attend to cleanliness in any form.

The most interesting and affecting place is the little chapel, at the end of which is a stained glass-window, and a monumental slab with inscription in memory of Lady Lawrence. The children sat apart—the girls on one side the boys on the other, and their voices were blending sweetly together in a psalm as we entered. They were singing, "All nations that on earth do dwell," and the chords floating out through the open windows went softly through the pine-woods, falling on the heedless ears of the Hindoo and Mussulman, who regard most of us by our deeds and not by our words.

Next day, in the afternoon, we left Kussowlee, and rode by a new route towards Simla, having had the house of Mea Sing, near Sabathoo, placed at our disposal. Had we been riding in a vapour-bath we could not have seen less of the objects around us, for the rain descended in torrents; and, moodily retired

within capes and waterproofs, we plashed onwards, zig-zagging here and there, and turning in and out of cuds and up and down hill-sides till we gained the hill-top on which the station of Sabathoo is placed. A very melancholy station it appeared to us as we skirted the compounds and the deserted barracks; crossed the great common, or green, with blighted gardens, and very shabby bungalows on its borders. The house of Mea Sing Bahadoor consisted simply of an enormous room some thirty feet high, and long and broad in proportion, with a loft at one end, and a few small rooms adjoining the main apartment on the ground-floor. Alison and I were perched up among the pigeons in the loft, which, however, was a wide, airy place, and from the windows and gallery we looked down into the state room. It was a very novel sensation when I had to go up stairs after so long a cessation of that kind of exercise, and I found my leg by no means suited to the new gymnastics, and therefore I lay for an hour or so to rest. It never ceased raining. In the afternoon we were visited by a huge Scotchman, an officer in one of the Company's regiments, who was accompanied by a huge bull-dog, "*gemelli pravorum.*" Our friend boasted that his dog was able to worry any man, bull, dog, or cat, in the village, and he avowed that his favourite sport, when he was depressed by the rains or a run of ill-luck of any kind, was to set out through the native bazaar with his dog and kill the cats that evinced any signs of disaffection. I had almost asked him what his ancestors would have thought of the Southern who harried their glens with his canine myrmidons in the evil days ere King

Jamie annexed England to Scotland—and killed the cats, but that I knew his kinsfolk were doing a good stroke of business in enticing Southern oxen to come up and be morally devoured in the traps which their love of turnip-fed red deer had baited for them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shooting.—Young gentlemen on leave.—Fast invalids and riotous sick.—The little party in the corner.—Dinner at the Club.—Apathy of native servants.—A native journal.—Hindoos and Roman Catholics—St. James and St. Giles.—An expedition organized—Government road.—Our Khansamah's bill.—Ever-varying landscape.—A chateau en bois.

On the *2nd of August* we had nothing to do but wait for the rain to cease and listen to the cries of injured bunneahs coming to us for redress in money and other matters. An eagle made a sensation, by flying right through Mea Bahadoor's poultry, but his swoop was *re infectâ*, and the bold brahmin cock at once clapped his wings and celebrated the escape of his little ones and their mothers, with indecent jubilation, considering that he had fled under a pile of timber as soon as the tyrant made his first sweep over the courtyard. It was nearly 2 P.M. ere the weather permitted us to leave the shelter of our Bahadoor's roof, and to push on for the next available bungalow at Syree. On our way the black-partridges were so very provocative with their "tie-tara, tie-tara," that we were obliged to halt and to go into the fields of Indian corn and kill some of them. The energy and pleasure of the hill-men in beating for game is not a whit less than that of the Scotch gillie, or of the Irish peasant. We arrived with a fair bag at Syree bungalow at 6.30 P.M.; and as our camp-commissariat had not arrived we made a banquet on bottled ale, air-tight and nearly appetite-proof cheese

and preserved salmon, in rooms which beyond any other are sacred to Hymen of the Hills, for here is most frequently the first anchorage of the outward-bound couples which have launched into matrimony at Simla.

The day after we pushed on to Simla in a deluge of rain, which scarce ever ceased ; and after a ride of eight hours over a road which was a mere water-course, we came in sight of the bungalow-bestudded steep, and arrived at the Priory, where we found everything as if we had just left the place, dinner on the table, and a new and welcome guest in the form of Major Seymour Blane, who had come up to take a look at the Paradise of the Hills, ere he plunged into the other thing of the quartermaster-general's office at Calcutta.

Soon after our return the reports from the bazaar which reached us—in other words, the stories of the natives respecting the proceedings of the young gentlemen who are up here on leave and sick-certificate —show that Simla must be entitled to a high position as a *sanatorium ;* for its health-restoring properties, to judge from the wildness of these gentlemen's spirits, are surely well-nigh miraculous.

There can be no more convincing proof of the very lax notions of discipline and decency of these young men than the excesses of their conduct, which would not be endured in any place where a sound public opinion existed, or indeed any public opinion at all. In former days when Cashmere was visited by the British, their exuberance of spirits was so great that the Indian Government was forced to appoint a diplomatic officer of rank to look after these young gentlemen ; and I am decidedly of the opinion that

a senior officer should be sent to all our hill-stations to exercise a proper, but not a too rigid, control over the fast invalids and riotous sick who recover themselves so boisterously. Our position would be improved, and our national character would be exalted by the repression of acts of Mohawkery. And as public opinion, such as it is represented to be by the press in India, is as much in favour of the Mohawks as it was in England in the days of Queen Anne, we must provide some means of correcting the evils of the low standard which Indian life has forced upon us. I think that every Englishman in India ought to look upon himself as a sort of unrecognized unpaid servant of the State, on whose conduct and demeanour towards the natives may depend some of the political prestige of our rule in the whole empire. He is bound to keep the peace, to obey the law, to maintain order and good government. In the hill-stations he certainly does not exhibit any strong inclination to adopt those views of his position. Our manners are much improved recently, but even now gambling is carried to an excessive and dangerous extent, and there is not a season passes without damage to reputations, loss of fortune, and disgrace to some of the visitors; which are serious social evils affecting the British community directly, but which also bear a very grave aspect in relation to the influence we exercise over the natives.

Let us go over to the Simla club. It is nightfall, for the last moments of day are absorbed in the canter round Jacko, the closing gallop down the mall, billiards, the racket-court, the library, or lounging from one shop into another. Lights are gleaming

from the long row of windows in the bungalow. Syces holding horses, and jampanees sitting in groups by their masters' chairs, are clustering around the verandah. Servants are hurrying in to wait on the Sahibs who have come to dinner from distant bungalows. The clatter of plates and dishes proclaims that dinner is nearly ready. The British officers and civilians, in every style of Anglo-Indian costume, are propping up the walls of the sitting-room, waiting for the signal to fall on. That little party in the corner have come down from the card-room, and it is whispered that old Major Stager has won 700 rupees from young Cornet Griffin, since tiff; but Griffin can never pay unless he gets his Delhi prize-money soon; and that little Shuffle, the Major's partner, who does not look twenty yet, but who is well known as a cool hand, has extracted nearly twice as much from the elderly civilian, who has come up with a large liver and full purse from the plains. The others are the soldierless officers of ex-sepoy regiments, Queen's officers, civilians, doctors, invalids, unemployed brigadiers, convalescents from wounds or illness in the plains; and their talk is of sporting, balls, promotions, exchanges, Europe, and a little politics, *rechauffé* from the last "Overland Mail;" but, as a general rule, all serious questions are tabooed, and it is almost amusing to observe the excessive *esprit de corps*, which is one of the excellences as one of the defects of the English character, and which now breaks up the officers of the Queen's, of the Company's service, and of the civil departments into separate knots. Dinner is announced, and the members and guests file into a large room with a table well laid out with

flowers and plated epergnes, round which there is a double file of the club servants and of the domestics which each man has taken with him. The dinner is at all events plentiful enough, the pastry and sweets being, perhaps, the best department. Conversation is loud and animated. Among Indians the practice of drinking wine with each other has not yet died out, and the servants are constantly running to and fro with their masters' compliments, bottles, and requests to take wine with you, which are generally given to the wrong persons, and produce much confusion and amusement.

Cheroots follow closely on the removal of the last jelly—brandy-panee and more wine not very unfrequently succeed—whist parties are formed and set to work in the inner room, and the more jovial of the gentlemen proceed to the execution of vocal pieces such as were wont to be sung in Europe twenty years ago, generally enriched by fine choral effects from the combined strength of all the company. The usual *abandon* of such reunions in Europe is far exceeded by our Indians, who when up at the hills do not pretend to pay the least attention to the presence of old officers, no matter what their rank or age. The "fun" grows louder and faster as the night advances. The brigadiers look uneasily or angrily over their cards at the disturbers, but do not interfere. There is a crash of glass, and a grand row at the end of the room, and the Bacchanalians, rising with much exultation, seize "Ginger Tubbs" in his chair, and carry him round the room as a fitting ovation for his eminent performance of the last comic ballad, and settle down to "hip-hip-hurrah, and one cheer more," till

they are eligible for their beds or for "a broiled bone" at old Brown's. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Hence the reports of the bazaar people, the rows and scrapes that reach us in the mornings. But by midnight nearly all the guests and members have retired to their rooms or bungalows. Nothing is more remarkable during one of these little effervescences than the behaviour of the native servants. They stand in perfect apathy and quiescence, with folded arms, and eyes gazing on vacancy as if in deep abstraction, and at all events feigning complete ignorance of what is going on around them. On one occasion I asked an officer who knew something of the natives, what they thought of us, as far as he knew, when we gave way to such exceedingly high spirits and were in full swing, singing and drinking.

"What do you suppose those fellows who are standing there behind our chairs are thinking of all this?"

"*They?* Why, they don't think about us at all. They look upon us as out-of-the-way, inscrutable beings, whom it would be quite useless to perplex their heads about, and they 're too well accustomed to this sort of thing to wonder at it."

Well, I did not accept his statement, and I now believe that with all this apparent apathy and indifference there is real critical examination, and that when they meet together the servants discuss the qualities of their masters just as they would in our English kitchen. And so I asked a native gentleman one day if he ever heard that our servants complained of us, or laughed at us, or tried to enter into the spirit of our revelries, and he made answer and said,

"I will speak the truth, if the Sahib will not be displeased at it."

"Well, pray speak. I am certain that you will not willingly offend us."

"Does the Sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the Sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys, but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever."

The fact I believe to be, nevertheless, that the incidents of the mess-room are often the staple conversation of the bazaar. I saw once an extract which purported to be a translation from a native journal, giving an account of a party at one of our stations, which was somewhat to this effect—that a great assemblage of Sahibs and Mem-Sahibs had been held at Mr. B—'s in order to eat and drink wine, and dance together. That they all sat down at table, where there was a large piece of pig (ham), which not only the Sahibs, but the Mem-Sahibs devoured, taking it several times over; and that having eaten many other dishes and swallowed much wine, the ladies went up-stairs to recover themselves, but the gentlemen remained below, and drank till they began to shout at each other and to make great outcries, calling each other's names, and crying out when the man whose name was called stood up, and then putting their feet on the tables, and waving their glasses till they could scarcely stand,

whereupon they went to the room where the ladies were, and caught them round the waists and began to haul them about to the sound of music as if they were nautch girls, &c.

Our civilization is so utterly opposed to the forms under which Hindoos and Mahomedans live, that it would be quite impossible to reconcile our social customs to their notions of propriety, nor would it be desirable we should do so. At the same time, we are not justified in holding their opinions in utter contempt. Nor does either our civilization or our Christianity come before them in such prepossessing forms in the lives of Europeans, that we can expect the natives to accept both on the mere assertion that they are better than their own systems. It is strange enough to hear from the Hindoo exactly the same argument for the heavenly origin of his faith that is used by the Roman Catholics in support of the pretensions of the Papacy. It has been persecuted, he says, for thousands of years by the mighty ones of the earth, and had it not been divinely supported it must have fallen. And as their customs and social life depend on their religious belief, they argue that the former cannot be altered so long as the latter is maintained by the will of the Almighty.

It is indeed only by the interposition of Heaven that any change can be effected in the Hindoo and Mussulman world; for the secular efforts of missionaries —many of them men who go forth without any other knowledge than that of purely Biblical facts, which they cannot handle with logical skill or learning—have not been largely successful in any place but Madras.

In despair, many Christians in India are driven to

wish and pray that some one or some way may arise for converting the Indians by the sword, which has an undeniable power of convincing them of the truth of any belief if it be used freely and unsparingly.

For several days after my return to Simla I was laid-up quietly in my rooms, catching glimpses of the outside world from the lips of my visitors and occasional snatches of the Snowy Range through the clouds, which gradually became less dense as the month wore on. Some of the hill-chiefs heard that the Malaka-ukbaree, or Queen's news-writer, had arrived in Simla, and I was accordingly treated to many lengthened expositions of grievances, not one of which, as far as I could judge, was quite unfounded or fanciful. To some of those cases I intend to refer hereafter.

Balls were organized as the season advanced and the weather became finer. The "married men," the "bachelors," the "Queen's Officers," the "Company's Officers," had each their own demonstration, with a small train of jealousies behind it. Simla has its "St. James' and its St. Giles'," and the latter is constituted by the tradespeople, and by the Crannies, or Kerannies, who are writers in the various offices, and are oftentimes Eurasians. The social distinctions are by no means lost sight of in India; on the contrary, they are perhaps more rigidly observed here than at home, and the smaller the society the broader are the lines of demarcation. Each man depends on his position in the public service, which is the aristocracy; and those who do not belong to it are out of the pale, no matter how wealthy they may be, or what claims they may advance to the consideration of the world around them. The women depend on the rank of

their husbands. Mrs. A—, the wife of a barrister, making £4,000 or £5,000 a year, is nobody as compared with the wife of B—, who is a deputy commissioner, or with Mrs. C—, who is the better-half of the station-surgeon. Wealth can do nothing for man or woman in securing them honour or precedency in their march to dinner, or on their way to the supper-table, or in the dance. A successful speculator, or a "merchant prince," may force his way into good society in England; he may be presented at court, and flourish at court-balls; but in India he must remain for ever outside the sacred barrier, which keeps the non-official world from the high society of the services.

This is, to some extent, a necessity of position, and at a place like Simla, where there is an annual gathering of all sorts of people, it is desirable to take care whom you know. The tradespeople keep apart from the Kerannies, and the latter do not associate with any beyond the limits of their own class. There is no middle-class society at all. Thus, the natives, who are shrewd enough to observe these distinctions, but who do not know enough to enable them to appreciate the peculiar conditions which cause them, believe that the Sahib-logue have caste in their own way, and with some plausibility argue, that though we disavow the name, we are animated by the spirit which induces them to refuse to eat with us or with others of inferior castes.

About the middle of August, Simla was enlivened by an accession of visitors, among whom were General Windham from Lahore, and Sir Robert Garrett from Umballah, with their respective aides-de-camp; but

the rains were now in their full power, and for several days at a time the Mall was quite deserted. Some pleasant dinner-parties, to which our jampanees carried us through such rain that we felt like men in diving-bells, or to which our guests came through storms that swept away parts of the road, enabled us to live through this dismal season, and at the end of it we looked forward to a grand excursion into the hills under the auspices of Lord William Hay.

I have a whole month's diary filled with grumblings and growlings, which in mercy to the reader I pretermit or abstract as closely as possible. The incessant rains gave plenty of time for reflection and composition, and the result was a series of rather lugubrious entries. Occasionally there were amusing rows, or less agreeable scandals, to break the monotony of life; and mail-day, once a week, formed a prominent landmark in the dead-level sea of common-place with which one's existence was overwhelmed.

I was interested with General Windham's account of the action at Cawnpore, because there is nothing which tends so much to a clear understanding of any matter in issue as the narrative of the principal actor in the affair, and I was fortunate enough to have a very long and detailed exposition of everything which occurred on those days placed before me on more than one occasion, from which I could perceive that the position in which General Windham was placed was one which required great patience, great foresight, great genius, and great forbearance, to defend with success or credit. The presence of the Generals added to the gaiety of the place, but it also increased the difficulties of some of the gay young men, who were

wont to go riding full tilt through the crowded bazaars. Almost the first day General Windham went forth he was nigh spitted on a boar-spear, wielded by a youth who was intent on the pleasant pastime of tilting at the natives' umbrellas, and jerking them out of their hands to the roofs of the houses. It is doubtful what the Generals can do to restrain this: for they are on leave—or have taken it—up to the hills, and one of the Company's officers who received a warning for some misconduct, declared at the Club he did not intend to take any notice of such officious interferences. Our dinner parties became larger and more frequent. Balls in the racket-court and assembly-rooms flourished, notwithstanding the torrents of rain which seldom gave us an hour's intermission of fine weather night or day. So energetic were our committee, that for one ball the band of the 9th Lancers was brought up from the plains by bullock-train. Their arrival made a great sensation in Simla, as the guilty consciences of some of the budmashes therein were moved by the inexplicable presence of the soldiers, whom they imagined to be sent up for some secret vengeance or massacre. The accidents and incidents of these balls were enough to show we were far away from England—not to speak of some of them, which do not require elucidation, great difficulties were thrown in our way at one time by the fall of the road-side from the Priory to the bazaar, down into the cud, whither it was washed by the rains. Our jampanees had to climb up among the pine-trees, and by a shaky temporary bridge, in order to gain our destination, and get back to the house. One night a wolf dashed across the narrow path, and nearly

knocked one of our jampanees into the valley. General Garrett and General Windham gave a very pleasant ball ere we started for an excursion into the interior.

Rumours were rife that rebels from unknown lands were assembling in the hills, and a few days ere we left Simla the Bussahir Rajah and others sent in word that a number of sepoys who had broken out of Cashmere, whither they had fled after the mutiny at Sealkote, were marching through our protected States, being foiled by the Chinese in an attempt to cross their frontiers.

Our expedition for the hills was at length organized, and it was arranged that the party should start from Simla on 1st September, and proceed to Lord William Hay's bungalow, at Mahassoo, about seven or eight miles out on the Thibet and Hindostan road, to collect their forces and arrange the details of our excursion. Our ambition was to cross one of the snowy passes beyond Chini, to kill all the game we could, to shake the dust of Simla clubs and ball-rooms from our feet, and, for me at least, to lay in a little stock of walking power ere I descended to the plains to join the army under Lord Clyde, which would be ready to take the field on the cessation of the rains, to conquer the rebellious zemindars of Oude, and to establish our power in that turbulent ex-kingdom. The Commissioner undertook to make all the necessary arrangements relating to tents, provisions, baggage, and transport; and it was fortunate for us that his official duties rendered it desirable for him to proceed to the States of the Rajah of Bussahir, as we were thus enabled to avail ourselves of his knowledge and influence in the course of our journey. The party

consisted of Lord W. Hay, Colonel Tombs, of the Bengal artillery, Captain Forster, Captain Alison, Captain Deedes, and myself. We took with us our own servants, and Lord William moved out a small army of khansamahs, cooks, house-servants, and official attendants from Simla. Our course lay along the road which was originated by Lord Dalhousie, I believe, as a great artery for the commerce of Thibet and the neighbouring States with India, and, as far as it was executed, it is, or was, one of the finest works of the kind in the world, and is a monument of the skill of Indian officers as engineers. I say "or was," because the road has shared the fate of nobler projects, and is not only unfinished, but is, in parts, falling into bad order and ruin from neglect and want of money. The mutinies may have to some extent tended to that result, as they drained our coffers; but before the outbreak, there were, I understand, great difficulties in obtaining supplies to keep the road in repair; and the worst consequence of the discontinuance of the funds was the virtual breach of faith on the part of Government towards the Hill-Chiefs, who had been obliged to contribute large, and in some cases excessive, sums for the construction of a road which, if unfinished and unrepaired, promised them no advantage whatever.

At the usual stages of a day's journey, there are bungalows erected for the use of travellers; and at the distance of some fourteen or fifteen marches from Simla, in a N.E. direction, there is a large bungalow belonging to the Governor-General, as a summer retreat, where he can enjoy the most magnificent views of the Snowy Range, the finest strawberries, and a

complete relaxation from business, whenever he can make good his escape from his council and from affairs of State. As we get on we shall hear more of this road and of its grandeur; and I will only add, that when the extension of railways shall have annexed India to the rest of the world, and shall have rendered Simla more accessible, it will be a matter of much surprise, and of great regret to me, if English tourists do not wander forth through the grand passes of the Himalayas, which dwarf the Alps to nothingness, which abound in game, are full of novelty and fresh views of life, and if they do not make a favourable impression among an interesting people, who as yet know us only as hard tax-gatherers and severe task-masters, by whom, even in their sporting tours, they are treated very much as the Saxon villagers were used by the Norman barons on the confines of their hunting-forests and game-preserves.

Ere I started, I dismissed the greater number of my servants, and took with me only Simon and one or two others. The dismissal of our khansamah was the signal for the production of the very largest bill I ever saw on the part of that venerable impostor. As he drew it out of his cummerbund, I thought it was a present of a roll of calico, or something of that sort, but it resolved itself into a sum total of 512 rupees, or £51 4*s*., for our table for the month of August; and as it would be the work of a week to examine it, we left it in the hands of the concoctor, with an intimation that we would not pay it till we came back: thus taking a small advantage of our position as Europeans, in order to counterbalance the great one he had secured to himself in virtue of his being a

native. The face of that khansamah when he received the news, is to me a joy for ever!

About 5 o'clock in the evening of the 31st August, I rode down the zig-zag from our bungalow to the road, and proceeded on my way to Mahassoo. Although the departure was not to be made till next day, there were many coolies bearing portions of our provisions to the bungalow of Mahassoo already on their way, some laden with cases of soda-water slung from bamboos, others with boxes of beer, or preserved meat, others with chairs, parts of tables, trunks, or fowling-pieces and shot. The servants who were left behind to mind our bungalow, headed by the mate of the jampanees, drew up on the verge of the plateau over the road, and salaamed their adieu as I passed below them. What a sense of relief to get away from the *petite société* of Simla—to wind along this charming road, screened by the shadows of the pines, and to gaze, as I rode, on the ever-varying landscape right away to the distant mountains where the darkening undulations show the course of the Sutlej, thousands of feet below! At the distance of two or three miles from the house, the road from Mahassoo becomes exceedingly beautiful; the banks are covered with wild flowers of gaudy tints (of the names of which I am utterly ignorant); pines and rhododendron, clematis and creepers, form a barrier on the right; on the left is a gulf profound, with a sheer descent of hundreds of feet, so that you look down on the sharp points of the fir-trees, tapered to the size of pin-points, in broad sheets beneath, and then the eye can wander far and wide over a series of fertile valleys filled with villages just distinguishable by the faint haze that rises from the chimneys. Winding on-

wards and upwards by the side of the mountain, ever sheltered by the forest-cloak of verdant foliage, you ride on, till at length you catch sight of a pretty *chateau en bois*, something like a Swiss châlet, two stories high, with a fine verandah and balcony, Swiss windows and a porch, standing on the very summit of a hill amid a grove of trees, in front of which there is a neat garden, blooming with flowers. The out-offices are far away down in a cud or valley, out of sight; and the châlet stands alone—the "prettiest place"—there is no other name to describe it—that I have ever seen in India. The interior well suits the outside, and among books and papers the whole of the expeditionary force passed the time till dinner, and then retired to rest in snug rooms with cheerful logs blazing in the grates—a most agreeable commentary on the change of climate. But my sleep was not very sound; a noise as of many waters, outside my windows, kept me awake, which, on investigation, proved to be caused by the hubble-bubbles of many coolies encamped outside, and our dogs baying the moon, or making some invalid excuse for creating a disturbance, kept up a sustained piece, at concert-pitch, with the aid of the wolves and jackals on the hill-sides, all through the long night.

CHAPTER IX.

Ball practice.—Squatters.—Borrowed dogs—Pickles, cold meat, and curry.—Coolies.—Peripatetic mutton.—A dangerous bridge.—Travelling in a tray —The Rajah of Bussahir —Beating for game.—The hill-men.—Bungalow at Soongree.—Purrus Ram.—Thirty-three per cent.—China-patterned lands.—The rajah and his followers.—Audible loyalty.—Descent of the cud.—Local Julliens.—An idol festival.—The seven-faced goddess —Women of Soongree.—The rajah's durbar.—Dance of the "big devil." —An inspired priest.—End of the show.

It was resolved to halt at Mahassoo to-day in order to settle into form ere we started, and to collect all necessary provisions for our excursion. The morning was spent in ball-practice. Then we took a walk, in part of which I was able to join. On the roadside there was a very quaint settlement of people who have emigrated from the Thibet hills, and have squatted here on British soil. It consists of about a dozen huts, formed of logs of wood and wattles laid crossways, and plastered inside with mud. The roofs are flat; a hole in the side permits the smoke to escape. Each hut is not much more than 6½ or 7 feet high, by some 12 feet square. But the most curious and interesting part of the settlement is the inhabitants. The women, who came out to look at us, are very like Chinese in features and colour, and are by no means prepossessing. Their hair, which is exceedingly long and rather fine, is worn in numerous plaits, and descends far down the back. A long band of silk, or cloth, is fastened to a knot of hair on the top of the head, and is fashioned into two large flaps

over the ears. This ornament, and the plaits of hair, are studded with gold and silver coins, turquoises of large size, and bits of coloured glass. Their dress consists of a thick short jacket of skin or fur, over many petticoats of the buy-a-broom-girl fashion, and their feet are thrust in short, shapeless boots. They begged for tobacco importunately, and were not above condescending to solicit pecuniary assistance. The men, very like the women in dress, with the exception of their head-covering, which is a round flat cap, stood inside the huts and grinned encouragingly as their female connections augmented the urgency of their demands. The latter were easily satisfied with a few cheroots, and retired to their wigwams to enjoy them. On our way back we put up a musk deer, but he got away scatheless. When we reached home we heard bad news. A great blow has been given to our hopes of good shooting! The dogs which had been borrowed by one of our party from a lady at Simla, are required by the owner, and we must send them back to-night. All night an uproar and storm of coolies rages outside Mahassoo, aided and strengthened by the neighing and challenges of the ponies which are to bear us.

September 2nd, Thursday.—A lovely morning. We assembled to breakfast at a tolerably early hour. Our roll-call of stores and provisions, of chairs, tables, carpets, tents, clothes, guns, ammunition, read like an inventory of the *matériel* of a small and luxurious army—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, cups and saucers, napkins, breakfast-service—nothing was forgotten; not even salt and pickles, and we know how apt we are to omit them in the best-regulated

picnics. *A propos* of pickles, Jumen amazed us by stating as a proof of the hospitality of Sir William Gomm at Simla, that he paid for eighty-five dozen bottles of pickles in one month, arguing therefrom an immense consumption of cold meat and curry, and a consequent liberality of table. It was 12 o'clock ere we left Mahassoo, 160 coolies having been started early in the morning with tents and stores for our halting-place at Tioge. The Thibet road is at this place perfectly Alpine in character, but it is fast going to ruin; the culverts in some places have broken down, and a swamp is formed in the hollows of the road, or a land-slip, caused by the waters, has carried portions of the causeway into the valleys. At Phagoo there are rich potato lands, from which Simla is supplied; and magnificent forests of lofty pines and giant sycamores, edged by fringes of oaks, luxuriate in the valleys and hill-sides; but many of the finest trees are decaying, and the sycamores, especially, are oftentimes mere hollow shafts, to which creepers and ivy give á false appearance of vitality. In these woods are prodigious flocks of the ordinary green parroquet, which fly with great rapidity, and as they dart through the air utter their sharp chattering cry continuously. On arriving at Tioge, after five hours' travelling, we found the bungalow prepared for us, the rooms assigned, and laid out with each man's charpoy and property, and dinner nearly ready for our reception. Many headmen of villages were present to pay their respects to the Burra Sahib, and to prefer petitions and complaints. One incident of Himalayan travel is striking. The coolies have a mortal aversion to go beyond the boundaries of their own district, and as begaree, or forced

labour, is, to a great extent, abolished, we are obliged to make requisition at nearly every halt for fresh coolies, those who came with us from the last stage being paid and discharged. The mode of collecting the coolies is peculiar. Those who are to be relieved, when they want to go away, stand on the high peaks over the valleys, and render night hideous with prolonged cries, at the top of their voices, to summon the villagers, who are warned by the headmen for the duty, "Ho! Coo-lee! Cooleewallah! Ho-o-o-o-o!" This process continues for hours; and the effect of these strange noises re-echoed through the woods, and coming from many points all at once, mingling, perchance, with the cry of the jackal, wolf, or night hawk, is very strange and thrilling at first: eventually it becomes a decided bore, particularly when it lasts all night. Though begaree is abrogated, I doubt whether the inhabitants of any district would venture to incur the displeasure of the Burra Sahib by refusing to carry his baggage. They come most unwillingly. The 3*d.* or 4*d.* a-day which they may receive, though in itself a large sum to them, may be a very inadequate remuneration at a time when they are busy in their fields. I have been told pitiable tales of the sufferings of these poor people whilst this very road was being made. When a great personage, like the Governor-General or the Lord Sahib, is moving to or from Simla, several *thousands* of coolies are collected about the station, where they live as they can, be the weather fair or foul, robbed by the small native officials of their miserable pittance, at a time when the great demand for their simple food causes the price to rise enormously. I am assured that on such occasions

many perish on the road; but that is considered as a matter of very little consequence.

Our dinner to-day was as good as any we could get at Simla. Not only have we fresh bread, meat, poultry, eggs, vegetables, wine, beer, soda-water, &c., but a regular postal service is organized by runners, and our letters and papers come out to us as regularly as if we were in our houses. To-day I passed a flock of sheep on the road: they were the Burra Sahib's peripatetic mutton. Further on, I came upon a herd of cows, which I should not be surprised to hear contained the rudiments of our beef and butter. In advance of them was a flock of goats, which I know furnished us with plenty of milk; and I have reasons to think that varieties of poultry made painful marches in advance of us, or were borne in coops to fill up gaps in the banquets.

September 3rd.—Ere we started from Tioge this morning there were many cases to be determined by Hay, in reference to small disputes among the hill-people about boundaries, pecuniary difficulties, and such matters. With his secretaries and writers seated near him on the ground, in front of the bungalow, he issued his orders, which were duly put into writing, and received with great thankfulness. Mounting our ponies we started in advance of him, and rode on for some miles, till the road became so exceedingly dangerous that we dismounted, as a false step would have been the certain cause of a dejection downwards of many hundred feet into gaping ravines, filled with jagged cliffs and distorted strata. In several places the road is carried along the sides of sheer precipices on beams of wood, morticed in the rock; in others, it

is cut into the face of the cliff: here and there it is tunnelled through projecting shoulders of the mountain—altogether it put me in mind of the road from the Forclaz by the Tête Noire to Chamounix. At one particular spot there is a long platform, or bridge, hung over a tremendous precipice. This we all crossed in safety; but it was subsequently ascertained that the natives had removed many of the iron pins which held the beams together, as they are very useful and valuable in their eyes, and that we had been in some risk of falling victims to the laws of gravitation. At a little distance beyond the bridge we heard a covey of chickore, or hill-partridge, in full conversation down the valley. The chasseurs descended and killed several of them; whilst I, from the heights above, wondered how they missed so many. Thence we proceeded, always zigzagging and turning in and out of the curves of the mountains, onwards to the bungalow of Mutteana. The sides of the mountains, which face the south in broad sweeping undulations, are bare of trees; those with a northern aspect are clothed in dense pine forests. The bungalow, which is 8,027 feet above the sea-level, is one of the best I have seen. It was arranged that those who were able to walk should start early in the morning to ascend the imposing mountain range which rises above the bungalow, in search of game, and should breakfast on the side. I was to be carried up in "a tray" by four men.

September 4th.—A large band of coolies were collected as beaters, but we did not start till after breakfast, and our original resolution was abandoned. When the tray was brought round, and I saw the nature of the vehicle and the slight, light men who

were to carry me on it up cliffs at an angle of 45°, or thereabouts, compassion for them, and some lurking regard for my own bones, decided me to reject it, and I determined to keep to the road and ride round to the next bungalow at Narkunda (8,676 feet), which is ten coss, or about fifteen miles away. Hay took the tray, and was carried up the hill in great style; the others were assisted by active hill-men. As they gradually crept up higher and higher towards the mountain top, the summits of which were covered with a thick cloud, they seemed more like goats than men. Some fifty or sixty beaters accompanied them. I lost sight of them, and rode on my way along the causeway, which presents the same characteristics as it did yesterday. At one place I came across a covey of chickore, and killed a few, but was not able to go down the valley after them. It was curious to hear, at long intervals, the distant report of guns up amid the clouds above me, and to hear the shouts of the beaters. The party came down on the road by a short cut an hour or so before we came near the bungalow; but the day had not been favourable, and they had only killed a few splendid minaul (monal, menall —*les trois se disent*), and another kind of pheasant called coqplass.

On arriving at Narkunda in the afternoon about 3 o'clock P.M., we found that the Rajah of Bussahir, who had left Simla to return to his principality the same time we did, was encamped within half a mile of the bungalow. His followers received us with a novel welcome—hanging out a great number of long wands, with strips of coloured calico at the extremities along the road-side,—and saluted us as we rode

by. The Rajah has shown a little desire to be artful in this movement; he thinks it will add to his consideration if he is supposed to accompany the Burra Sahib's camp. Whenever he starts in the morning the whole of his brass-band precedes him with a fantastic march that wakes up the mountain echoes, and is enough to banish all the deer into Central Asia.

September 5th.—The Rajah of Bussahir came to pay us a visit after breakfast. He is a young man, under the middle size, with a round face, and intelligent ill-expressioned eyes; he speaks English with considerable fluency, and is very fond of shooting and drinking. His dress was a brocaded caftan, a plain velvet skull-cap, and tight trowsers. The Rajah is, it appears, in trouble. His subjects, headed by a set of hereditary ministers, called viziers, have risen to oppose certain reforms proposed by Purrus Ram in the mode of collecting revenue, and part of his kingdom is revolutionized. The reforms which are due to our representations and advice principally relate to a new system of taxation, by which the taxes are assessed and collected in money instead of in kind. Purrus Ram, one of the most influential and able of the Rampore statesmen, also came to pay his respects; and with him a poor Rana, or hill-chief, whose case is only too common. He pays us as tribute 2,000 rupees a year; he owes 17,000 rupees more, most of which is money borrowed at twelve per cent., and his estates yield him only 5,000 or 6,000 rupees a year. A good deal of this debt has been contracted to defray his share of the Thibet and Hindostan road, as I understand, and the rest represents the expense consequent on the marriage of his daughter. About 11

o'clock we set out for a walk through a magnificent forest of deodar, yew, fir, and oak, rising from an undergrowth of creepers, wild roses, and multitudinous flowers, and through fields covered with a pale blue snap-dragon, over which hummed myriads of bees, and sauntered about the wild woodsides, returning in time for an early dinner.

September 6th.—Narkunda to Bagee (8,706 feet). On our way, took about a hundred and fifty coolies, whom we sent up the hill-side to beat for game; but the undergrowth is very strong and vigorous. Whilst the beaters moved on in echelon by the hill-top as well as they could, we, on the road below, were stationed with our guns at various dells and favourable openings. The wood rung with the wild cries of the beaters, and with the rattling noise produced by striking the trees with sticks. One after another four minaul flew over my head; but I might as well have tried to shoot a flash of lightning. They were all "rocketing" and flying high over the tops of the loftiest trees at a prodigious rate, skimmed down to the valley, and were lost to view ere one could raise a gun to his shoulder. I heard the shot hit more than one afterwards; but they fell like shooting stars, with outspread wings and a loud cry—a gleam of gold and white—many hundreds of feet into the cud. These birds always fly downwards, and then when all is quiet run at great speed from the bottom up to the top of the hills. One deer bounded across the road, and was gone ere he was clearly seen. Forster saw two fine martins, and let them go away unkilled. In fact, our shooting was bad and unfortunate. A thunder-storm gathered and burst over

the distant ranges with magnificent force and energy; and giving up our sport we proceeded on our way along the road to the next station. On getting to the Bagee bungalow we saw the tents of the Bussahir Rajah near us, and he came to tell us there were plenty of chickore about the place. I descended into the valley and killed two brace and a half; but I was so much fatigued I could not get up again without the help of some of my attendants. The hill-men are very clever in assisting a man, and it is considered quite allowable to avail yourself of their services. The way in which Hay runs down a cud, leaning on two of these active fellows, who spring beside him and hold him up as he leaps from one spot to the other, is amusing. In sureness of foot and speed they far exceed the Mont Blanc guides; and then, when a man is tired, they have a very clever way of working him up-hill, as if he had a screw which gave him a *vis a tergo* not to be withstood by any declivity. Our bag was very small to-day: two minaul, a calidge, a coqplass pheasant, and two and a half brace chickore. As Bagee is a famous station we halt here to-morrow for shooting.

September 7th.—Soon after dawn the whole of the party, except myself, started for the hill-side above us, the Rajah giving us the aid of about one hundred of his people, in addition to our own. They found the cover so thick that they could not see the deer, which were crashing through the undergrowth on all sides, and they only killed some pheasants. After breakfast I went down the valley, by myself, and killed a brace of fine chickore. Hay and the others were rather fagged by the morning's work, and on their return

remained in and wrote letters—till the evening invited them to take a short walk before dinner.

September 8th.—It was nearly 2 P.M. when Hay and myself left Bagee, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain, which lasted since morning, and quite spoiled the shooting of the rest of the party, who had started much earlier. Riding as fast as we could, we reached the very miserable two-roomed bungalow of Kundreela at 4.30. The rain came through the roof and poured upon us as we sat at dinner. On such occasions it is very pleasant to have a dry tent to go into, and we had three good tents erected on the plateau outside the bungalow. Kundreela, or Kundrala, is 9,375 feet above sea-level.

September 9th.—Our servants, forced to seek shelter from the rain, discovered an ingenious retreat between the ceiling of the rooms and the roof of the bungalow, which was only attended with the inconvenience of being quite wet, so that they were obliged to move constantly about, and thus disturb the sleepers—their masters—below them. The rain cleared off ere we started; but the road was very heavy in places, so that it was nearly five o'clock ere we reached Soongree, only nine miles from Kundreela. This bungalow is beautifully situated, overlooking a wide valley, closed in by two great ranges of mountains. The valley, which is full of villages and houses, must be at least 2,500 feet below the bungalow. We saw, as we rode along, a great merry-making in a field in this valley, and could hear the native music very plainly. Purrus Ram lives below us; and the Rajah, who visited us ere we started, in a cotton velvet dressing-gown, covered with an odd Chinese pattern, assured us that

most of the revolutionary or Tory party had collected in this valley, and that Purrus Ram, who is his minister, would be very unpleasantly situated in the midst of them. After we had encamped, the Rajah again came to Hay full of troubles, and Purrus Ram followed, with a sort of bill of indictment against his enemies. He is a very hard-headed, crafty, astute-looking gentleman, and would, I have no doubt, make an admirable Old Bailey lawyer. Khoom Dass, another man of note in these parts, also made his salaam. He brought the Burra Sahib some small donations of vegetables, and propitiated me by a present of a fat sheep, which I by no means required. There were two woods beaten on our way, but nothing was shot, though some pheasants "rocketed" over our guns. We hear that the meeting we beheld is of a religious and commercial character. There is a fair below, on the occasion of the exhibition of a famous deity, who has been carried from her deota or shrine, and our presence is requested to-morrow.

September 10*th.*—The post-runner goes out with our English letters to-day. There was no end to be gained by an early visit to the valley, as the crowd would not assemble till late in the afternoon, and we were going principally to see the hill-people in their gala dress. The Rajah is at us again. He says his affairs are desperate. The viziers who lead the Bussahir Tories have carried the mass of the people with them, and will not hear of altering the laws and customs of the State. It has been elaborately demonstrated to them, that if they will only consent to pay rupees instead of oxen, sheep, grain, rice, and such things, they will make a clear saving of thirty-

three per cent. But the benighted beings say, "We don't care about thirty-three per cent.! We don't want thirty-three per cent.! We 'd rather not, thank you!" Purrus Ram is not Mr. Wilson, nor is the Rajah exactly Mr. Adam Smith. So when, in addition to these astounding tokens of disregard to the sacredness of thirty-three per cent., the viziers' party shout out, "We 've got no rupees and we have got sheep and grain," the reformers are fairly without argument, and can only talk of force, revolution, and rebellion. And to force the viziers' party are ready to come. In fact, the country is disturbed, and so is the Rajah. We hear also that some sepoys have been taken in the neighbouring State, and that they will be brought before us. These are probably men who have escaped from the body which surrendered a short time ago to one of our officials and a party of armed natives, after a most extraordinary and trying peregrination from Cashmere, to which they had escaped from Sealkote, across the north of Mundee and Thibet to the Chinese frontier, where they were refused permission to enter by the Mongols, and turned back.

In accordance with our previous arrangements, in the afternoon we visited the great festival, or holy fair, in the valley at our feet; but as it was represented to us that the fashionable hour was 3 o'clock, we were enabled to devote the forenoon to letter-writing. About 2 o'clock, Hay and all the party, save Tombs and myself, set out on foot to descend into the great green abyss of vegetation which lay far away below us. In the paler patches, which denoted the ground cleared amid the forest, we could

make out specks of a certain brilliance which moved slowly across the ground to a common centre, like the columns of the army of a kaleidescope. The forms of the houses, on the hill-sides, indicated that we were moving towards China, or the China-patterned lands which connect India with the country of the Celestials. We looked down upon hamlets in the valley, which were composed of strangely-formed quadrilaterals of stone, about twice the height of the base, with balconies half-way up, to which the inhabitants mounted by an external ladder, the under part of the mansion being devoted to the reception of corn and cattle. The roofs are lofty and covered with slate or shingles, and from the angles and gables depend elaborate ornaments and spouts in carved wood and tin. The boundaries of the valley, which is broad and long, are hill-sides, covered with forest-trees, which rise almost perpendicularly, in fold after fold, till, high above our heads, the hills shoot in barren crags, far beyond the ambitious efforts of their umbrageous honours, and leave their would-be coronets of pine half-way on their sides, struggling in vain to defend the jagged peaks of granite from the warm embraces of the clouds. The mountains are, indeed, the banks of the fair stream of culture which runs so far below us, bearing its pleasant burthens of village, and herd, and tossing corn-heads. My companion and I set out from the bungalow, and rode by the high road through a pine-wood filled with noisy jays, till we came out upon a high col, which offered, at one angle, a favourable opportunity for effecting the descent to the crowd, which looked like a bed of gay flowers in the distance.

At this particular place, we found the Rajah await-

ing us, with a following of some ten or twelve courtiers of a ragged sort, headed by his intelligent little vakeel. He told us he was going a little further on, where there was a better path, and we were glad enough to learn that there was a more favourable way of gaining the plain than the parachute-like descent which offered itself on our left hand as the only available mode of approach. As we rode along the road, listening to the learned discourse of the Rajah, on the relative merits of Westley Richards, Purdey, Smith, and other fabricators of fowling-pieces, we reached the spot which had been selected by some of the Rajah's followers as their camping-ground. They had scooped out holes in the hill-side, and in the soft oolite below the road, in which they could, perhaps, hide their heads or legs in case of rain; and in groups of four or five they were sitting round the fires over which their pots of rice and pollenta were boiling. There must be some divinity which hedges a king; but the influence is surely one, the extent of which is limited by the extent of His Majesty's dominions. Do we not all feel the greatest enthusiasm for Her most Gracious Majesty when, at the sight of the royal presence, we cry "God save the Queen!" and do we not glare rather angrily at the apathetic foreigner, who, compressed in the extatic crowd, seems only anxious to keep his hat on his head as the great pageantry of the House of England passes through Parliament-street? And do we not feel profound contempt for the enthusiastic demonstrations of the same sort of individual, as he, with uncovered head and lively gesticulation, shouts out his "Vive l'Empereur!" or "Eljen Franz," or "Viva il Re!" in

the streets of some foreign capital where we,—the only true citizens of the world,—walk with unsympathizing superiority amid the masses of those benighted basilileolaters? It must be a sentiment beyond rigid definition, which excites in the breast of each man a peculiar enthusiasm at the sight of his own sovereign. And it is, I believe, a sentiment which is far stronger in the minds of the people who are ruled by imperial and royal races, than among those who have submitted to, or have created for themselves, the forms of a republic. The people shouted when Cæsar refused a crown; but they had roared like the storm if he took it. In proportion to the completeness of the sacrifice of all personal rights may be the exultation with which we salute the deity or demi-god on whose shrine we have offered them. "He represents my life, my liberty, my faith. Long live the Emperor! God save the King!"

Now all this is about that little Rajah of Rampore, or Bussahir. To us, he was a rather an impure, insignificant, good-natured little fellow, whose free-thinking, in his own religion, had by no means conciliated our sympathy. We could, then, no more understand the burst of enthusiasm of these wild mountaineers, who, at the sight of our little fat friend, rushed down and toiled up the hill-sides to feast their eyes on his velvet skull-cap and velveteen dressing-gown, and, with glistening eyes, shouted out "Long life to the great Rajah," than a good Roman citizen of the present day could comprehend the enthusiasm of an Irish ultramontanist at the sight of Pio Nono! How they did shout, to be sure! How they hurrahed when the Rajah placed his royal toes in his ancient heir-loom-looking

slippers and began to descend the hill-side, supported by many dependants! Now, had it been the Lord William Hay who was present; nay, had it been even John Lawrence, who saved India—the State of Rampore included—these good people would, no doubt, have salaamed respectfully, but as for a good genuine "God bless you!" they had choked ere they uttered it or its equivalent.

And so we began to descend the cud. As I looked down, I confess I felt somewhat as I suppose a callow young sparrow feels when he is first requested by his anxious parent to take a drop from the top of his waterspout, in Paper-buildings, into the abyss of the Temple Gardens. But there was no help for it. The force of gravity was in my favour—*sed revocare gradus!* Never mind; here is Khoom Dass, and there is the black zigzag, and here is a fine alpen-stock. And thus, with an able-bodied aborigen holding on by my tunic-tails behind, and Khoom Dass and his nephew acting as locomotive stair-steps below, I parachuted down—down—and ever down—knee-deep in flowers, thigh-deep in rich clover, underwood, grass, and corn; here forced up a style, there dropped down a little cataract, till it seemed to me that I was approaching the antipodes. Khoom Dass had no perceptible difficulty with his respiratory apparatus, and descended like a snow-ball; and I am afraid that several times I should not have been displeased if he had slightly sprained his ancle, or had fallen on his respectable Roman nose. At length we arrived at a small plateau, half-way down, through which ran a bright mountain stream. In the meadows were kine breast-high in clover, and at the verge of the forest,

which hemmed in these meadows, stood the two-storied stone castle of Purrus Ram, with its out-offices and sheds. It was a very substantial building, something like those square keeps of which we see the ruins in Ireland, and on the Scottish borders. In the balconies there was a bevy of fair ladies, dressed in their best, who fled back behind the lattices, and only permitted us to catch a glimpse of their pretty faces as we passed. The Rajah seemed much interested in the architecture of the house, and looked up at the lattices more steadfastly than his attendants liked; and the young ladies, drawn forth by his attractive glances, with wreathed smiles, rewarded their sovereign for his research and curiosity. From this pleasant plateau there was still a long descent to the verge of that on which the festival was being celebrated. Arrived there, all hot and scant of breath, we were received by the Rajah's band, reinforced by the local Julliens. There were two kettle-drums, two silver flageolets, one brass drum, one pair of silver cymbals, two hollow brass trumpets, one enormous trombone, one serpent, capable of swallowing up every musical compeer I have ever seen, each with a performer attached to it, who received us with a wild prolonged flourish that made the ancient mountains growl and bellow and shriek and clang in prolonged notice of our presence. The musicians preceded us in a double row, flourishing, drumming, and serpenting enormously. Down one more nullah we went, then up another hill-side, and then we made an appearance through a belt of trees on the fair, green, close-shaven meadow, on which the crowd was assembled.

It was, indeed, a most delightful scene. One felt

as some Old World mariner might have done when landing on the shores of an enchanted isle; for every step was full of pleased surprise. Around us, all around—receding, backwards and upwards to the very skies, towered the colosseum of pine-clad hills, darkening and rising till their hard black crests dipped into the fleecy crowns with which the rolling mists of the upper heavens bedecked them. In the theatre so enclosed were collected some 1,200 or 1,300 hill-people, of whom about 250 were women. The men at once rushed forward towards the Rajah, and received him and his companions with loud shouts: "Salaam! Maharajah!" "Salaam! Sahib Bahadoor!" But the women, collecting like affrighted deer, toddled away in their strange long graceful robes to the verge of the woods. Then, as we walked through the meadow to the place where the Rajah's carpet was spread over an efflorescence of daisies and buttercups, the Idol was brought forward to meet us, with the band playing before it—a hideous thing, indeed! The crowd surged round it furiously. All eyes were fixed on the Rajah, who is believed to be a disbeliever; but he was in the hands of his idolators, and he bowed before "the thing," and presented its priests with offerings in money. We had already given our presents to the musicians, some ten or twelve rupees, which made them well content, but it is needless to say, we did not propitiate the Idol. The Idol, or Deesha, in whose honour the festival was mainly held, was formed, in the first place, of a large chair, like a *chaise-a-porteur*, borne on men's shoulders by long elastic poles. Placed upright in this chaise was a large flat piece of wood of an oval shape covered

with red cloth or painted red, and on this screen were fastened seven masks, of gold or silver gilt, or brass, each representing the face of a woman, in high relief something like a sign-painter's full-moon, with thick lips and round eyes. They were disposed in the form of a lozenge—one at the bottom, then two above, three in the centre; again, two over those, and one, the largest of all, at the top of the oval. From the rim above this head depended a large waving flock of yoks' tails and silk streamers, which fell to the ground, and concealed not only the chair, but the bearers of the poles; so that the horror with its seven heads and meteor curls seemed to be advancing towards you by the agency of a number of black legs. The bearers give the long poles a gentle motion up and down, which makes the long yoks' tails and streamers flirt up and down in unison to the music, and the dull, dead look of the metal faces, contrasted with the life-like flow of the hair, produces a most ghastly and horrible effect. It was a piteous thing to see those poor hill-men, with flashing eyes fixed on that dreadful Idol, dance around it; and to think that they and theirs, and many a generation to come, must pass away into the outer darkness without one little ray to guide them to the Truth. There are missionaries at Khotguhr near at hand; but we have, alas! made our Christianity the terror of the heathen—not their comforter.

We sat on the Rajah's carpet: the Idol was carried away to a remote part of the field. Hay and his friends were now seen coming down the hill, and the band went off to meet and welcome them.

"What do you think of our seven-faced goddess?"

said the Rajah. "I once did hear one padre tell me that you have a goddess who has seven hills to sit on instead of seven faces; but I could not understand him." Our friends arrived and took places on the carpet. Then the principal hill-men who were present came up and made their obeisance, in a sort of wild durbar. But we were most anxious to see the ladies, of whose beauty we had heard so much. The Rajah said he would get them to dance for us. He sent out his orders; but we saw that wherever his messengers went there was an immediate dispersal of the women, who began to file off in charming groups through the woods, and to mount the hills, or descend the valleys to their homes. It was evident we were unpopular; that it was not the thing to dance before strangers, or that the Rajah had no power to make his subjects dance. In truth, these hill-people were very proud; and the well-born and long-descended beebees had no notion of exhibiting themselves for our amusement. As the materials for the picture we had come to see were rapidly dissolving, we determined to take a walk to the various groups which still remained, and which were formed by the members of families whom the Rajah's servants dared not venture to ask to dance before us. Subjectless painters, who have done every model on the "Steps" in Rome; who have transferred every Bretonne to canvas; who have exhausted Spain, ransacked Greece, vulgarized Turkey; to whom "Bedoueen at the Third Cataract" are as flies on a window; and who meet in Carpathian vale, or by the banks of Norwegian fiord, the omnipresence of the photographer—fly to the Himalayas, and seek to catch some of the lovely unique faces, and the ex-

quisite costumes and colours of the fair hill-women of Soongree! Purrus Ram's family—what a group is here! A grand sphynx-faced woman, full, and calm, and stern, with a coronet of her own black hair fixed on her brow, clasped with silver buckles set with great silver bosses, with a frontage of amber and gold; her forehead broad and smooth as Lough Erne of a summer's day—straight black brows—long up-curling lashes, casting a shadow on the serene fire of two fixed and stately eyes, which are "dark with excessive light"—a nose, cut as it were from a wedge of yellow marble, straight and fine, with wide, thin-rimmed, rigid nostrils—a mouth, which, opening with a haughty curve, shows the fixed fence of white teeth that will not deign to permit a word of welcome to the unclean ones to slide through them, and escape the lips of the proud Rajpoot—thick with shawls and coarse jewels, she sits and gazes upon us with that cold stare. By her knee is a little child just as lovely in her youth as the woman is in her prime—and this young lady hides her face from us altogether; but her elder sister, more gracious and kind, favours us with a sidelong look as she sits with her arm round her mother's waist, embowered in a forest of shawl and long tresses. There were several such groups as these; the females of each family sitting together with their servants ranged around them. The head dress of the hill-women is very picturesque and effective. The forehead is covered with a coronet of finely-worked silver, behind which the hair is gathered up in thick wreaths, and secured to a high roll of cloth at the back of the head, from which depends streamers of various colours. Their gowns, or petticoats, are gathered up into bustles, or

humps of prodigious size below the waist, and fall in long folds to the ground, concealing the pretty feet, and swaying to and fro at every step. Amber and turquoises are largely used as ornaments. The dress in which we now saw them differs widely from their ordinary bedgown attire; but the men were dressed very much as usual, in flat round black caps of cloth ornamented with yellow flowers, coarse tunics and trousers of puttoo, and shoes made of knitted whip-cord, with leather soles. There was a Mahomedan community here, which sat apart on the hill-side, and did not seem to mingle with the Hindoos. We went to them, and after the first little trepidation occasioned by our approach was over, the ladies recovered their composure, and permitted us to see their faces, which were not so pretty as those of the Hindoos, and were marked with delicate lines of orange paint. They offered us poppy-heads, rice, and parched grain, and were highly pleased at some small returns in silver coins. Nothing could induce any of the ladies to dance for us; and leaving some of my companions to continue their promenade among the beauties, who were rapidly slipping away from the meadow, I returned towards the carpet on which the Rajah had resumed his seat, and where he was holding a rude durbar. The hill-men advanced towards him singing songs in unison, and making offerings to him indicative of their callings. The shepherds offered wool and wreaths of wild flowers—the husbandmen presented rice and grain. Then, putting their arms round each other's waists, they formed a long file, and began to dance to the sound of the music, marking the bars by bending their bodies sideways to the right and then

to the left, all together, and singing at the same time. The effect of this was very pretty. The long file had a slow circular sweep of its own, which gradually increased its speed as the music quickened, till the dance ended in a run, and the panting performers, releasing each other, sat upon the grass. I observed that some of the Coryphés looked very solemn and very drunk; and on inquiry ascertained that they had every reason to be intoxicated, as the hill-men on such occasions consume a coarse sort of rakee made from corn, more than one bottle of which I had seen going the rounds among the people. I was about sauntering off to look at some boys who were dancing in imitation of their parents, when the Rajah called out to me, "Do not go! sit down, pray, sir! They are going to make the 'big devil' dance!" In that manner he irreverently alluded to the Idol which was now brought forward, attended by the indefatigable band. Two men stood between the poles, before and behind, midway on which the Idol sat in its chair. The priest—a wild, squalid, dirty hill-man, with sunken cheeks and eyes, long beard, and coarse black hair—walked slowly by the side of the Idol, with his right hand on one of the yoks' tails, which, fastened to the top of the screen, fell, like giant's tresses, to the ground. All the instruments ceased except the drum, which kept on a faint drubbing as the Idol was brought before the Rajah. I could then perceive that the men who were carrying the chair moved gently up and down to the sound of the drum, and thus gave a motion to the poles on their shoulders, which was communicated to the screen and its images, so that it was gently agitated; the priest, too, whose eyes were fixed

upon some point above our heads, kept time to the drum, which was gradually beaten with greater vehemence and rapidity. Then the screen seemed to dance violently, the yoks' tails streamed out, and the heads began to assume the semblance of one gigantic face tossed up and down, and shaking out enormous masses of hair; the priest's knees began to tremble, his arms were agitated, his chest heaved up and down, and at regular intervals he shouted out some words in a sort of chaunt in unison with the music; a man came out from the crowd and stood behind him, and at last the priest began to sway his body backwards and forwards in quick jerks, in one of which he shook off his cap, which was carefully caught by the man, who stood behind for the purpose, ere it fell to the ground. Having worked himself up into an epileptic state, so that foam stood on his lips, his eyes were fixed, his chest heaved, and sharp cries announced that he was "inspired," Khoom Dass came forward, and asked the Goddess questions, which the wretched impostor pretended to answer for her. The people crowded round the carpet, gazed on the oracle with intense awe depicted on their faces; but Khoom Dass had an odd twinkle in his eye, which showed he had a sense of humour, the Rajah and Purrus Ram had some little difficulty in looking serious at all. The Goddess, I am bound to say, told a frightful number of lies. She said we should have splendid sport, that we should cross the Snowy Range prosperously, that the Rajah would quiet his rebellious subjects, and committed mistakes about the past which quite destroyed our faith in her vaticinations. Gradually the drum began to subside, the measure

of the beat slackened, the hair of the yoks' tails became quiescent, and the priest recovered from his furor, though he looked greatly exhausted, and was covered with sweat, his attendant put on his cap, the Rajah gave the bearers and priests a few rupees —and the show terminated. The name of this idol is Kalee.—The ascent to the bungalow was tedious and painful, and I only effected it by means of the assistance of Khoom Dass, who shoved me up bravely.

CHAPTER X.

A halt.—The Rajah and his viziers.—Captive sepoys.—A telegram.—Enthusiastic sportsmen.—Magnificent valley.—The Snowy Range.—Want of coolies.—A memorable anniversary.—The Rajah's army.—A ministerial crisis.—Return to Soongree.—Increase to our camp—Kunderala to Bagee.—Sheep made beasts of burden.—A sick deity.—Khoom Dass and his prisoner.—Fly-fishing and shooting.

September 11th.—As Lord William had affairs to manage in relation to the settlement of the affairs of Bussahir, we halted here for the day, and the Rajah came up with his attendants for the adjustment of the disputes between himself and his rebellious viziers. Hay held his court under the alcove of the tent, while the little Rajah squatted down on a cushion beside him. The three hereditary viziers, who really hold the Rajah's dominions in trust, alarmed at the assumption of power on his part, are passively resisting his new-fangled notions, and plotting against their master. They would neither have free trade nor taxes levied in money. There was a long and sometimes an angry discussion, in which the Rajah and the head vizier scolded each other alternately. At last it was agreed that the Rajah should take the sense of the whole of his people, and abide by their decision; and the viziers, to show that they felt no malice, came out on the hill-side to beat for game when we went out shooting. Just as we were

starting, the cry was raised that "the sepoys" had arrived, and some five of the wretched hill-men came up to our camp, dragging after them two tall men, bound hand and foot with ropes. They were brought up to Hay for examination. Their upright bearing at once denoted that they were soldiers. One was about six feet high, with a large ill-shapen nose, and a hideous mouth. He wore a dirty thin cotton cap on his head, and a few folds of country blanket round his body. His face and neck were smeared with whitish earth. His companion, a strongly-built and rather handsome man, was attired in the same way. When first questioned, they said they were fakirs from Cashmere; but Khoom Dass, who was well up in his religion, proceeded to examine them, and broke them down on cross-examination. The taller at last declared he was a syce of the 46th Regiment of Native Infantry at Sealkote, but that he had nothing to do with the mutiny. One of our syces was at once sent for to examine him in the mysteries of his art; and as he completely failed to unravel them, he was driven to confess it was just possible that he might once have been a sepoy in that notorious regiment. They were accordingly recommitted to the charge of their guard, with orders that they should be marched off to Simla.* Alison's syce, in great tribulation, declared that he recognized one of these men as his cousin; and in his grief averred that he would not eat nor drink for many days. The Rajah came in to the bungalow to visit us again, examined all our traps, and wanted to

* I heard afterwards that they underwent severe flogging, and other punishments in prison; but of their ultimate fate I know nothing.

know if any of us would write a book about Bussahir. He did not decline to drink either wine or spirits, provided we put no water to them; but he obstinately refused to eat peppermint-lozenges out of a glass bottle, because he said he should lose his caste. He evinced great satisfaction in looking at his rebellious subjects through my telescope. They were assembled in conclave down in the meadow on which the fair had been held the day before; and his majesty asked me, very anxiously, whether I thought one of our cannon, planted at the bungalow, would kill them all with a single discharge of grape? The Rajah then accompanied us out shooting. We had a long walk through a fine wood; but the beaters were not very active, nor very fortunate, and our labours were only rewarded by three pheasants. On my return to my tent, I found a letter from Sir W. O'Shaughnessy, which left Bangalore, in the Madras Presidency, on the 9th of this month, and arrived in Umballah, in the North-West Provinces, the same day, and was sent on by letter to this place; thus showing what could be done when the Superintendent of the Electric Telegraph is at one end of the wire.

September 12th.—Started in the forenoon for the bungalow of Bumberelly. Our road lay through a magnificent pine forest, on a steep mountain-side, crossing tremendous ravines and waterfalls by fast-decaying bridges. The day was extremely hot; but the shade of the forest to some degree protected us. The road is here in parts extremely like the grander portions of the passage through the Via Mala. The procession of our coolies, ponies, and followers, winding in groups up and down for miles along the road—

now above and now below us—and dotting the solemn green vistas of the forest with moving patches of white, was exceedingly picturesque. It was late in the day when we spied our tents, pitched on the hill-side at a great elevation above the road, as it appeared there was no bungalow within several miles of our halting-place. The Rampore Rajah remained behind in order to carry out his treaty with his rebellious subjects. An old servant of Hay's received a kick in the leg from a horse, which broke the bone, and the poor fellow was sent back to Simla on his charpoy, expressing his regret, ere we parted, that he was deprived by the will of Heaven of giving himself the pleasure of our further company. From the time that we came to the spot on the road directly under the tents, to our arrival on the small plateau on which they stood, we were nearly one hour climbing, painfully and slowly, up the steep hill. This plateau was about fifty yards round, with a stream of water running through the midst, and high mountain sides towering above it, while a great expanse of hill and valley were displayed in the distance. When we were at the bottom the more enthusiastic sportsmen declared they would at once ascend the mountain above us to the top, take a cold dinner, and sleep on the summit, that they might be in time for shooting the argus pheasant, which abounds here, in the morning. I thought I knew what the project would come to; and as my friends dropped in by degrees, exhausted, they admitted that they would defer their visit to the mountain-top till daybreak the following morning. Before dinner was ready, hearing chickore calling all round us, Hay, Tombs, and Alison went up among the rocks, and

killed sufficient to make an agreeable addition to our stock of provisions. This was one of the most charming encampments we had since we left. At sunset a vast mass of cloud gathered in the west, and as night fell a tremendous storm rolled in the valley below us. The blinding flashes lighted up the closed tent, inside which we sat, as though it were in the focus of an electric light. Rolls of thunder clashed along the hill-side, so that we imagined the rocks were tumbling down upon our heads; and the rain fell with a heavy leaden thud for hours together, till the little springs swelled into torrents, and dashed away with a great roar into the stream in the valley below us. It was night ere the storm rolled away; and I thought my friends were quietly congratulating themselves that they had not carried out their original intention of going to sleep on the hill-top, 3,000 feet above our heads.

September 13*th*.—Bumberelly to Bowlee.—Our tents wanted drying this morning and were not struck till 10 A.M. I descended to the road, while the sportsmen took the hill-side above me, where they came across immense quantities of chickore, calidge-pheasants, and minaul. The country becomes more open: and on our left a magnificent deep valley, full of beech-trees, and a great torrent, swollen by the rains of last night, wound below and marked the course of the road. The houses we passed were two-storied and built of stone, with comfortable balconies, well roofed, and provided with out-offices; so that in this portion of the hill-States the peasantry have no reason to be dissatisfied with their condition. As the day was very hot, I halted to refresh my horse by the side of the road, near a

garden, and an old lady who had been watching my proceedings from her balcony, was good enough to send out a little child with a basketful of peaches, which were extremely well-flavoured, though woody in substance. On my approaching to thank her she precipitately retired, nor would her messenger take any money for the present.

An hour before sunset we arrived at Bowlee, which is a small two-roomed bungalow, on a sharp col above the valley of the Sutlej. Until we were within a few yards of the bungalow, there was nothing to indicate that we were approaching one of the grandest views in the world; for the side of the col rises steeply from the road, which here is at rather a low level. On gaining the level of the bungalow, the whole of the Snowy Range appeared right before us. It is some moments before the eye can really take in the magnificence and grandeur of the view; for it is scarcely possible to believe that these jagged rocks glistening above us, covered with eternal snow, are many days' journey distant. On measuring the depth of the valleys beneath the bungalow, and the enormous sweep of the hills which spring from the opposite side, covered at the base with vegetation, studded with villages, and gradually rising into desolate barren peaks, or shining plateaux of granite and mica; beyond which, at a prodigious distance, tower the serrated lines of the Snowy Range—the mind can at last comprehend the fact that there before us are the mountains which shut out Hindostan and the distant kingdom of Nepaul from the deserts of Central Asia. As I sat enjoying this grand panorama, the sportsmen arrived, all bursting into exclamations of delight at the view.

The Rampore Rajah, who joined us, was, however, principally intent on showing us two sharp pinnacles of rock, standing out of the snow-field, like the aiguilles of Mont Blanc, which he told us were the objects of adoration to multitudes of the faithful from distant parts of India, as there an incarnation had taken place. The snows do not rest on these tremendous pinnacles of primæval rock, but beneath them there is a wide expanse of glacier; and it required some faith in the Rajah to induce us to believe his statement that the devotees who repair to this stupendous temple actually creep up to the top of the pinnacles, and deposit offerings to Mahadeo.

In the evening the annoying intelligence was received that the rebellious subjects of the Rajah had actually prevented the coolies from coming to our camp. It was rather suspected that the Rajah himself was at the bottom of this affair; for he was, of course, most anxious to detain us there till his difficulties with his subjects had been arranged. He wished to avail himself of Lord William Hay's influence, to make it apparent that he had the support of the British Government in his disputes with his subjects. But Hay determined not to interfere. It was known that a small body of disaffected Rampore men were stationed near Soongree, who did not make any attempt to cut off the supply of coolies, and we were in hopes that the party now on the road would be equally amiable. This news caused great excitement amongst the party.

Sept. 14*th.*—It seems quite positive that no coolies are to be had. We cannot force them, even if we were inclined to do so. Our jemadars have been

down in the valleys; but the inhabitants have all left their houses, or hidden themselves. The Rajah declares that he is quite powerless, and cannot do anything here; but he much desires that we should visit his city of Rampore down in yon tremendous valley, about two days' march from this, which Hay declares to be as hot as Agra itself, and as dirty as the Chinese Bazaar; so we positively refuse, though the Rajah says he will get us coolies if we go down. Long durbars were held; but no satisfactory result was arrived at. We saw some of "the rebels," on the road near us to-day—poor half-starved wretches of hill-men. They were armed with bows and arrows, and out of some fifty or sixty, only three had matchlocks, and some fourteen or fifteen were provided with old swords. They were very civil, and salaamed respectfully to us. The day was bright and clear, and the whole of the Snowy Range glistened like diamonds in the sun; but as the evening advanced, clouds gathered over the peaks as they did last night, and it is rarely, I am told, that a clear sunset ever falls upon them, or that the peculiar rosy tinge of the Alpine snow-fields is witnessed here. After dinner it became extremely cold; and as this was the anniversary of the capture of Delhi, and of the landing of the allies in the Crimea, it was considered judicious to mull two or three bottles of port, the last we had, and to drink them in honour of the occasion. The mail came in with the news that Sir Colin Campbell was now Lord Clyde, and that Sir John Lawrence and Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy were baronets. "Heavens! two such names mingled!" Late in the evening Hay's headman came in with a long face, and told us that all his efforts

to obtain coolies had failed. The result of this catastrophe was that our expedition was brought to a termination, as it was impossible to transport our provisions, tents, &c., across the Chitoul Pass without some 200 coolies. We were obliged to abandon the hope of going to Chini, and to rest content with a wide sweep homewards, through regions in which we could command a supply of cooly labour.

September 15th.—Purrus Ram came to see us to-day, and proposed that we should go out and shoot, while Lord William Hay, the Rajah and the Viziers held a conference; but I found the hills so steep that I was obliged to return. The others had some fair sport with chickore. The Rajah told us on our return that he had called out his army. We saw a portion of his troops, consisting of four matchlock men, two grenadiers armed with fowling-pieces, seventeen bowmen, and the whole of his brass band. He was going to march to Soongree, to try conclusions with a party who declared that they would not accept the compromise between the Viziers and the Rajah. Towards evening, however, he changed his mind, and his army returned. The only thing that was quite certain was, we could not get coolies, owing to the apathy of the Rajah, or the opposition of his subjects; and so we abandoned our dearly-cherished project of crossing the Cheetoul (or Shitoul) Pass. It is now ten years since any Europeans crossed it, and upon that occasion four of their followers perished in the snow.

September 16th.—We still remained at Bowlee.

There was a difficulty in inducing coolies to come even to take our things back to Soongree.

I set out at mid-day, with three guns and six or seven men, to shoot along the road, as far as the dip of the hill over the valley of the Sutlej, with grand scenery on both sides, when a thunder-storm, rising with startling rapidity, burst upon us, and drove me to take shelter in the hollow of a rock. One of the men set off for my horse; but I limped slowly along the road, as soon as the storm ceased, towards the bungalow, and reached it towards evening, after walking nine or ten miles, quite lame, and utterly done up. The rain descended in torrents, and through breaks in the clouds we could see that snow was falling on the higher hills. This somewhat reconciled us to the abandonment of the Cheetoul Pass, which it would be madness to attempt in unsettled weather. But it was hard to come so far and be defeated. The Rajah, who had gone to Soongree, returned in very low spirits at the increasing dissatisfaction of his subjects, and declares that he shall not be able to pay the British Government its tribute.

September 17*th*.—We broke up our camp and returned back along the Thibet and Hindostan road to Soongree. The whole of the tops of the mountain ranges near us were covered with thick snow, while we on the main road were suffering from the muggy, warm, and exhausting air. Arrived at Soongree at 4 P.M.

September 18*th*.—The weather seemed to have fairly broken up, and the rain, which fell incessantly till

night, detained us in our tents and in the bungalow. At night, after dark, a tremendous thunder-storm gathered, which made a tumult amongst the hills, and prevented most of us from sleeping till near morning.

September 19th.—A lady from Simla, her husband, and three gentlemen arrived at the bungalow, and increased our camp. They were going to cross the Sutlej, and descend into the valley of the Tonse, where the fishing is said to be excellent. As the weather cleared up, in the evening we went out, sent beaters into the wet covers, and shot some pheasants.

September 20th.—All up at 5 A.M., to enjoy a really lovely morning; not a cloud in the sky; the Snowy Range from Chumbah, on the west, to Gungootree, on the east, gradually developing itself; the air balmy, and the sky clear, so that the whole panorama of hundreds of miles lay perfectly distinct before us. The Rampore Rajah came to bid us good-bye. Khoom Dass and Purrus Ram also waited on us, and the former entreated me to give him a chitty, which I did, declaring in it my belief that he was a good fellow, and that I could recommend him for helping men up a steep hill.

Started early, having sent our breakfast things to Kunderala (9,375 feet high); the scenery most charming, the pheasants stirring in all directions; but as we had no beaters or dogs we could not drive them. Reached Kunderala about 10 A.M., and found breakfast ready in the bungalow. The rain developed enormous slugs, some seven or eight inches long,

and fully three inches broad, which crept over the road in all directions. The road passes for miles through magnificent woods of deodar, koolar or cedar, sycamore, oak, beds of enormous ferns, asters, an infinite variety of flowers, and giant rocks bright-coloured with moss and lichen. Here are many ranges of strange saw-backed mountains, terminating in needle-peaks, above which we catch glimpses once more of the Snowy Range. The culverts of the bridges on this part of the road are in a very rotten state, and it is most dangerous for horses in many places. As the scenery was exquisite, and the shooting about was believed to be good, we wished to remain here for the day; but the coolies had carried on all our things to Bagee, and we were obliged to start for that place, which we reached at about 5 o'clock in the evening. A rumour reached us by letter to-day that Lord Clyde would depart for the Oude campaign on the 1st of the month, and his aide-de-camp was obliged to return to Simla immediately. Another of our party, disappointed in his hopes of crossing the Snowy Pass, and tired of the monotony of camping-out, resolved to accompany him, in order that he might enjoy the delights of Simla. We remained at Bagee all day to recruit our servants and horses.

September 22nd.—Alison and Forster bade us good-bye, and started for Mahasso by the old road this morning. Then we girded up our loins for our new route homewards, and descended the steep mountain-side, below the bungalow of Bagee, to the ravine, at the bottom of which foamed an impetuous mountain torrent, which we crossed on a bridge of a single

plank. At the other side was a very toilsome ascent by a zig-zag path through a wood, cut up here and there by waterfalls, great boulders, and precipices of rock. After many halts, we reached the top of the mountain, which we found to be very pleasantly covered with immense beds of wild strawberries. The prospect from the summit presented an expanse of great valleys, twining between mountains as regular in their rise and swell as the waves of the Atlantic. We were more than two hours gaining the highest point of the ridge. Near it is an old and deserted fort, belonging to the days of Goorkha occupation, which reminds one much in its form of a Chinese pagoda. We met upon our way a large flock of sheep, each of which carried a bag upon its back containing rock-salt. These animals are commonly used in the upper hill-regions as beasts of burden, and are driven down to the plains below, where they are fattened, and turned into mutton. At a distance, the drove coming down the hill seemed as if a land-slip were taking place, which was moving slowly down upon us. About 6.30 P.M. we reached our camp, which was pitched upon a small spur, jutting out into a valley from the hill-side, covered with a splendid forest of cedars. Our tents were pitched beneath some of the most magnificent trees I ever saw. The village headman of Koshai waited upon us with presents of sheep, flowers, and honey. Our whole day's march was not more than 12 miles.

September 23rd.—Koshai to Rooroo.—This morning we were disturbed by the crowing and calls of innumerable pheasants all round us, but we could get

no coolies to beat; and indeed the hill-sides were so steep, and the forest so dense, that there would have been no possibility of shooting, had we been provided with beaters and dogs. Two pretty villages stand at the foot of the plateau, which shone brightly in the sun as its rays fell upon their peaked roofs of glistening slate. The houses are narrow, two-storied, with outer balconies of wood. After breakfast the head zemindar, with a number of men, with yellow flowers in their bonnets, came to see us off. Our path led us through one of the villages, the people of which all turned out to see us—the women hiding in the doorways, and the children swarming on the walls. On our way through the place we stopped at the deota, or shrine of the idol of the district. It consisted of a walled enclosure, with an ornamental gateway of stone, curiously carved. An iron-plated door, with strong bolts, kept out the curious or profane. On the top of the door, and on the wall round it, were the horns of deer, goats, mountain-sheep, bits of copper coin and bright metal nailed irregularly, and in a recess of the wall was a small block of stone, above which were similar ornaments. The man who was in charge of the gate opened it with great reluctance, and inside the court we saw the idol, which was just like that at Soongree—a screen, covered with six heads of brass and silver-gilt, representing the face of a woman like that of a full moon. The priest told us that their deity had not been well lately; but that they were going to take him or her on a journey, for his or her health, through the neighbouring villages, from which, no doubt, they would

collect contributions to fee the doctors who would restore the idol to convalescence. There was a quantity of corn on a threshing-floor inside the enclosure, which they told us was to make bread for the god. Lord William "chaffed" them; but they took it good-humouredly, and seemed to think that the deity would not be offended by the jokes of the Burra Sahib. Our way thence lay through fields of the richest purple flowers, princes' feathers, &c.—the seed of the latter is eaten by the natives—thence we arrived at a line of hills, which we toiled up till we gained the top; and then in the distance we saw the residence of Khoom Dass, whom we found waiting to receive us. On our arrival at the mansion, a carpet was spread in a recess on the ground-floor under the balcony, seats were ready, and the old chief and his aged father, and his children welcomed us with presents of flowers, fruit, fresh ginger, and unwholesome, ragged-looking sheep. The chief informed us that he had a thief in his prison, which was a stone recess something like a pigsty. The thief was brought in with gyves upon his wrists and heavy irons on his legs, which had rubbed great holes and sores in the flesh. He had been robbing a deota, and confessed the fact. He laughed as he said he was born a robber, and would continue to be so. "He did not know what else to do, as his father and mother had taught him no other profession." He was sent to Rampore, where he would be punished by the Rajah, in whose territory the offence was committed. Bidding adieu to Khoom Dass, we continued our march by a very rough mountain-road, which descended

gradually to a level with the river Rooroo—a broad, full mountain-stream, extremely deep and rapid. We kept by its banks, which we found rough walking, and killed some teal on our way. At length we saw our tents pitched over the river, by the side of a hamlet; and, crossing an extremely rickety bridge cast across a chasm some 100 feet deep, we reached our camp, and dined in the open air by the bright moonlight.

September 24th.—In spite of a pleasant breeze and the influence of the rushing river close at hand, the descent caused a great increase in temperature. The morning was unpleasantly warm. My tent was filled with butterflies and caterpillars, which had come in apparently to take shelter from the sun. The headman of the village said the river was full of fish; taking my rods, I started with Deedes and Tombs, who carried their guns, the old fisherman accompanying us; but his operations were far more successful than mine. I tried every fly that I could think of; but not a sign of a rise. The fisherman, whose apparatus consisted of an old bamboo-cane, to the end of which was fastened a line, loaded at intervals with small stones, walked bodily into the torrent, in which he supported himself by means of a short stick. Then shuffling with his feet as well as he could, and holding down the top of the bamboo to depress his line in the current, he commenced to haul out some small fish, spotted, and covered with extremely delicate scales, having their mouths underneath, like the barbel. It appeared, that between each of the small stones on his line, there depended numbers of fine horse-hair nooses, and, as these fish

feed upon the bottom, they become entangled in the noose, and were drawn out ere they can escape. The day was intensely hot, and I was soon tired of fishing. I was more successful with the gun, and managed to kill some teal on my way home. In the evening there was another thunder-storm.

CHAPTER XI.

Wild scenery.—A famous old lady.—The Ranee and his castle.—Khoom Dass and Purrus Ram.—Iron mines.—A visit from the Rana.—The return visit.—Court etiquette—Picturesque views.—Traces of a bear.—A doomwallah.—Native sportsmen.—A venomous snake.—Vaccination and inoculation.—Mountain and precipice.—Absurdities of bear-hunting.—Serpents as plentiful as flies.—True native politeness.

September 25th.—We started from Rooroo to Deora, nine koss distant. Our way lay through a valley filled with rice-fields. The sides of the valleys over the river are stupendous, being at least 1,500 feet high, receding in terraces, at a sharp slope, with villages here and there on their sides, and beetling crags overhanging them. The Indian corn is now ready to be separated from the husk, and the villagers were all in the fields engaged in that operation.

About mid-day, the storm again gathered; the rain swept over us; the clouds collected in the valleys and blocked them up completely. The scene was very wild indeed, as we could only catch occasional glimpses of the great black crags over-head, shooting for a moment out through a veil of cloud.

Soon after mid-day, we came in sight of a cluster of buildings, one three stories in height, with a high peaked roof, and gables decorated with fantastic dragons' heads. The stones round the window were curiously carved, and a strong wall enclosed the whole. This is the stronghold of the Laree of Syree—an old lady rather famous for her clever-

ness and love of scandal. We breakfasted in a small tent which was pitched inside the enclosure of the court-yard, as her ladyship did not wish to invite us into her house. Lord William had, however, been specially invited, and paid her a visit; after breakfast we started once more, up a very difficult ascent, in a continuous torrent of rain. On our way some villagers stopped us to say that a leopard had been ravaging their flocks for the last month, and had done much damage; but, as they could give us no clue to his present whereabouts, we did not consider it worth while to endeavour to find him. This was the heaviest day, both for man and beast, that we have yet had. On and on we toiled, till, at dusk, we came in view of the romantic castle of the Chief of Jubbul, which is situated on a small mamelon in a valley enclosed by lofty mountains. The castle consisted of several turrets and keeps, some of them fast falling to decay, enclosed by outhouses and a high wall, the only entrance being by a planked gateway. Our tents were pitched on another mamelon, some distance from the castle, and a small building, containing one room, served us as a dining-place. The servants took refuge in some wretched, deserted buildings, forming part of the village which lay outside the castle. The Rana came out to meet us on a dandy or tray, with his vakeel and a small following. He is a young man, with a fair, handsome face, exceedingly like that of the Great Napoleon, large, fine eyes, delicate moustache, plump, full lips, and small mouth. When speaking to Europeans, he assumes a demure, frightened look to perfection. Having installed us in our quarters,

he took his leave. When he was gone, Lord William told us that the old Laree had been amusing him with delicious scandal at her neighbours' expense, and had treated him to various anecdotes as to the Rana's stinginess and the meanness with which he behaved to his wives. She said he would only allow them one dress every three months, and that his ideas of pin-money were limited and contemptible. Khoom Dass, indefatigable in his courtiership, came after us. He is very uneasy because Purrus Ram has been made Teseeldar of Simla by Lord William Hay, as a return for his political services, and as some compensation for his overthrow as a minister in Rampore. Khoom Dass said he was the better man of the two, and would prove it in any way we liked; and, to show that he could be as good as his word, he took off his cap and exhibited a sword-cut on his head; then he bared his right arm, which was nearly severed by another wound, and, next, he displayed a bullet-hole through his left elbow. These wounds he had got in boundary-fights in Bussahir; but he was ready to fight again, and he offered to levy a battalion of hill-men to go to the plains and fight the rebellious sepoys, if we would promise him that he should receive adequate pay and reward.

In the evening the Rana's dolly, or offering, was brought in, consisting of fruit, of atta, rice, grain, and last, not least, half-a-dozen of champagne.

On September the 26th, the rain confined us to our tents.

September 27th.—Rain as incessant as if we were at Simla. Whilst we were seated at breakfast in the one-roomed house this morning, we saw the Rana, in

great state, leaving his Castle to come over and visit us; but Lord William sent a chuprassee to say we were not ready to receive him, whereupon the Rana turned back, and, like a half-drowned rat, escaped into the hole which led to his keep. This unfortunate Rajah of Bussahir again joined us. He came after us, as it would seem, for want of something to do. These small potentates must indeed find life heavy on their hands. If they improve their little States they are afraid of increased demands for revenue from the dominant power, or, possibly, annexation—if they neglect their possessions our representatives rebuke them—if they do nothing at all they are described as idle, sensual princes—if they take an active interest in politics they are regarded as dangerous or intriguing men, whom it were wisdom to look after—and they are debarred from the military service, which is the great resource and amusement of princes in other parts of the world. At present the Rajah pretends he wants to settle a dispute with the Rana about a mine of iron, which is on the undefined boundaries of their States, and iron is a very valuable article in the hill-districts. As far as I could ascertain, the metal is found in only limited quantities under beds of mica in the form of a black oxide; and several attempts of Europeans to work it on a tolerably large scale are described as failures. The Rajah travelled in a very beggarly way, without followers or tents, and the Rana complained that he was obliged to feed him out of very shame and charity. Late in the day the Rana, with some thirty followers, debouched from his castle, and was received by Hay in his tent. The rest of us did not trouble ourselves much

about him. As one of the little party, which was driven by the rain to play "dummy" in the adjoining tent, said, "I wish that nigger would not kick up such a row. I can't attend to the game." When the Rana retired, a messenger from the Hindoo priest or bishop of the district in which our last encampment took place, came to me for some pills, "as those which I had already given him had been of much service." I felt very much as an apothecary's boy who is haunted by the notion that he has mistaken *Tinct. Opii* for *Tinct. Sennæ*, in making up the last bottle, as I served out for poor old Radawunt a large libation of "Jeremie's Sedative Solution," and filled a little box with calomel and colocynth pills.

When we went to pay our return visit to the Rana, it was still raining. Some of us rode, others walked in long boots through the mud. It was a curious scene when we got near to the Castle—the bedraggled servitors creeping out of the holes in the outer walls, and dressing up to welcome us—old warders running to and fro, as they blew wheezing notes on cows' horns from the tops of the castle-turrets, the Rajah's household charging through many portals, out of our way or into it, according to the condition of their attire, and a wild gathering of menials and followers on the balconies and the mound of the Castle. And, indeed, in point of civilization, the manners and customs of the Castle were probably more delicate and nice than those of the Normans in their early pasturage on our English meadows. The old towers were tremulous with age, patched here and there with odd brick-work, or ill-contrived mendings of rude masonry, as though the stranger

were striving to render some deserted stronghold of his enemy habitable. Imagine a frontage like the wall of old Newgate, with lofty, three-storied towers at the angles, and a high gateway with clock-towers—if there were such things as clock-towers in these benighted regions—in the centre, and similar walls at the sides, (except where a great breach had been made by time, or a land-slip,) enclosing a square with towers at the angles; an inner court ill-paved with rough stones, when you have passed through the deep gateway, half-closed by a massive iron-clamped gate surrounded by two-storied ranges of buildings, with carved verandahs running all round at the level of the dining-rooms, and latticed balconies protected by wooden roofs richly carved and provided with dragon-mouthed tin-spouts, from which the rain dashed with its dull music into the court-yard. Fill all the glassless windows of the lower stories with the male servantry summoned to do homage by the blast of the cows' horns and making mops and mows at us. See, on the centre balcony, the Rana in his white robes, surrounded by his little court, and, at the sight of the Burra Sahib, descending a long-legged staircase to receive him and his friends, and then fill the air with rain-drowned husky shouts of "Long live the Rana!" "Welcome the Sahibs, lords of the world!" and fancy the affable Saxons giving their wet macintoshes to prime ministers and lords in waiting to carry, and you may realize the scene which was presented by the Rana's castle when we rode up to return his visit. The prince, or noble, led us up the difficult staircase to an open gallery, in which were placed chairs round a table on carpeted floor.

There we sat, and Hay and the Rana discoursed odd politics, whilst we of the outer world were content with conversing with the courtiers. In the middle of our little council there was an incident which amused me amazingly. One of the Bussahir people, who had attached himself to me as a carrier of powder and shot, and a propeller up mountains, and a retainer down valleys, thought he should not lose sight of me, and actually followed me as attendant into the presence. There he was recognized after a time, and then he was at once informed that a Rampore citizen had no right to enter the durbar of Jubbul, and was obliged to go out in the rain in the court-yard. Etiquette was rigidly observed at the interview, and we were rather pleased when we got away. The etiquette of our court is a delightful homage; but—*per Baccho!* how do we enjoy the notion of Emperor Soulouque and Fauste parodying the manners of their betters? how we ridicule the absurd minutiæ of German herzology, or the precise *formulæ* of the Czar, or his flowery brother! Jubbul had a good deal to say of Rampore and others, and our little Congress of Vienna broke up much later than we expected; but no doubt we defined the boundaries of some iron-mines — assigned useless mountain ranges among contending potentates, and determined the nationalities of some dozens of native families. On our return we found that a new race of coolies had been assembled to carry our baggage. They were stout, short men, nearly naked, and of a fine muscular form, and handsome facial development. They had come with evident reluctance, in answer to the wild fiendish cries which we heard cutting

through the rain all the afternoon perplexing the quiet valleys, each man with his *viaticum* of atta in skin-bags tied over his hips. This valley must be rather a religious place. There is a deota near us, where the priests have been blowing horns, and beating drums at regular intervals ever since we have been here; and our coolies have all been attending their form of worship, and have returned in high spirits, notwithstanding the drenching shower. We sat and listened to the rain falling on the strict canvas of the tents till dinner-time. The soup was rather rainy, the mutton had been saved from drowning, and the vegetables were very aqueous—and so to bed.

September 28th.—We started from Jubbul soon after 8 o'clock, up a very steep mountain-side, for the source of the river Ghirree. The ascent was so precipitous that the streams leaped rather than ran down its sides. There were villages placed at intervals one above the other, the wretched inhabitants of which came down to stare at us in great wonderment as we approached. The ponies could scarcely climb along the rocky zigzags, and at times I was obliged to dismount and submit to be shoved up by the united efforts of many hill-men. The houses commenced hereabouts to lose their Chinese character, and to resemble more the Tartar huts of the Crimea; but occasionally a tall stone keep, with projecting gables and verandahs, proves the Tartars had visited the land. The views from the various halting-places were extremely picturesque and striking. Down in the valley lay the kingdom of Jubbul, and the castle of its lord; the hamlets dwarfed to the size

of children's toys. Below us tumbled, in sweeping curves, the mountain-side, up the sides of which were toiling coolies laden with our baggage, ponies, horses, our sheep, our oxen, our asses, and everything that was ours. After two hours' climbing, the severity of the ascent somewhat diminished, and we reached one of the summits of the ridge, from which I could see before me a small hollow, surrounded by trees, with a delicious clear stream flowing through the beds of strawberries and flowers in its midst. Here were our domestic servants and our encampment, but there was no breakfast, as I had missed my party, who had gone on to my left up the hill shooting in the woods. Being unable to keep up with them, I had lost them on the road. However, old Jumen managed to make out some sort of a meal for me; and, one by one, the sportsmen dropped in during the course of the forenoon, tired and disappointed at their unsuccessful visit to the summit of the magnificent mountain near at hand, known as Cooper's Hill, famous as the resort of deer and the larger feathered game of the Himalayas.

Old Khoom Dass followed as yet; and we had not been long in our little nook ere he came up with a present of grapes from Caubul, and a flat mountain-cap for each of us. The Rana also made his appearance; but the Rajah of Bussahir we were to see no more. Early in the morning, before we set out from Jubbul, he had come in, to see Lord William, in a state of helpless intoxication, having, in fact, been up all night drinking the brandy and champagne which he had got as a present from the Rana. Hay severely rebuked him, and ordered him

from his presence in disgrace. In the afternoon, having collected a few beaters, we went through the woods, and came upon the traces of a bear, quite recent, so much so that the shikaree, or huntsman, said that he could not be twenty yards away; but the forest was so dense, and the undergrowth so thick, we could not make our way through it. We searched in every direction, but all trace of the bear was soon hopelessly lost. In our search, however, we came upon the carcase of a musk-deer, which had been killed by a leopard, and was still bleeding freshly. Seeing one of the huntsmen beating about, I inquired what he was doing, and was told he was searching for the musk-bag of the deer, which the leopard had torn out, carried away, and hidden. It is accepted as a positive fact that beasts of prey invariably extract the musk-bag and bury it; and the cause assigned for detaching it is, that it would taint the flesh; but the reason why they hide it is not quite so clear. The odour of the musk in the neighbourhood of the animal was exceedingly strong. We heard two or three deer crash through the brushwood about us; but the want of dogs quite prevented any successful sporting, and we returned to our encampment.

The natives were in high delight, as they had had what they considered a short day's work, and would be permitted to have a day's rest to-morrow. In all directions the smoke of their fires rose up through the dense foliage of the trees, and we could hear their songs as they cooked their simple meals of rice, or bathed themselves in the refreshing stream which flowed past our camp. At night, as we sat at dinner in our tent, there arose, right above the black outline

of the forest, cast into rigid precision, by the clear moonlight, a bright and wonderful star, which, as it ascended, displayed a tail of a faint rose-coloured hue streaming after it. The natives assembled in great consternation, and gazed upon it with awe and horror; for to them the "Doomwallah" is an omen of most evil import, perplexing nations with the fear of change. It was some moments ere we made out that it was indeed a comet; and, standing in the door of our tents, as the patriarchs of old might have gazed on the wandering visitor in times gone by, for hours we watched its fiery seam across the calm blue heavens. It was extremely cold during the night, so much so that I was glad to collect all the clothing I could find and pile them upon my charpoy; and I could not but pity the natives, though they had made a gigantic watchfire with a great tree which they found lying prostrate near our camp, for I heard their teeth chattering as they tried to get to sleep under the eaves of my tent.

September 29th.—When we awoke early this morn ing, the thermometer, which I had hung outside my tent, was at 42°,—the old shikaree, who was sent over by the Rana, told us we should have famous shooting if we came to Cooper's Hill; and as a proof of the truth of his words, he presented us with two minaul which he had killed with an old matchlock, loaded with coarse powder made by himself, and a handful of gravel from the bed of the stream. He was training up a lad of about fifteen years of age to his own following, and it was curious to observe the interest and evident delight which his youthful disciple took in the dangerous vocation; for the native sportsman's life in the

Himalayas is full of dangers. Not only are they exposed to the risk of encounters with bears and wild beasts, in which many of them lose their lives; but they are liable to be caught in the snows and lost; or to terrible accidents on the mountain-sides, or in forests, where, if they are unable to move, they miserably and hopelessly perish, their skeletons perhaps lying for years with nothing to identify them but the trusty matchlock amongst the bones. This was an extremely handsome, well-formed, and vigorous man, with a wonderful Tartar eye, which seemed gifted with the power of at once resolving every object, animate and inanimate, no matter at what distance, into its reality, never being deceived by appearances, or erring in his calculations as to space or nature. He told us with delight of the number of bears he had killed, of wolves, of leopards, and tiger-cats. He said that he went off for many days together—something like an American backwoodsman in olden days—into the trackless forests, merely taking with him a pot for water and cooking, a small leathern bag, or skin, full of corn or atta, his matchlock, and ammunition.

We started immediately after breakfast, but on gaining the base of Cooper's Hill, I found I was unable to move up amidst the rocks which towered above our heads; and only one of the party, Tombs, accompanied by the shikaree, went up, while we remained beating between the woods below; our only success was killing one calidge pheasant. Three minaul flashed past us, in white, green, and gold; but they were gone down the cud, like falling stars, ere we could raise our guns to our shoulders. As we

were walking through the undergrowth, our beaters commenced jumping violently, and shouting out, "Maro! maro!" Hay, who was near me, jumped up and down also; and, ill as I could follow his example, out of the mere force of imitation, I did my best to leap, though I had not the least idea what I was doing till I saw Hay strike his baton heavily against the brushwood, and heard him say with great satisfaction, "I have killed him." On going to the spot I saw a small snake about the length of my arm, and the thickness of a common walking-cane, which was protruding its forked tongue in the agonies of death. The natives told me that it was one of the most venomous of all the deadly snakes which infest parts of these hills, and that its bite would cause a man's death in a very few minutes. When we returned, we found that the Rana of Khotguhr had sent over his son for physic. He was lying unwell of a disease of which the son could neither tell us the name, nor the nature; but these simple people have a notion that all Europeans are physicians, and can, therefore, cure them of their diseases if they wish. I omitted, indeed, to notice the fact, that, at nearly every halting-place, there were two or three natives suffering from disease who had come out to meet us in the hope that we would relieve them. They have a great prejudice against vaccination, although our Government maintains at Simla, as at other stations, a physician, whose business it is to travel through the district and vaccinate the children who are brought to them. The natives, however, prefer inoculation; and declare that, while it is much more effectual than vaccination, it is not in any degree more dangerous.

Many of them, however, are severely marked by the small-pox, and not a few have lost, or partially injured, their sight.

To-night the comet was more beautiful than before. Our camp-followers and coolies seemed almost inclined to worship it, and the word "Doomwallah" was ringing through their talk all night. This little stream, by which we were encamped, runs out of a rock close at hand, covered over by roots of trees, and is clearer than any water I have seen in India. It is the source of a great mountain river, which becomes a tremendous torrent a few miles from this place.

September 30th.—With some regret we left the source of the Ghirree this morning. Our camp broke up early, and we now are marching towards home. From the hollow in which we encamped, I had to mount an extremely steep and slippery hill; from its summit we enjoyed one of the grandest views of the Snowy Range which it is possible to imagine. I know of nothing like it in the whole range of the Alpine panoramas; and the sight would alone reward a man for the trouble of visiting this out-of-the-way place, even from Europe. From the top of this range there is also, at the other side, a very great and savage landscape, looking down towards Chumbah. The mountain seems reft in two, and one side, as straight as a wall, makes a precipice 2,000 or 3,000 feet to the valley below. The awful crags which jut out from its sides are tipped here and there with pines, which get a precarious footing on their sharp tops; and we heard the minaul calling in all directions among them. But they were out of sight, though not out of hearing. It was enough to make

even a man of strong nerves shudder to tread portions of the path, which is carried with infinite art by most trying curves of mountain and of precipice right along the top of this abyss, whence it descends for many hundred feet quite as boldly as the road of the Gemmi. On reaching the bottom of this mountain, there is one of the finest groups of cedars in the world, which would furnish "studies" for the Royal Academy for a twelvemonth.

After we had travelled over five or six miles of our day's journey amidst this wonderful scenery, we met a large mob of coolies and villagers, headed by their zemindars, who were waiting for us to beat a wood, into which they had tracked two bears. Having made the necessary dispositions on the road, and marshalled the coolies with strict injunctions to obey the orders of their leaders, we plunged into the forest upon a mountain-side, through which at times all progress was rendered impossible till the coolies had cleared away the dense brushwood, or had helped us over the rotting stumps of cedars, deodars, and pine, which had fallen owing to the ravages of ants and other insects, and lay covered with moss across our way. Having crushed through this jungle for nearly half an hour, while I was indulging in many reflections upon the absurdities of bear-hunting, and the inutility of such creatures at all, I came to a small pond, surrounded by trees through which were tracks of wild animals in all directions. Here one of my companions and I were placed; the others were on the right and left of us. Hitherto all had been still in the forest, except the snapping of branches, and the crackling of leaves, and the challenges of

jays, as we marched quietly onwards. But now that the signal was given, the coolies commenced a most prodigious din, yelling like demons, and striking the trunks of the trees in order to drive the bears from their hiding-place. Our shikarees had tracked them the night before down into a stony ravine in the side of this forest, and we were so placed that whether they came up or went down they would cross within rifle-shot of some of us. We waited and waited, but no bears came. It was evident that Bruin had been stealing a march upon us. Most unwillingly, indeed, the conviction grew; for I had already made a list of the friends to whom I had intended to send a pot of bear's grease of my own making. But at last even patience became impatient. The hunt was up, and with heavy hearts and very light stomachs we began to mount up through the forest, which grew at an angle of 45°, to gain the route to our breakfast camp. On our way back, my ill-humour was considerably aggravated by the stories of two of the natives who were in attendance upon me, respecting the serpents, for which the forest was famous, and which they declared were forty feet, and even fifty, in length, and as thick in the body as the trunk of a good-sized pine. I felt not in the least inclined to meet one of these boas as a test of the story, and still less was I anxious to renew my acquaintance with any small gentlemen of the species killed on the previous day, which they said were as plentiful as flies. Making a most liberal allowance for the lies of these interesting and simple people, there is an universal assent to the statement that there are very large serpents and very numerous little ones in this wood. The

toil of our ascent was increased by hunger, and the only satisfaction I had was that it must have tired at least some fifty coolies in getting me up-hill this morning. At last, proceeding down one steep hill and up another, and so on till we came, with infinite satisfaction, in sight of our camp, pitched in a beautiful meadow, in the centre of a forest of deodar, we reached Maree, five miles from Chumbah. After a short rest, we went with our guns into the woods close to Chumbah. The pheasants were extremely plentiful; and we saw, I should think, twenty-eight or thirty minauls, calidge, and coqplass pheasants, and one deer; but our shooting was very bad. The deer was tickled with small shot, and only five pheasants were brought home by the coolies. On our return, we found the Rana had come up, and was living in a small encampment close to ours. This is true native politeness—to attend upon the Burra Sahib as long as he travelled through his territories.

CHAPTER XII.

Telegram from Meerut.—Beau ideal of a salmon-stream.—The Rajah of Bolsun.—Sleep under a waterfall.—An ascent for ten miles.—Adjustment of our little bill.—Farewell banquet at the Priory.—Stolen goods.—Arrival at Dhurrumpore.—The hostelry at Kalka.—Slaves of the lamp.—Sir Robert Garrett's force at Umballa.—Remorseless musquitoes.

October 1st.—The dâk came in the morning, and brought a letter for Tombs, containing a telegram from Meerut, ordering him down to take command of his troop of artillery immediately. This is serious, but as there is no further intelligence as to the revolt of the Punjaub Infantry, I am in hopes the story may prove one of the many falsehoods which are started from time to time in the out-stations of India by people who have nothing else to do. We went out shooting, and killed a few pheasants; but Hay said the cover was far too thick yet, and we were at least a month too soon in the field.

October 2nd.—We started from Chumbah at 8 o'clock this morning. The Rana waited on us, and we had a small durbar, at which I presented to him, in the name of our party (excepting, of course, Lord William Hay), a very excellent double-barrelled opera glass, with which he seemed greatly pleased. His special delight was, however, to look through the large end and admire the effect of distance produced on the scenery by that means; and he made all his ministers

and people become, as he said, little children, by arranging them before him, and looking at them in the same manner. Our breakfast was sent on, and we halted by the roadside about an hour, finding the heat considerable. The country now has become more open, and barren, and less interesting; but the mountain-sides are still tremendously steep. Tombs started off after breakfast, bidding us good-bye, and taking our good wishes with him. We saw him tapering away till he appeared a mere speck, as he went down the mountain-side, and finally disappeared altogether. We followed at less speed. Our object in making this great descent was to try the fishing in the river at Sines, which was said to be extremely good. In the afternoon we reached the village, built in a rugged, pretty spot, on a plateau overhanging the stream; and we encamped in a very charming piece of ground some distance from it, at a considerable elevation above the river. Before our tents came up, I got out my fishing-tackle, and crawled downwards towards the river, which is the beau ideal of a salmon-stream, filled with fine deep pools, covered with foam-flakes, and abounding in strong rapid currents, with plenty of sheltery, hollow banks, large pieces of rock, and boulders in the bed. But though the natives declared there were marseir five or six feet long in the very pools in which we were fishing, we were not fortunate enough to induce one of them to take a look at our flies. After a most persevering and lengthened trial, I gave it up, and shot kingfishers and ouzels, which I regretted much that I had no means of stuffing or preserving, as their plumage was very beautiful. The neighbouring Thakoor came to see us in the evening,

and brought with him his son—the most lovely boy I ever saw—to whom I gave a pen-knife, for which the Thakoor appeared grateful.

October 3rd.—The Rajah of Bolsun, an agreeable, fine specimen of the hill-chief, came over to visit Hay this morning. Although he is of an age beyond his power of guessing, he is still tall, upright, with his teeth in good order, and his eyes as bright as when he was twenty. He was one of the leaders of the hill-people in their resistance to the Goorkhas in his younger days; and he pointed out with great pride, the ruins of one of their forts, which he had stormed, telling us with immense satisfaction, that every man of that garrison was murdered on the spot, and that, if we would like to take the trouble, we could go up and see their skulls and bones still lying in the enclosure of the keep. This old gentleman has an excellent receipt for disposing of a troublesome son. Long ago his heir, an intelligent and active young man, took it into his head to interfere a little in the management of the paternal estate or principality; and having cast up the matter in his own mind, the Rajah resolved, as he said himself, that the only way of stopping the annoyance was to get rid of his son. Having arrived at that conclusion, he immediately carried it into effect. But, he is understood to have shown great taste in the manner of executing his plans; for he procured a poison which does not cause the least pain, but kills very effectually by inducing a deep sleep, from which the victim never wakes. This happened long ago, before our time; and certainly whatever retribution there may be in store for his Highness, the pangs of conscience have not much

affected him in this world; for he is now in perfect health and spirits, and vigour, and his laugh and smile are deliciously mild and gentle. He brought his grandson with him — a dangerously intelligent young man for such a grandpapa; but he seemed to regard the young man with great pride as he paraded him before us in a robe of saffron satin, a fine turban, and trousers of figured silk. The old man was plainly dressed; but he had tigers' teeth set in gold, pendant from his cap, as charms against the evil eye. He wore smaller charms about his neck, a fine necklace, and solid gold bracelets in the form of serpents. All his neighbours, he said, were against him; but Hay declares it to be a fact that the old man does not allow a moment's peace to any thakoor, chief, rajah, or zemindar within fifty miles of him, and that his whole life is one of continual turmoil, agitation, and intrigue. Our friend, the Thakoor, also visited us, and he excused the non-appearance of his little son on the ground that he was asleep under his waterfall.

I had almost omitted to mention the curious habit of the hill-people to which this phrase of the Thakoor's relates. Whenever a woman wishes to put her child to sleep, she takes it to one of the numerous places made for this purpose, all over the mountain-sides, wherever there is water. They consist of a shed or sheds in which there are stone-troughs filled from the running stream; and from those troughs are little pipes of reeds, or hollow stems of trees, which spout out water with a gentle trickling fall, under which the child's head is placed at the distance of a few inches. The effect is almost immediate. The

child closes its eyes and its mouth, and falls into a profound, sweet, and healthful sleep, which endures so long as it is left under the waterspouts. I have seen dozens of children thus lying fast asleep; and, as far as I could ascertain, no evil effect whatever can be attributed to the practice. It certainly seems an admirable preparation against colds in the head; and if a devoted mother would only make the experiment in this country, and it were found successful, she would be regarded as a blessing to her species in introducing such a delightful custom, pleasant to children and invaluable to parents, though no doubt she might at first be regarded as an unnatural parent, and be exposed to strong remarks from merciful magistrates.

Having taken our leave of our friends, we started for Mahassoo, about fifteen miles off; and I don't think I am wrong in saying that the ascent is continuous for at least ten miles of that distance. Our tents were struck, and sent on to Simla, not to be used again till another season comes. What strange denizens those little canvas cities must hold in the space of a few years! Simla is an epitome of British India, and the latter is, in some phases, an epitome of Anglo-Saxonism. If the French were to possess the Hill-States to-morrow, they would build cafés and theatres, create jardins des fleurs, sow billiard-rooms all over Simla; but as for making excursions for pleasure into the Hills, I think they would as soon think of leaping down the cuds. Scientific travellers would no doubt explore the recesses of the mountains, but the young men and young ladies would stay *en ville*. And yet those excursions are most delightful and refreshing. It is only one who has been baked and stewed in the heated

rains and boiling fogs of August who can appreciate the delicious coolness of the air in the hills after the downfall has ceased—who can feel the fullness of the pleasure given to the eye by the glorious vegetation, the surpassing beauty of the forests, and of the wild flowers—the enjoyment of the senses produced by the sense of freedom and by the high spirits which animate his companions, and are reflected from himself—the influence of constant change of scene, amid the grandest forms of mountain and rock and dreadful precipice.

The absence of the signs of animal life in those forests is very remarkable. For hours one may travel in the profoundest silence, broken only by the chirping in the pines of a large insect, as big as a beetle, and at intervals by the chatting of parrots, or the scream of a jay. The hawks, vultures, buzzards, are no longer visible. Small birds are rarely seen at this season, except the common dove.

The prevalence of gôitre and the squalid air of the people, render them the most disagreeable objects that can be encountered. It is true that many of the men and women have handsome features and good complexions, of a creole hue, but their clothes are generally dirty, and their hair unkempt and unclean. Polyandry is by no means unusual, and one woman whom we admired had three husbands, all of the same family. The parentage of the children is left to the determination of the mother. Gôitres are as common as in the Val d'Aosta, but I saw no cretins—the people are ashamed of their gôitres, and do not take pride in them, as the miserable inhabitants of the Alpine valleys are said to do.

In making those excursions it is necessary to take

tents, for the bungalows on the road may be occupied, or may be unfit for residence, and it may be desirable to diverge from the road, or to alter the stages of the journey. The bungalows are to be found as far as Chini. Of course there is no accommodation whatever in any direction a mile from the road. All stores must be brought out with the party. As nearly as I could calculate, the expenditure, including provisions, hire of coolies, gratuities to gun-bearers, sportsmen, accelerators up and retarders down hills, transport, &c., was about 25*s.* a day, but we had an enormous following, and fared very well.

On going into the eating-room, or the big tent, at breakfast time, we generally had a dish of mutton chops, potatoes, curried fowl, or other curry, toast, eggs, butter, jam, and marmalade, fresh milk in abundance, tea, soda-water, for breakfast. At the end of the day's march we had for dinner excellent soup, a joint of mutton, curries, sweets, game of our own shooting, pale ale, port, claret, and sherry. Such is "roughing it" in the Himalayas! A harmless rubber, a cheroot, sometimes a glass of grog, and early bedtime, closed the day.

During the excursion we were overtaken by one small party of Queen's officers, who were walking out to Chini. We met another set of Company's officers, who were not going so far; and a third of ladies and gentlemen dispossessed us of part of a bungalow, on their way to the valley of the Vouse. These were the only Europeans we encountered till we were near Simla, when we passed the civil surgeon of the station, hiswife, and a small party migrating to Mussoourie, through the hills. The surgeon, Mr. Peskutt, is the

Government officer for vaccination, and he was out on his tour of duty, but he finds it very difficult to procure the attendance of the people.

About 3 o'clock we arrived at Lord William's bungalow, after an absence of upwards of a month in the hills, fraught with the greatest pleasure to my companions, and of the most material service to me, so that I, who had left Simla a helpless cripple, was now able to walk five or six miles with trifling inconvenience. A large packet of letters awaited me, as the mail was just in. I must remark that during all our rambles the dâk runners took out the letters from the Post Office to Lord William Hay, and our letters and papers came with his, so that we had our mail in every day regularly, just as if we were in Simla. I opened my bundle, and there I found intelligence that Lord Clyde would march into Oude by the middle of October from Allahabad; and as the journey was distant, it became necessary for me to leave Simla at once for the plains. The cool weather had now set in, and though somewhat lame, and not quite so strong in head or in body as I had been, I looked forward to the prospect of the new campaign with considerable satisfaction. Having read my letters, I flung myself down on a sofa, with a volume of Farquhar, and dozed over "The Recruit" till the arrival of the rest of the party, whom I had out-ridden. We dined in the châlet, and talked over our adventures in the hills till bed-time.

October 4th.—After an early cup of tea, we left Mahassoo and rode into Simla, this morning, to prepare for our descent to the plains, on our way to Meerut. Ruttun Sing, gloriously apparelled, came out to meet us with his followers, mounted on his favourite white

charger, decorated with the gold saddle-cloth, and other fine trappings. His nose was beautifully painted —I mean Ruttun Sing's—and he had on all his finery. He told us much of the small gossip of Simla, and the news of things which had happened since we left. On arriving at "The Priory," I found that Captain Alison had already started to join Lord Clyde at Allahabad. The mate of the jampanees, in immense alarm, came out at the door to say that A.'s servant had broken open my portmanteau ere he left, and had taken out some of Simon's clothing, and fourteen rupees, which he had received my permission to place there. I discovered that practically there was no chance of overtaking and arresting a delinquent under such circumstances. Robberies are common at Simla when the season draws to a close and servants are leaving.

The day was spent in preparations for departure from Simla, paying bills, and making arrangements for the disposal of our *lares*. The writing of chitties for the servants was alone the occupation of some hours; and the face of the old Mussulman Khansamah, whose little bill for 512 rupees had been reduced to 300, was a thing to look at for half a day. We had referred the bill to a lady of experience, and were assured by her that one half of the original amount would amply repay the old gentleman in question; but I resolved to give him 300 rupees as he had been promised that sum, which however he had at first refused to take.

Simla was much altered, as far as the residents were concerned. Many officers had gone down to the plains. Some families had left, and others were pre-

paring to follow their example, and in a month more the station will only contain a few European families who may be described as Simla Europeans.

October 5th.—This morning I discovered that a diamond breast-pin was missing from my table, and I sent word down to Lord William to that effect. Immediately up came chuprassees and police, and a rigid search was ordered of all the domestics, in which the mate of the jampanees was most active, but all to no avail.

The old "Priory" felt very lonesome now that the servants were dismissed, with the exception of those whom I was going to take down to the plains, and Simon was a mere shadow of his former self, wasting and sorrowing away after his fourteen rupees and the magnificent suit of apparel, on the glories of which he expatiated for hours, and which, according to him, must have been priceless.

I paid visits to bid good-bye to the very few friends and acquaintances whom I had met at Simla; and the eve of my departure was celebrated by a banquet at "The Priory," which was chiefly remarkable for the exhaustion of the little cellar, and the great conviviality which was elicited by very scanty fare and a limited supply of liquids. Indeed, not only "The Priory," but all Simla was without any stock of wine, beer, or spirits on hand. It was impossible to get brandy or pale ale; claret had ceased to exist, sherry was supposed to be half way up the hills, and the only wine to be had was some curious "sparkling Johannesberg," at about £1 per bottle, which tasted like ginger-beer, adulterated with Warren's Blacking—and some quaint old '20 port,

which I believe to have been made in the neighbouring bazaar.

October 6th.—From Simla to Kalka is some forty odd miles, and there was debate to-day whether Tombs and I should ride the distance in one day or in two. But considering the heat of the mid-day, and my weight, those who lent us the horses decided that we should divide the journey. I breakfasted at Hay's, where a bed of justice was held in respect of the missing pin. It turns out that the police, greatly struck by the activity and zeal of the jampanee, in his investigations yesterday, had solicited him to exhibit the contents of one of his boxes for their investigation, and in it there was found a quantity of our property; napkins, powder and shot, ink-bottles, and a number of useless articles, which, however, had this value about them—that they formed grounds to justify the police in carrying the man to prison. He was accordingly confined in the Kotwallee, and threatened with *peine forte et dure* if he did not confess where my pin and Simon's clothes and money were. His protestations of innocence were vehement; and impressed with the notion that he was not a thief, I did not regard much the things which were found in his boxes, as it was just possible that they might have been left carelessly by servants in their own rooms; and the powder and shot are temptations which no native hill-man can resist. But he was, nevertheless, kept in prison. Eventually the pin was found where it had been hidden by the mate, who was a long time in durance base ere he confessed his guilt.

At last the time came for us to depart, and I bade

good-bye to the friends whose kindness endeared the Hills and even the reminiscences of a long period of sickness to me.

Many were the warm farewells, the expressions of friendship, the anticipations of happy meetings to come, exchanged ere we parted—some never to see each other again, or to meet as coldly as strangers. Even in our little circle at "The Priory" changes were foreshadowed in the fate of some of our inmates:—

> "Felices ter et amplius
> Quos irrpta tenet copula, nec malis
> Divulsus queremoniis
> Suprema citus solvet amor die."

It is a common disease all over the world, but the homœopathic treatment is found efficacious in the Hills, "et similes similibus curantur."

The trumpet sounds at last to boot and saddle. There is a stirrup-cup or two to drain, and many a hand to grasp. Some of the servitors set up lamentations, and Jumen, by some cunning alchemy, worked a secretion from his lachrymal glands into his venerable eye.

Tombs and I cantered down the road ere the fashionable few left in Simla had turned out for their afternoon ride; and trotting along briskly, we scarcely drew the rein except to breathe our horses till we arrived, after dusk, at the bungalow of Solon, where we halted for the night, finding there Simon and the servants, who had been despatched from Simla at an early hour in the morning.

7th October, Thursday.—The candle was still burning in the little recess of our bedroom in the Solon

bungalow, when we were roused up from the sleep which crowds of chattering coolies and the howlings of jackals outside our windows had conspired to render uneasy and nightmare-laden, by the summons to prepare for our journey. The coolies were loaded, a cup of tea was disposed of, and we rode along in the lovely morning, cloudless, sunny, and fragrant, toward Dhurrumpore, which we reached at 9.20 in the forenoon. Here there is a very good bungalow, at which we were provided with eggs, roast fowl, potatoes, tea, chuppaties, to which our luxurious larder enabled us to add a case of *paté de foie*, which would not have stood the heat of the plains we were so rapidly approaching. These plains, covered with a hazy veil, we could see from time to time stretching away beneath us till they melted away into the horizon—flat, grey, arid-looking, and I for one gazed on them with feelings akin to those wherewith the emigrant surveys the ocean that is about to separate him from his country as he stands for the last time on some well-loved mountain peak. So far we had got on well; but when we pulled up at Dhurrumpore, it transpired that there were no coolies to be had, because the Rajah of Nobha, a feudatory of Puttiala, had swept the country-side of all available hands on his way to his country-seat. We had no "hookum" (or order), from the commissioner or deputy, but Hay's chuprassee worked very hard in and about the valleys and high-road; and at 2 o'clock A.M., we had collected enough of men to carry on our luggage, and at a quarter to 3 o'clock we once more mounted and were on our way to Kalka at the foot of the hills. The road, which is at first monotonous enough, though it

commands from Dhurrumpore a view of the Lawrence Asylum on one side, and of Dugshai on the other, becomes very interesting when it sweeps further on along the bold cliff-like shoulders of the mountains, which, as they approach nearer to the plains, present more abrupt profiles and rapid descents. Vegetation is abundant, fruit-trees hide the villages, and creepers form a thick matwork in the woods by the roadside. The little brown squirrel reappears, and herds of apes chatter among the shrubs. Sometimes the ravines are so sharp and profound that the eye is unpleasantly affected by looking down into those yawning chinks in the depths of which the only sign of life is the rush of the waters of some scanty torrent. The day became unpleasantly hot, and I cantered down as fast as I could urge the horse; but the bends in the road are so frequent and tortuous, that it was some time ere I lost sight of my more leisurely comrade, who now and then appeared to be almost opposite to me and riding in a different direction.

In two hours from leaving Dhurrumpore I reached the hostelry at Kalka, where Mrs. Baines was ready with soda-water, and a fine flock of chickens, to welcome the heated, thirsty, and hungry traveller. The effect of the increased temperature in the plains was evident in the profuse perspiration into which the canter had thrown us; and whilst dinner was being prepared, I flung myself on a charpoy, and was kneaded into sleep by one of the bearers. Again there was a difficulty about coolies; but soon after 9 o'clock at night, Mrs. Baines had assembled an adequate number of slaves of the lamp, and we started amid the shouts

of many bearers and the glare of many torches for Umballa. In the plains once more! *

Accustomed to the quiet of the hills, I did not find it easy to sleep in the palkee, with its ups and downs, its voyages across streams and broad rivers, its noisy bearers, the glare of torch-lights, and frequent internal convulsions from the change of porters.

Friday, 8th.—It was nearly 8 o'clock, A.M., when the bearers deposited my palkee in the porch of Parker's hotel at Umballa. Almost the first news I heard here was that the Rajah of Puttiala had sent over his carriages for me, with an escort of sowars; and that it only remained for me to indicate when it would be convenient to visit his Majesty or his Highness in his capital. It is the custom of the Rajah to place one of his carriages at the disposal of any strangers or English people whom he desires to honour on their way between Kalka and Umballa, but he had not sufficient notice to enable him to show me

* Although the cooly individually is cheap, in the aggregate his services are dear. I find, for example, that I paid for coolies on this short trip:—

	Rs.	an.	
Simla to Kalka { 14 at 4 annas, or 6*d.* / 6 at 10 ,, or 1*s.* 3*d.* }	7	4	or 14*s.* 6*d.*
Extra coolies at above rates - -	2	0	
,, ,, - -	3	6	
,, ,, - -	4	2	
,, ,, - -	3	0	
Expenses—Kalka to Umballa - -	10	12	
Extras - - - - - -	31	8	
,, - - - - - -	11	0	
	62	4	

Equal to 6*l.* 4*s.*

this civility, though I learned that, from some exaggerated notion of the importance of my poor self, he was very desirous of bestowing every mark of attention upon me. For my own part I was desirous of seeing the only native court of any pretensions which is now left in the north-west of India, and as in the course of conversation I had said as much to Mr. Barnes, the Commissioner of the Hill States, the opportunity of gratifying my desire was afforded to me, mainly, I believe, through his kindness in communicating them to the Rajah. Mr. Melville, the Deputy Commissioner of Umballa, who was to accompany me, called in the course of the day to arrange about my visit. In the evening Sir Robert Garrett sent his camel-carriage to take me to dinner; and I was glad to see the veteran General as well as when I first met him. He was, however, uneasy at the present position of his force at Umballa. The force under his command consisted of H.M.'s 27th, which was very weak owing to sickness, one *native* battery, one Sikh regiment. In a few days the whole of the 64th B.N.I. were to be disbanded and sent down country, and if the native gunners sympathized, or the Sikhs stood aloof, in case of an outbreak like that which occurred at Mooltan, the General would be placed in a very awkward predicament, and the safety of the station might be endangered. But if these extraordinary beings reasoned at all, they must be taught by the lesson at that very Mooltan, where their comrades, in a moment of what might have been madness, were it not that madness is not an epidemic or a contagious disease (though it may be, it is said, infectious), committed themselves to an attack on the troops which

they had permitted to watch them in quiet for many months, and were almost entirely destroyed. I went to bed early; but not to sleep, for the musquitoes know no change of seasons at Umballa, and finding a fresh subject from the hills they assembled from every room in Parker's and feasted on me remorselessly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to the Rajah of Puttiala.—City of Umballa.—Road to Puttiala.—Oriental magnificence.—Short ladder and tall elephant.—Difficult intercourse.—Polite inquiries—Oriental officials.—The Rajah's person.—His jewellery.—The Puttiala army—Military salutes.—A summer retreat.—A breakfast at Puttiala.—The city palace.—The Rajah's durbar.—Two little princes.—Trays of treasures—An Arabian horse.—Close of the durbar.—Parting salutations.—Policy of annexation.—Aid beyond price.—Our relations to native rulers.—Rudeness of the English officials.—The outbreak at Meerut.—The results of the Mutiny.

October 9th, Saturday. — Ere the dawn I was up, making preparations for my visit to the Rajah of Puttiala. They were brief. Simon fished out a black frock-coat from one of my portmanteaux, which, with black waistcoat, white trowsers, and a white cap, completed my court costume. Mr. Melville was equally plain in his attire; and an officer of the station who accompanied us was dressed in mufti, so that, altogether, we presented by no means an imposing appearance when, stepping out of the verandah, we offered ourselves to the gaze of the Rajah's horsemen, who were drawn up to escort us in his carriage, and who received us with many salaams and a military salute. They were tall, good-looking Sikhs, tolerably well-mounted and armed—some with carabines or pistols, all with tulwar and long lance; but there was no attempt at uniform on their part, and each man was dressed in his own white cotton, with turbans, shawls, and cummerbunds of colours varying as the wearer's fancy prescribed. The carriage was a large, open barouche, with four places, of English or

Calcutta manufacture, and it was drawn by four fine horses, rather low in the flesh, standing about 15.2 hands high, and harnessed in the English fashion, with some trivial Asiatic deviations in favour of unpolished leather and unrubbed brasses. An old native officer, with a venerable white beard and a badge of some sort on his breast, came up and made a long speech to me in an unknown tongue, after which we got into the carriage and were driven off at a rapid pace, followed by our escort. The driver was helped by a man beside him on the box, who whipped one pair of the horses, and several sprites sat behind us, who were supposed to be useful in case of difficulty with the quadrupeds on the road.

The old city of Umballa offers some interesting remains of Mussulman architecture; but, like all the native cities I have seen, it is in a state of ruinous decay. It has never yet been my fortune to look at a new native house, or even a middle-aged one. Have the natives ceased to build houses of late days? At one time or other they must have erected edifices; but that time is certainly not the present. This city reminded me very much of the "back slums" of Moscow, where, as you wander among squalid lanes, you come, now and then, on the remains of the fine houses and buildings destroyed in the Great Fire. Early as it was when the carriage drove past, there was a large crowd in the bazaars; and I was gratified to perceive that Mr. Melville, unlike some of our civilians, did not think it beneath him, or too much trouble, to return the salutations of the people who salaamed to him universally. On emerging from the city, we found the road became very bad—a

deep, broad track of dust, bordered by scanty trees, which afforded little shelter. The country is tolerably fertile; and we, unfortunately, had ample opportunity to ascertain the fact, for the road, in several places, was quite impracticable, owing to deep, marshy inundations, and we were obliged to drive across the fields to the great danger of the springs, and to the dislocation of conversation.

Puttiala is about eighteen miles from Umballa, and the communication between the capital of the Rajah and the British station is by no means of a character to facilitate intercourse, or to prove that any frequent or heavy traffic exists from one to the other. Indeed, we were driven for miles across meadows or fallow fields. At various stages, where there were large villages, the horses were changed and fresh detachments of cavalry joined us, so that our escort assumed formidable proportions ere we approached the capital.

I looked with all my eyes, but they failed to detect any difference between the villagers and the natives in the Rajah's territories and those in the dominions of the Company, except that the former were a little better clad than the latter. The scenery consisted of flat fields, covered with Indian crops, with trees, well-poles, and villages, scattered over the expanse; but no monotonous, silent telegraph-wire supported the weary shrikes and jays; no buggy raised the dust as we got near the stations of the local authorities, who, fat and well-clad, salaamed to us as we passed, and blessed their stars, if they have any, that my excellent friend by my side was not their "sahib collector." And so we jogged along. The sun became very hot; the day was drawing on apace. It was past 9 o'clock, when

our escort, who had been for some time peering keenly through the dust towards the front, pointed out another dust-cloud before us a long way off. Mr. Melville said, "There is the Rajah! He has come a long way out to meet us." I know enough of Oriental etiquette to be aware, that the distance to which the potentate moves from his seat or his palace to meet the stranger-visitor, was the exact measure of the honour and respect which he intended to exhibit to him; and it never occurred to me but that the advance of the Rajah, who was more than a mile from the gates of his capital, was meant for Mr. Melville, the Deputy Commissioner.

Looking along the road, I could make out a pleasant sheen of arms under a tope of trees; a certain play of bright colours, and a tossing of banners, and faint shadowings of elephants, as if Turner had been at work on a late canvas in some giant effort at "The March of an Eastern King." By degrees these forms became plainer. The bright colours were resolved into turbans, shawls, scarfs, and robes, whose wearers were mounted on richly-caparisoned horses; the banners were great streamers of gold encrusted satin, rising above a turmoiling crowd, which was marshalling itself into order as we came up; and the elephantine outlines hardened into huge, substantial monsters, covered with silver howdahs, and dressed in the most brilliant crimson velvet, and in cloths of many hues, richly adorned with lace. The howdah of one was empty, that of the other was occupied by a large, fair, fat man of some thirty-five years of age, who flashed like a prism in the sun as he advanced to meet us. Somehow or other, the West

and the East do not get on well together. A carriage-and-four is a nice thing—an elephant is a grand thing. Both in their ways are appropriate and pleasant vehicles; but they do not agree. Horses will not stand elephants; and even if they did, the eminence of a man in a howdah is so great that he can scarce exchange salutations with the occupant of a barouche. And thus it was, that when his Highness came nigh, we in the carriage were obliged to descend into the *pulvis Olympicus* and to contend with many officials, till we gained the side of our elephant, which was kneeling to receive us. The ladder to the howdah was short, the elephant was high, the sun was hot, and as I toiled up—may I confess the fact that—I wished the Rajah had not been kind enough to receive me, and that I was clambering up to get a drink of fresh water instead of a glimpse of the elevated countenance which was awaiting me at the other side? When I had, with much labour, gained the howdah height, closely followed by Mr. Melville, a new trouble awaited me. The mahout of the Rajah had brought up his elephant alongside ours, and I was requested to step across to the Rajah's howdah and take the place of honour on his right-hand side, on his own royal pachyderm. In vain I solicited Mr. Melville by words and by looks: "Pray don't ask me; do you go." "No: the Rajah requests you will, and as this visit is from you, there is no option but to obey. Will you be good enough to step across?"

Across what?—a chasm of uncertain and varying breadth, full fifteen feet deep! There is no beast so mobile as an elephant. Flies vex him, mahouts persecute him; *e pur si muove*—he is never at rest.

There sat his Highness the Rajah, and here stood his lowness the correspondent, *claudo pede*, afraid, by reason of his lameness, to make a leap; and the bulging sides of the two elephants kept their howdahs as far apart as the main-chains of two line-of-battle ships would separate their hammock-nettings. I could not make an explanatory speech to the Rajah, who sat smiling with extended hand, the finger tips some good six feet away; and thus I stood, supremely foolish, and very uncertain what to do, till a sudden lurch, a *vis a tergo*, a desperate resolution, all combined, and with a ponderous flop, full thirteen stone and ten pounds (it was in the time of Plancus, and after much exudation of ichor in the hills), I dropped on the Rajah's feet, and took my seat at his side. Dear good man! Kings have long and unfeeling arms; but I presume their toes are as sensitive as those of most mortal men. The Rajah of Puttiala never winced, and yet I am nearly certain I alighted, or preponderated, upon his feet, and I am perfectly certain his feet were quite naked, with the exception of some rings of precious metal set round his Highness's most-favoured pedal digits. I sat at his right-hand side. The elephant of Mr. Melville and of his companion (an officer on the Staff at Umballa, whose name I unfortunately forget) was on his Highness's left hand; and, as Mr. Melville was my interpreter, the intercourse between the Rajah and myself was rather embarrassed and difficult.

"The Rajah says he is very glad to see you." (In reality he said, "Would your kindness cause it to be conveyed to the great lord that my eyes are brighter for beholding him, and that his servant's health has

been considerably improved since he had the pleasure of seeing him safe in Puttiala.")

"Pray tell the Rajah I am very much obliged to him." (Translated by the Deputy Commissioner into fine Court Hindoostanee.)

"The Rajah wishes to know how you are?—how you like Puttiala?—and if you are fatigued by the journey?"

"Very well, thank you—very much, indeed—not in the least."

(*Aside from deputy commissioner*). "Well, go on whenever you like. This sort of thing will last a long time, unless you put an end to it. Shall I tell the Rajah we are ready to move on?"

"Oh, certainly! It 's dreadfully hot: and I wish to get into the shade as soon as possible."

By some ingenious usage of the Court tongue it was intimated to the Rajah that if we had a wish on earth it was to see him enter Puttiala; but he would not deign to yield till he had made particular inquiries as to the general health of the Queen of England, of myself, of my relations and friends, and acquired some geographical notes as to my route, the length of time I had been in India, and such matters of etiquette. All this time we were the observed of many observers, and I could barely turn my eye to repay the compliment, and see what manner of men they were who were staring at us. The elephants, which were impatient of the long colloquy, and rolled to and fro in an alarming way, were at last turned round, and we went on our way towards Puttiala, the temple tops of which were visible in the distance. The crowd aforesaid consisted, for the most part, of the

officials and followers of the Court, some on foot, and some on horse. There were men with wands of silver, and batons of silver-gilt, with banners and silver spears, with gold sticks in waiting, with musical instruments of silver in the shape of serpents, with kettle-drums and trumpets of the same precious metal, with swords and lances flashing in the sun. There were men dressed in harlequin suits of red and yellow, with masks and vizards, with skins of bears and wild beasts, who danced and leaped to the sound of the wild music of the band, like the mummers and mystery-men of our old plays. There were grey-bearded, black-bearded, white-bearded, stern, long-nosed grave Sikh chiefs on fine horses, dressed in the noble and rich simplicity of forms and colours which seem to be a heritage of their race. There were braceleted, ear-ringed, necklaced courtiers on prancing chargers; there were wild, fierce-looking sowars on lean, restive, fiery horses; there were quaint fantassins with matchlock, musket, tulwar, and bow; and in our front there was a section of some eighteen or twenty camels, caparisoned in the Rajah's colours of red and white, with zomboruks, or swivel guns, mounted on their backs, and an artilleryman or two to each. As we moved on the trumpets fanfared, the drums rattled, the morrice-dancers leaped and tumbled, the horses neighed, and just in front of the elephants, the men with gold and silver badges and sticks, and the heralds with blazons, in loud voices shouted out the names and honours and titles of the Rajah in chorus, and invoked blessings on him whom the king delighted to honour.

The Rajah is, as I have said, a man approaching middle age, and far above the average height. He is,

I should think, six feet and an inch, or more, and of great bulk, inclining, as many Asiatics do, to obesity. His face, a large oval, is decidedly handsome; a fine aquiline nose; a well-cut, but rather heavy-lipped, mouth; a full chin: hair slightly grizzled; large lustrous, almond-shaped black eyes, with a sort of sensuous slumbering fire in their inner depths; these altogether make up a good-looking man. His colour is not darker than that of many an Andalusian. His feet and hands are uncommonly small and delicate; but, confined by a tight band high up on the waist, his figure projects so much, owing to his *embonpoint*, that it is more like that of a woman than of a man, according to our notions. The expression of his eye and face is by no means feminine; it indicates courage, craft, forethought, mingled with a certain want of resolution and tendency towards what is called good-nature. The jaw and mouth are powerful enough, and the forehead is sagacious and deep; his voice, like Annie Laurie's, is "low and sweet," and very distinct; and, though he be a "nigger," he seemed to me a right gracious and noble sort of monarch. And I say this despite his naked toes, which did, indeed, much perturb his Majesty, by reason of the flies, which, settling thereon, did tickle the royal feet. As to his dress, it is more than I can venture to describe; for it was so resplendent with jewels that one could scarce look upon it. On the right arm, was a famous bracelet, or armlet, of large emeralds, pearls, and diamonds, twining round and round from elbow to wrist in a veritable Simplon, or cataract of treasure. This is said to be worth three lacs of rupees; but it was mere theatrical tinsel in comparison with the or-

naments round his neck and on his breast, which consisted of emeralds as large as pigeons' eggs, which were drilled through and carved all over so as to destroy their value in our eyes, and of brilliants of immense size, forming a sort of breastplate. The hilt of his sword was an aggregate of diamonds and rubies; in front of his turban there was a plaque of diamonds and emeralds; on his fingers were enormous silver rings, set with brilliants, rubies, and emeralds; his waist-belt was set with the same precious stones—and in his hand he carried a pair of —— grey Berlin wool gloves! One attendant on the back of the howdah flapped away the flies with a yok's tail richly mounted; two others held a large umbrella of silk, with gold-lace fringe, over our heads, but it did not prevent the sun smiting me fiercely on the back of the neck. As it was now past 9 o'clock, and my breakfast had consisted of only a cup of tea, there were reasons why I should feel eager for the termination of the pageant. But the pace of the procession was very slow, and the noise, din, dust, and heat nearly made me sick. All the time I had to keep up a conversation with the Rajah, who evinced great judgment and tact in the selection of his subjects and questions. And thus we went on for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when the entrance to the city of Puttiala was gained.

All this time I felt very uneasy—very much, I presume, as an impostor who is afraid of detection must feel on his first essay—although the Commissioner was good enough to assure me "it was all right." But now began a new trial. At the gates of the city were drawn up the cavalry and infantry

of the Puttiala army in double lines, with a battery of six guns on the left flank, unlimbered for a salute. An immense concourse of people was also assembled under the city walls, and the flat house-tops were covered with men, women, and children. I felt supremely ridiculous, and had I been possessed of the use of both my legs I should probably have thought of leaping down off the elephant and running away. I had no official or un-official position which could justify me in receiving such marks of honour, and the Commissioner steadfastly repudiated them; and there was I, helpless, on the back of the Rajah's elephant. The drums of the infantry beat, the cavalry kettle-drums rattled, the officers saluted, the soldiers presented arms, the horsemen flourished their swords, saluted, and shouted out "Long live the Rajah."

I had a good opportunity of looking down on the troops, and calculated that there were about 400 horse and 1,200 foot on the ground. One battalion on the right was dressed very well in the European style in what was probably a set of uniform of one of the Company's European regiments, shakos, blue coatees, white cross-belts and trousers, with percussion muskets. The officers, with gorgeous epaulettes, stood out in line in front, holding their swords across their breasts with the tip of the blade in the left hand, after the approved fashion, and saluted, as we passed, in our own way. Another battalion was in scarlet, a third was parti-coloured, and was armed only with flint and matchlocks. The men were fine, stout, soldierly fellows. But I especially admired the air and bearing of some of the old cavalry rissaldars and squadron leaders, who were magnificently dressed, well-

mounted on Arabs, and distinguished by their bearing, long flowing beards and moustaches, and fine Israelitish features, cast in a large and generous mould. As the procession passed, the troops wheeled round in sections, formed into column, and fell into the rear of the cavalcade. All at once the guns opened. To my no small discontentment, at the first gun his Highness gently inclined his head towards me, and I was obliged to bow in return. At each subsequent discharge the Rajah repeated his salute, and received a similar acknowledgment on my part very unwillingly, and so some thirteen or fourteen rounds were fired in honour of a very embarrassed literary gentleman. The artillery consisted, I believe, of a nine-pounder brass battery, presented to the Rajah by the Indian Government in acknowledgment of his services during the mutiny. Before the last echo of the guns had died away, the zomboruks commenced to fire in salvoes, with a rapidity which surprised me. The steadiness of the camels under the discharge was very commendable; for it must be no joke, even to a camel, to have a three-pound pattereroe fired from his back. These salvoes continued whilst we were passing under the archway of the gate, and over a large plain on which the city wall stands. Then the cavalcade entered the city, which is as like other Asiatic cities as one pea is to another. The inhabitants had all turned out, and sat in the balconies, and on the house-tops, and congregated at the corners of the streets. They salaamed, and some of them cried "God bless him;" but I am bound to say there were a good many morose-looking and unsympathetic people, who did not seem to care much for any of us, and who chewed their betel and

pawn in a disaffected red-republican sort of way, very distressing to contemplate. I could not form any estimate of the size of the city; but, judging from the length of our route, Puttiala must be as large as Dublin. It contains many open waste places, where rubbish is shot without let or hindrance; then comes nests of narrow tortuous streets, just wide enough for elephants to pass. Ladies in bright dresses greeted us from the balconies, and the families of the citizens who were seated on the house-tops at nearly our own level rose as the Rajah came past, and saluted him. It seemed to me as if the turning and twining through those streets would never end, but at last we came out upon an avenue of trees, at the end of which appeared the tops of a fine Palace, rising above battlemented walls. This is one of the summer retreats of the Rajah, which he reserves for English visitors, and to which he was now conducting us. The infantry and the bulk of the cavalry halted, the mummers filed off to the city palace, outside which we passed on our way, and the court officials also retired, so that we arrived at the gate porch of the summer-palace with comparatively few attendants. On entering it a pleasant garden lay before us, in the midst of which was a pretty kiosk, with turrets and long wings, in a sort of Hindoo-Italian style, such as is common about Lucknow. Here a guard of honour was drawn up. The elephants proceeded to the flight of steps and knelt down, the attendants ranged themselves in two rows by the steps; the Rajah descended, I followed. His Highness took me by the left hand, and, with Mr. Melville on his left, walked up the steps into the carpeted hall, or ante-room, and, having led me to the

middle of it, expressed his hope that I would make myself quite at home, saluted us, and mounted his elephant, and retired to his palace, where it was arranged he would receive us in durbar at 2 o'clock.

Many servants in the Rajah's livery now bustled around us, and led the way to the rooms prepared for us, from which there was a very rich, wide prospect of the Rajah's gardens and of the surrounding country, which is very finely wooded, and dotted with pagodas and country-seats embowered in trees. The breakfast table was ready laid with snow-white cloth and napkins, silver plate, and an odd assortment of delf and china-ware of many different patterns. When we had got rid of some of the dust, breakfast was announced, and innumerable luxuries were offered to us as its adjuncts—Champagne, Worcester sauce, pale ale, claret, hock, bottled porter, pickled salmon, *paté de foie gras*, and sausages. The breakfast consisted of cakes, biscuits, tea, coffee, wine, fried and boiled fish, curries of many kinds, roast fowl; the dishes were well-made, by a cook whom the Rajah retains on purpose, and we were hungry and thirsty, so that ample justice was done to the ample repast. The rooms were provided with charpoys and sofas, chairs and mirrors; and as the day was exceedingly warm, we were glad to look forward to a short repose ere we got ready for the durbar. The servants retired; a little conversation and a cheroot followed, and then came a gentle sleep—not so much as the buzz of a fly disturbed us. But it soon drew near to 2 o'clock; the elephants were announced, the Rajah's vakeel made his appearance, and we set out to pay our visit to his Highness. The streets through which we

passed were now nearly deserted. The inhabitants were enjoying their siesta, and we could observe that that there was a fair proportion of squalid houses and miserable lanes in the good city of Puttiala. Sweetmeats, sugar, rice, ghee, grain, seemed the staple trades; but there were a good many shops where tin and brass vessels, cotton cloths, and Manchester calico were exposed for sale.

The city palace has not a very imposing exterior, though the gateway is lofty and richly-coloured and ornamented, and is flanked by two turrets full of jalousied windows. The walls are surrounded by the houses of the city people. Inside, there is a tolerably large, well-paved court, with a continuous line of buildings around it, in which are lodged the officers and servitors of the royal household. From this court we passed to a smaller quadrangle, on the left of which is a large hall, supported on pillars and open to the front, which is approached by a few steps. There is a fountain in the middle of the court. Here a guard of honour of the Rajah's horse was drawn up at one side of the entrance, who received us with a flourish and a present-arms. A crowd of the palace officials in gala-dress stood on the other side. As we dismounted from our elephants the Rajah came forward and received us at the steps. Then, taking me by the hand, as before, he led me into the carpeted hall or divan, towards a row of chairs of state which were placed to face the open porch, and, desiring me to be seated in one of them, took that which was next, so as to place me on his right hand. Mr. Melville sat on his left, and the officer next to him. Further on the left were several venerable-

looking old men, probably the heads of Puttiala church and law. As soon as we were seated the Rajah asked many questions of a general nature, and gradually the divan became filled with one of the most picturesque and graceful assemblages I ever saw. I had often heard it said that the Sikh sirdars possessed exquisite taste in dress, and that the court of old Runjeet Sing was the most brilliant and gorgeous in the world, not only on account of the actual magnificence of the jewels and attire of the courtiers, but on account of the charming effect of colour and costume in which his people excelled. Having seen two very splendid European courts, and witnessed many state pageants, I may be permitted to credit that statement when I consider how much finer must have been the durbar of the Chief of the Khalsa than that of the Rajah of Puttiala, which was nevertheless rich enough and splendid enough to astonish me. The Rajah himself was sheathed in an armour of gems, one could call it nothing else—turban, neck, breast, arms—all were dazzling with emerald, ruby, pearl, diamond. His courtiers and great officers sustained by their dress the glory of their chief. I never beheld such perfect harmony and combination, and play of delightful colours—pale, subdued tints of rose, lavender, pink, salmon-colour, sky-blue, and delicate greens predominated, massed and contrasted with gold embossed Cashmere shawls, and encrustations of precious stones. One wretched man alone offended the eye, and he wore an old-fashioned English infantry coatee, with huge epaulettes and aiguilettes of a distant period; his waist under his shoulders, and tight white pantaloons, with a gold stripe down the sides,

tightly strapped down under his socks. As a matter of course, all the courtiers left their shoes or slippers at the door of the porch, and walked over the rich carpet in stockings or with naked feet. The divan in which we sat was brightly coloured in arabesque—the ceiling being particularly rich, and a line of glass chandeliers, packed as close as they could hang, reflected the colours from their long prisms in infinite variety.

After a few minutes' conversation with the Rajah the great throng of courtiers on the right opened, and two little princes, boys of nine or ten years of age, walked towards the Rajah and saluted him. They were covered with chains of diamonds and emeralds, and had magnificently-mounted miniature tulwars by their sides. The Rajah introduced one of them to us as his son and heir, the other was the intended husband of his Highness's daughter. The prince is a very fine intelligent boy, exceedingly graceful in his manner—the intended of his sister is a delicate slender boy without much expression in his face, though his eye is quick and soft. The young Rajah took his seat in the chair on my right hand, his little friend sat next to him. The master of the ceremonies, I suppose, a very fine-looking, stately old gentleman, then advanced from the right and presented to me another equally stately person with a long-sounding name, as far as I could make out, the commander-in-chief of the Rajah's army. He held in his hands, on a napkin, a quantity of gold and silver coins, as a nuzzur, or offering, which, according to etiquette, I touched with my hand, bowing at the same time. Then he salaamed, and passed on before the

Rajah—made his salaams and offered his nuzzur to Mr. Melville, and drew up on the left of the hall of audience. Viziers, vakeels, sirdars, zemindars, generals, captains, potentates, and powers followed in succession, each with his nuzzur and his salaam, whilst the master of the ceremonies recited their titles in a loud, even-toned voice. Then came gold and silver sticks and the officers of the household till the whole of the brilliant assemblage which had been on the right-hand side had passed over to the left, and only a few of their attendants were left on the right, standing near the pillars of the outer porch.

I was aware during the ceremony, that behind a latticed window, high up on the same end of the hall, there were eyes peering through, and a gentle, susurrous whispering; but that was all we were destined to see or hear of the court-ladies. Not, indeed, but that we were to be permitted to look upon some of the *attachées* of the Rajah's state; for just as the presentations were over, a party of nautch girls made their appearance on the steps of the outer porch in front of the divan, and began to dance for us to the music of the performers who accompanied them. But the ceremonial which followed distracted my attention. On the right once more appeared a great band of domestics bearing trays covered with the most gorgeous bracelets, necklaces, bangles, amulets, beads, shawls of Cashmere, embroidered work, who, on a given signal, advanced in succession and laid their treasures at my feet, whilst the Rajah requested I would oblige him by taking whatever I liked. The first servant brought up a tray, on which lay a sort of coronet and necklace of emeralds and diamonds,

which I was subsequently told were worth £30,000. I asked Mr. Melville previously, what I was to do, and he said that as I was not in the service of the Crown or the Company, in either a civil or military capacity, I might do what I pleased. And here was £30,000 at my feet! I felt myself obliged to refuse the crown, though I knew it never would come to me again. I bowed, and it was borne away. Some time before this, a gallant officer who visited the Rajah, was offered the same magnificent present, and he felt very much inclined to take it; but he was told he must make a return present of equal value, and on learning that the jewels were worth three lacs of rupees, he denied himself the gratification. It would be hopeless and tedious to attempt to describe the contents of the trays which were laid before me, gradually diminishing in value till some quiet trays of turban-pieces and silk and kinkob closed the list of offerings, from one of which I selected the plainest-looking square of kinkob, which was at once taken from the tray and handed to a servant to give to an attendant. Mr. Melville and his friend took two plain turban-pieces to fasten in puggree-fashion round their hats. I must not omit to mention that, among other things, a very fine Arab was brought to the steps, and that the Rajáh requested I would accept him just as he stood, in order that I might be reminded of Puttiala when I was riding among the Poorbeahs. The horse was snow-white; of the finest breed, over fifteen hands high; his tail, mane, and fetlocks were dyed red; the saddle-cloth was of gold-brocade set with pearls and other stones. The trappings were equally rich; the stirrups were

gold, or silver-gilt; the saddle seemed to be almost a block of the same material. It went to my heart to refuse that horse. But if I was not in the service of Queen or Company, I felt I was in a position which forbade me to accept such gifts.

All this time the nautch girls, relieved by new dancers, were singing and dancing unheeded; but I could see that two, at least, were very pretty and graceful, in spite of betel-stained teeth and nose-rings; and they certainly did their best to attract our notice, but I must confess that for me the charms of the nautch are *fades*, if not inappreciable. Now came a difficult little negotiation with the Rajah. It appeared that he expected us to remain at Puttiala for several days, and that he had prepared fireworks and illuminations—for which his artificers are famous—to be exhibited at our palace, and on the piece of ornamental water, which on such occasions is the scene of most elaborate pyrotechnics. I was, however, bound to lose no time on my way to Allahabad, and more particularly not to lose the dâk, for which I had already paid Mr. Parker, for it was hard to say when I could get another, inasmuch as the post relays had been secured for several days to come by officers and others going down country. Accordingly, Mr. Melville had to request that the Rajah would permit us to leave Puttiala that evening; and the request was by no means palatable, but it was made so well that it could not be a ground of offence; and, after many expressions of regret at the necessity imposed upon us to go away without seeing the *feux d'artifice* which were especially prepared in our honour, or availing ourselves of a larger share of his hospitality,

the Rajah resigned himself to our departure. The durbar was about to close. Pages bearing salvers of gilt pawn and betel, and boxes of perfume, now made their appearance. Etiquette forced me to take a leaf of the former dreadful preparation, with some aromatic spice, and a sort of confection of roses, which I found it very difficult to dispose of. Then the Rajah stood up, took a bottle of a strong Indian scent, poured a little on his hands, and rubbed it and sprinkled it on my coat; did the same to the other visitors; took me by the hand and led me to the steps, where he bade us adieu. Our carriage, with an escort of horse, was waiting for us. We bowed, made our salutations, and retired, just as the sun was beginning to sink in the west; and in a few minutes more we were driving rapidly on the way to Umballa, which we reached about half-past 8 in the evening.

It is universally admitted, as far as I know, that whatever might have been the exertions of Mr. Montgomery and Sir John Lawrence from the Punjaub, we must have lost Delhi if the Rajah of Puttiala had not, in conjunction with the chiefs of the neighbouring States, kept open our communications with the Punjaub, and rendered the despatch of supplies practicable. By the gradual accumulation of nearly the whole of the British forces in the Punjaub to the denudation of the north-west, so that there was only one weak British regiment in Oude and Cawnpore, a small force at Meerut (stationed there to watch Delhi, which we were forbidden to garrison by treaty provisions), the authorities in the Punjaub were able to hold their own, and to organize that remarkable

system of supplies which enabled us to remain before Delhi till we got force sufficient to strike the rebels a death-blow. But that system must have utterly failed if the Sikh States south of the Sutlej had revolted, for we never could have maintained our communications with the Punjaub; and the political effects of such a rising would have probably paralyzed the efforts of Sir John Lawrence and his able colleagues to raise the Sikh levies which gave us such invaluable aid. Seeing these things, one is tempted to regard with suspicion and dislike the policy of the annexationists.

Had the State of Puttiala been annexed, as no doubt it could have been on many pretexts—which are never wanting when the *animus furandi* animates the dominant State—we should have seen there, as in all other parts of India, the natives rising to restore their mediatized or deposed prince to his full rights and powers, and to the throne of his ancestors. They would not inquire what was the origin of his kingdom, or investigate very rigidly the exact claims that we could establish to his gratitude; and the Rajah would have been more than ex-prince, or a man, if he had not put himself at the head of the movement. Our Empire would have surely gone, had the Rajah thrown off his allegiance in the hour of our trial, when there was scarce a fibre of the roots we had struck into the Indian soil, which had not been rudely torn asunder, and when the great growth which had sprung up so rapidly, and had spread its mighty shadow so swiftly over all the thrones of the East, was lying prostrate in the dust. But the Rajah of Puttiala never hesitated; his trumpets gave no

uncertain sound. Whether it was from love, or from political sagacity, that he acted with such spirit and resolution, and gave us aid beyond price, it were ungracious and unprofitable to inquire. He at once equipped and raised a large force, in addition to his regular army, and placed it at our disposal, to clear the road, to escort baggage, stores, and munitions of war. He gave us all the transport animals and carts he could collect; and he opened his coffers, and, at a low rate of interest, and on security which to any but very keen eyes was inappreciable, he lent us money when silver was worth its weight in gold. "Oh, yes! that 's all very well. But Thompson knows that the fellow was in communication with the King of Delhi." There is a story, indeed, that he gave the King, or one of his ministers, a large sum for a letter which he had written to the Mogul, in order that it might not fall into the hands of the British authorities. Even if it were true, I say we have no right to deal with anything but the acts, or to look at anything but the overt demonstrations of good-will we received from him. It is not to be wondered at that a native prince, finding himself threatened by the wrath of the leaders of a great rebellion, in which the most powerful of his southern neighbours was involved, whilst the alien rulers who had held dominion over the land by force of arms or treaty were utterly impotent to assist or to chastise him, should try to secure his position and to propitiate the native king, whose throne seemed to have been so suddenly restored. But whether he did so or not, there can be no question that all the physical power of his State was devoted to the re-establish-

ment of our rule, and to the overthrow of the rebellion.

And who are we that we should claim the allegiance of the hearts of all the Indian princes? What rule is there in the world which can challenge the affections of the whole mass of its subjects? Can England believe that her reign needs no stronger support than their willing fidelity in the breasts of a large mass of the Irish Roman Catholics? Could the early Georges have ventured to rely on the devotion of the English Tories? Does Napoleon the Third live in the love of the Faubourg St. Germain?—No. There is not a European State which is not vexed more or less by the political disaffection of some section or other of its subjects. How, then, can we expect such an abnormal government as that of Great Britain in Hindostan, where our governors are, indeed, alien in blood, religion, and language, to command the absolute love of all classes of natives? Or what right have we to demand anything beyond actual service and co-operation in time of need on the part of our tributaries and allies? We must be content with such aid as we get, provided it be effectual. It would, of course, be very pleasant and agreeable to find that the Rajah of Puttiala had never turned his attention to consider what he would do in case our rule in India was destroyed, and that he had to face the whole fury of the rebellion; but it is not in human nature—as broken treaties in all times, as Austria, Prussia and Saxony can during the last great war, testify—to maintain an entire devotion to a tottering State; and self-preservation has the

same influence over the conduct of kings that it exercises over the acts of private individuals.

The Rajah of Puttiala is most anxious to visit England, and he alluded to his intention several times during the durbar. With that view, he has applied for the repayment of the money which he lent the Government during our necessities; but it is very inconvenient to repay it just now, and the Rajah declares he needs and will spend it all. Some years ago he made an attempt to go to London, and actually reached Calcutta on his way; but there some difficulties arose about a steamer he had hired for the voyage, which the able and active gentleman appointed by the Government to accompany him contracted for before the Rajah saw her. The Rajah declared the ship was dirty as soon as he went on board, and eventually he refused to go in her; the agents persisted that he had actually engaged the vessel, and the Rajah was eventually obliged to pay some thousands of pounds, and return to Puttiala *re infectâ*.*

I could not help thinking as we drove home how harsh the reins of our rule must feel to the soft skin of the natives. The smallest English official treats their prejudices with contempt, and thinks he has a right to visit them just as he would call on a gamekeeper in his cottage. Lord Clyde and others have said they were often pained by the insolence and

* Since the above was written, the Rajah has, it is said, abandoned his intention of coming to England, being vexed by small impediments thrown in his way by Government as to servants, equipage, &c.; and being rather averse to the selection made by the Government in reference to the English official in whose charge he was to be placed.

rudeness of some of the civilians to the sirdars and chiefs in the north-west after the old war. Some of the best of our rulers administer justice in their shirt-sleeves (which, by the bye, are used as a substitute for blotting-paper all over India), cock up their heels in the tribunal, and smoke cheroots to assist them in council; and I have seen one eminent public servant, with his braces hanging at his heels, his bare feet in slippers, and his shirt open at the breast just as he came from his bath, give audience to a great chieftain on a matter of considerable State importance. The natives see that we treat each other far differently, and draw their inferences accordingly. As we were driving home this evening Mr. Melville told me that some time ago the Rajah of Puttiala came to visit Sir John Lawrence, who was encamped near Umballa, and that he entered the camp with his band playing and his zomboruks firing; but as it happened to be Sunday, Mr. Melville desired him to desist. The Rajah was much humbled and annoyed. He said he should be disgraced among all his relations and in the neighbouring States, if he dispensed with the necessary ceremonials of his rank; but the Deputy Commissioner was resolute. "Why," I asked, "was he allowed to come on Sunday at all?" "Ah, well! Yes, *that* was wrong."

But it was our wrong; our great men always fix the time when they propose to receive the visits of natives. Suppose Her Majesty the Queen invited the French Emperor to Osborne on a Sunday, and then sent him word she could not permit him to have a salute fired.

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At 9.30 P.M. I left Umballa, and, travelling on uninterruptedly, with the exception of a short halt at Kurnaul for breakfast, reached Delhi the next night at 10 o'clock, and drove to Ludlow Castle, where all the good people were fast asleep. However, a trusty domestic who was on the alert escorted me to a welcome charpoy; I found my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, by no means the worse for their long sojourn during the summer in the heat of Delhi; and I much regretted that I could not stay for a few days to renew the pleasant time I remembered so well, but the news of Lord Clyde's immediate departure gathered consistence and proof as I travelled—I did not wish to be left behind by the army of Oude; and on the 11th of October (next day), at 4 o'clock P.M., I started for Meerut, where I arrived at dinner time, and took up my quarters in a snug bungalow, in the joint occupation of Colonel Tombs and Lieut.-Colonel Johnson, the able adjutant-general of the Bengal artillery.

October 12th.—Although I heard many circumstances adduced in extenuation of the cardinal errors and fatal incapacities which pre-eminently marked the conduct of the authorities in command of the Meerut division, at a period when errors and incapacity were by no means unfrequently conspicuous, I own that on the very spot itself, under the able guidance of the intelligent young officer who went round the whole of the scene of the disaster, I was unable to comprehend how it was that the mutineers were permitted to march off after the commission of murder and arson quietly to Delhi, to inaugurate the reign of terror and bloodshed all over India, whilst a regiment of English dragoons, a famous battalion of English infantry, with an ample

support of field artillery, were within a few hundred yards of them. Every one talks of the incapacity of the aged veteran, on whom the whole affair produced the effect of a hideous nightmare; but is it not strange that among all the officers there was not a man with courage and coolness enough to take on himself the responsibility of action, and to order the pursuit of the mutineers? What was Sir Archdale Wilson, of Delhi, doing? Where were the officers in command of the various regiments? To plead the novelty of the situation, the suddenness of the outbreak, ignorance of the extent of the movement, apprehension for the safety of the women and children, is simply to say, "We were in a position to which, being very ordinary men, we were unequal"—it is a plea *ad misericordiam*. The miserable demonstration of a march through the bazaar after the rebels had gone off, and the feeble inanity of discharging a few round-shot in the dark night "in the direction of voices which were heard among the trees," stamp the capacity of the authorities at once. It seems to me that it might have been possible to have averted the outbreak at Delhi by vigorous action at Meerut. What form the discontent and religious excitement which prevailed in the army might have subsequently assumed, it is not easy to say; but, at all events, enough would have transpired at Meerut and elsewhere to have aroused the Government to action, to have demanded investigation, and to have placed the European community in India on the alert, so that they might have concerted measures for defence in case of an outbreak. It may be said that the mutiny would have come, sooner or later, and it may be quite

true that such would have been the case; but after the outbreak at Meerut it surely could not have come on us like a thief in the night. Many people will assert that it was desirable it should come, as nothing short of such a tremendous catastrophe could have produced a change of system and awakened us to a sense of our danger; but no one will affirm, I think, that the slaughter of our poor countrymen and women should have taken place in order to produce that effect. Above all, no one can maintain that the state of ill-feeling and mistrust which exists between native and European now, and which is a most deplorable result of the mutinies, their crimes, and their punishments, is not most mischievous, as its existence aggravates those evils in the Indian system which in some measure caused the revolt. Of two things one—Either it was a Mutiny, or it was a Rebellion more or less favoured by the people when the soldiery broke into insurrection. If it was a pure military insurrection, it was most unjust to punish the country people and citizens by fine and hanging for complicity in acts with which they of their own accord had nothing to do: it was also impolitic to inflict chastisement upon them for not actively resisting armed men, drilled and disciplined by ourselves, and masters for the time of the whole country. We cannot punish "sympathies:" the attempt to do so is sure to quicken animosities and provoke national, deep-rooted antipathy. Let us slay the sepoys in the field, let us destroy our enemies in battle, let us take the life of those murderous traitors who cruelly slew their officers, and hacked to pieces in cold blood our women and children! But to punish "districts" because evil deeds were committed

therein, or because bodies of the enemy selected them to encamp and live in, is as unjust as it is unwise. If, again, we treat the outbreak as a popular insurrection, we must be content to punish the chiefs, to execute actual murderers, to inflict adequate punishment on leaders in plunder, arson, and rebellion. From the mass of their followers we must not only stay our hands, but we must apply ourselves to examine the reasons which have given rise to such wide-spread disaffection. I, for one, cannot believe the Mutiny and the Revolt were becoming and natural preludes to the Government of the Queen or to the extinction of the rule of the Company. The mutinies have produced too much hatred and ill-feeling between the two races to render any mere change of the name of the rulers a remedy for the evils which affect India, of which those angry sentiments are the most serious exposition; and however desirable it might have been to introduce that change, I do not think it was cheaply purchased at the price of much innocent blood, and by the growth of bitter hostility between the natives and the members of the race to which their rulers belong. Many years must elapse ere the evil passions excited by these disturbances expire; *perhaps confidence will never be restored;* and if so, our reign in India will be maintained at the cost of money, and by an amount of suffering which it is fearful to contemplate. It is fortunate for England that her rulers in India and her generals in the field have been animated, on one point at all events, by a unanimous spirit, and that, in the Cabinet and in the operations carried on by our generals for the pacification of the disturbed districts, they have acted generally as became enlight-

ened statesmen and Christian men, and in opposition to the ferocious howl which has been raised by men who have lived so long among Asiatics as to have imbibed their worst feelings, and to have forgotten the sentiments of civilization and religion. As cruel as covenanters without their faith, as relentless as inquisitors without their fanaticism, these sanguinary creatures, from the safe seclusion of their desks, utter stridulous cries as they plunge their pens into the seething ink, and shout out "Blood! more blood!" with the unfailing energy and thirst of Marat or St. Just. "We want vengeance!" they cry—"We must have it full; we care not if it be indiscriminate. We are not Christians now, because we are dealing with those who are not of our faith; rather are we of the faith and followers of him who preached 'the study of revenge, *immortal hate!*'" May their school perish for ever, and that right soon, or India is lost—lost with the approbation of the world —to the crown of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XIV.

An agreeable day.—Bridge of boats.—The Taj of Agra.—Who were the builders?—The court-yard.—Architectural details.—Shrine-like tombs.—The Great Chamber.—My old quarters at Cawnpore.—The giant Ravan.—Hindoo fireworks.—The nautch.—A miserable object.—Gallant action of Berkeley.—Plan of operations in Oude.—Railway to Allahabad.—Approaching change of Government.—Summer in the plains.

October 13*th*.—Spent a most agreeable day doing nothing, diversified by a visit in the evening to the band, which played in the parade-grounds, and attracted all the Europeans of Meerut. Only one native was present, a Sikh chief, on whom the Government keep an eye, and to whom they pay a large pension. He drives about in a very handsome English carriage and four horses, with a multitude of servants, in native livery, hanging on to it, or following him on horseback. In the evening I dined at the Artillery Mess, which is in many points as good as that at Woolwich, of which there are strong reminiscences about the place. The very excellent band—of which the Master is a German, well-known in London as one of the ablest of Costa's lieutenants in the old days of his magnificent orchestra—performed in the verandah outside, and the conversation was so agreeable, and the persuasion of my friends so pressing, that it was late at night ere I crept into my gharry, and once more was trotted off on the high road to Agra.

October 14*th*.—Of to-day I cannot say much, except

hat, as I travelled on incessantly in clouds of dust, I hought, for "the cool season," the heat was very dis-ressing. Nothing to note particularly, except large straggling native villages, trains of cotton carts, miser-able road-side stations for the horses, and a flat country ust recovering from the effects of a summer's baking, nd rich with rising crops. The foliage of the trees, owever, except that of the mangoe and other fine rees of its species, is beginning to suffer, and to thin way into networks of dry branches.

Darkness came on, and found me still upon the oad. I was roused out of a deep sleep about mid-ight by a very uneasy motion, as though I were eing tossed in a small bark in a rough tideway. Springing up in the gharry, I shoved back the slide, and was startled at the sight of a clear broad expanse of water shining in the starlight close at hand. We were crossing the bridge of boats which leads to Agra. I drew back both slides, though the night was suffi-ciently cold, and stared out right and left; but all I could see was the expanse of the river, the black forms of the boats, and a few twinkling lights before us. At length the gharry toiled up a steep sandy ascent from the further extremity of the bridge, and we passed beneath the walls of a fortress, of which I could only make out a dim outline rising far above my head. But the challenges of the sentries in English sounded through the night air, and proclaimed that British soldiers were holding watch and ward in the citadel of Shah Jehan. Thence we went, by narrow streets, through lines of trees, to a long plain, from which the cries of jackals resounded. The moon had just risen on the right, and I was about sinking back in my gharry,

having ordered the driver to proceed to the Artillery Quarters, when suddenly my eye rested on a dome of dazzling whiteness—so white, so clear, so sharp, that, for the instant, one might be pardoned for fancying that the crest of an icy Alp had thrust itself through the baked crust of this arid India. Four glittering pinnacles shooting up beside it, completed the notion of the rounded summit of Mont Blanc flanked by its own aiguilles. The whole vision disappeared in a moment, as the vehicle whisked round the corner, but I knew that I had seen that Pearl of architecture, the wonder of the world—The Taj of Agra.

October 15th.—When one awakens from a vision in which he has visited the palaces of the outer world, and has been in spirit-land amid shapes and emotions which belong not to the material kingdom, he shrouds his feelings and sensations in a joyous, delighted silence, and at most he will say, as he rises with the imagery and music of the faëry realm still floating in his brain—"Ah! I have had such a lovely dream!" But if he seeks to fix those forms and sounds—if he essays to describe the ever-changing fantasy, or endeavours to analyze the ideas which filled all his being with the subtlest and most delicate pleasure, as sweet incense permeates the sacred temple—he will discover that he is capable of a spiritual enjoyment which is far beyond the reach of physical exposition. "Write me a description of the Taj!" Yes! And if you do, win a triumph which poesy and painting can never earn! "Write a description of the Taj!" As well say, "Write me a description of that lovely dream which flushed the poet's cheek or gently moved the painter's hand as he lay trembling with delight—the

Endymion of the glorious Art-Goddess who had revealed herself for a moment and then floated gently away among the moonbeams and the dew-clouds when he sprang up to grasp the melting form." Strike the lyre and seize the brush as you may; but never can it be given to poet or painter to sing or limn the finest, grandest, and greatest of his own inspirations! Here is a dream in marble. Here is the Taj—solid, palpable, permanent; but who can, with pen or pencil, convey to him who has not seen it the exquisite delight with which the structure imbues the mind at its first glance—the proportions and the beauty of this strange loveliness, which rises up in the Indian waste as some tall palm springs up by the fountain in a barren wilderness! It is wrong to call it a dream in marble; it is a thought—an idea—a conception of tenderness—a sigh, as it were, of eternal devotion and heroic love, caught and imbued with such immortality as the earth can give. Well was it said to me by one who loves not India or her races—"If the people of this land really built the Taj, the sooner we English leave the country the better. We have no business to live here and claim to be their masters." "Well said"—I mean in so far as our claims to superior art and civilization are concerned, for I dare not say more, or apply the remark to fitness for mastery or actual rule, knowing that art, though a grand *decus*, is no *tutamen* of a State; that Mummius sacked Corinth—that the genius and taste of unwarlike races are but attractions to the spoiler. The galleries of Rome are now under the insurance badge of the French eagle, as Lombardy and Venice are protected by the bi-capitated and diverse-eyed bird of Austria;

but I do not imagine that any statesman ever supposed the French occupation of the Holy City was to cease because David was not quite equal to Michael Angelo; or that the Austrian would leave Italy because the Tedescan was inferior to the Italian element in poetry, music, painting, and sculpture.

It is said the Taj must be of Italian construction, because there are, it is stated, tombs in Agra of certain persons with Italian names of a date approximate to that of the reign of Shah Jehan; but if the fact be so, no one can say the idea is anything but Oriental. Granting the graves are there—and no one could tell me where I could find them—the utmost that can be affirmed is, that the architect who designed the Taj may, or may not, have employed Italians to execute the wonderfully fine work of the marble, which is inlaid so profusely and exquisitely with flowers and scroll-work in metal and precious stones. If it can be shown that the natives of Hindostan were sufficiently skilled to perform such kind of inlaying—and there is no evidence to prove the Italians were the decorators of the mausoleum—then we may say the Italians were as likely to have been employed as painters or musicians, supposing they ever were really at Agra, as to have been engaged on this tomb; nay, they may have been missionaries, for it is incontrovertible, that Christians were allowed not only to preach, but to found religious establishments in India and Persia in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, before their faith became a formidable political power in the hands of alien and usurping races from the west. It is impossible to conceive for a moment that the Taj was *designed* by an

Italian. To my mind, the idea stamped upon the building is intensely Mahomedan and Oriental; the same type as we have in the marble mosque within the citadel close at hand, or the Dewanee Khass at Delhi, or the mosque of Omar, at Constantinople. I cannot tell why I have that conviction; I have no knowledge of architecture, but I can appreciate, to a certain extent, the influence of external lines and forms, and it strikes me, that as there is nothing in Italy that I have seen like this mausoleum at Agra; so there are in the east many religious or sacred edifices cognate to it in expression. But we do know besides, that several beautiful examples of the same kind of inlaying marble with metal and gems, which are not attributed to Italians, are to be found in India. Was it likely that Shah Jehan was moved to erect this wondrous tomb by the consideration that he had certain artists in Agra to build it?—or did he send for them to Italy? Is it not just as probable that he ordered the mausoleum in the outburst of his magnificent grief and pride, and that, in the great cities which were under his rule, architects and artificers were to be found who combined to add "a joy for ever" to the world? We have it at all events. Let us be grateful. If Italians created the thing of beauty we thank our unknown benefactors. Should it be that it is of some eastern creation in conception and formation, we have much to ponder over. For it is alone in its loveliness—pure and chaste and graceful—among all the architectural triumphs of man, and might well challenge the belief of the credulous as a veritable house of Loretto, if the disciples of Mahomed asserted that it had a divine origin. My

friend and guide, Major Light, took me over to see the Taj early in the forenoon; but the heat was, nevertheless, too great to permit one to walk or to stand in the sun. The mausoleum is at some distance from the cantonments, and we drove past lines of bungalows which had been destroyed when the rebels had possession of part of Agra—through saddening recent ruins and avenues of fine trees—bounding the broad roads for half an hour or so, till we reached a suburb of native houses, above which rose the taper minarets and the dome of the Taj. The tomb is the kernel of a noble husk—a grand enclosure of lofty walls of rich red sandstone, pierced by tall wide portals, with turrets at the angles. We entered the court-yard, which has some remote resemblance to one of the courts of the Louvre, though it has not all those prying windows staring at the visitor; and turning to the left, got out of our vehicle, and ascended a flight of steps to a magnificent arched porch, through which the regular lines of rows of trees were visible. At the extremity of the centre row, right in front, stands the Taj; but its flanks are hidden by the foliage, and at first sight the bulging dome, which is in the shape of a short, full-bodied pear, seems too large for the building on which it rests. The first feeling, then, is one of disappointment, for all the Taj is not in sight. "It is like most sights of which one has heard over-much," I exclaimed. "If that be the Taj, I am rather surprised at the praise which has been bestowed upon it!" My companion remarked, "Do not say anything till you see it all. Let us descend and walk through the gardens." We were at the time standing at the top of a flight of steps at the other side of the porch, which

is paved with large slabs finely tesselated. Before us lay beautiful walks, lined by dense rows of umbrageous cypress trees, which divided the ground into squares filled with flowers and fountains, rose and orange trees, and an infinity of oriental shrubs. A few native gardeners moved quietly along among the bushes, drawing water from the long reservoirs and canals which ran by the side of each plot of ground. Not a sound was to be heard, save the singing of the birds in the trees, the twitter of the hawks, or the cawing of the crows. We started onwards towards the Taj, which was now altogether hidden by the trees. But suddenly striking to the right we came out in front of it, and there it stood in its queenly beauty and astonishing perfection, rising above us from a lofty platform of marble, of dazzling whiteness, and without any apparent means of access—minars, dome, portals, all shining like a fresh crisp snow-wreath. In the base of the platform there is an arch, with a flight of steps descending to the tombs below; but the broad curved marble staircases, which lead to the upper level of the platform, do not strike the eye till one moves a little from the centre of the building, and observes that they are carried up over this arch, and are concealed from view by a highly-carved balustre of marble. On mounting to the plateau of tesselated marble, on which the body of the building, surmounted by its dome and slender minar, stands, the proportions of the whole seem so full of grace and feeling that the mind rests quite contented with the general impression ere it gives a thought to the details of the building—the exquisite screens of marble in the windows, the fretted porches, the arched doorways, from which a shower of

fleecy marble, mingled with a rain of gems, appears about to fall upon you; the solid walls melting and glowing into tendrils of bright flowers and wreaths of bloodstone, agate, jasper, carnelian, amethyst, snatched as it were from the garden outside and pressed into the snowy blocks. Enter by the doorway before you; the arched roof of the cupola rises above you, and the light falls dimly on the shrine-like tombs in the centre —see glistening marble again—a winter-palace, in whose glacial walls some gentle hand has buried the last flowers of autumn. And hark! As you whisper, there rolls through the obscure vault overhead a murmur like that of the sea on a pebbly beach in summer—a low, sweet song of praise and peace. A white-bearded moulvie—who never raises his eyes from his book as we pass—suddenly reads out a verse from the Koran. Hark again! How an invisible choir takes it up till the reverberated echoes swell into the full volume of the sound of many voices; it is as though some congregation of the skies were chanting their earnest hymns above our heads. The eye fills and the lip quivers, we know not why—a sigh and a tear are the tribute which every heart that can be moved to pity, or has thrilled with love, must pay to the unknown builder of the Taj.

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The terrace on which the Taj itself stands is nearly 450 paces square, and stands upwards of fifty feet above the level of the garden. It is, as I have said, of white marble of high polish, cut in squares, which are edged with slips of black marble. The minars at the angles are about 100 feet high, I am told, but they look more lofty, and are made of white marble

exquisitely cut and finished, terminating in small domes with lattice-work ornaments open at the sides, and supported on eight shafts.

The tomb stands in the centre—a dome of snowy whiteness, upwards of 200 feet above the level of the platform, with a circumference at the base of more than the same number of feet, rises aloft from the great pediment which constitutes the shrine. It is covered by two gilt balls which are surmounted by a gilt crescent. At each angle of the building a small dome—the miniature of that in the centre—is placed. There is an entrance on each side of the shrine formed by a very beautifully proportioned arch, with a pointed top nearly the height of the whole building, and smaller arches at the sides. All this marble is wonderfully inlaid with precious stones, with texts from the Koran, wreaths of flowers, and the richest arabesque. It is in the lower part of the building, and in the body of the terrace, as it were, below the dome, that the tombs of the great Shah, "the king of the world," and of his consort, Arjeemand Banou, also called Mumtazi Mahul and Mumtazi Zananee, are placed. The cenotaph or sarcophagus of the latter is covered with profuse ornaments and texts from the holy book of the Mahomedan. Her lord lies beside her, beneath a less costly but loftier monument, and the two tombs are enclosed by a latticed wall of white marble, which is cut and carved as though it were of the softest substance in the world. A light burned in the tombs, and some garlands of flowers were laid over the rich imitations of themselves, by which the surface was covered. The chamber of the tomb is octagonal, and was nearly in

utter darkness. The effect of the rays of the lamps on the white marble railing, and on parts of the glistening walls of the tomb, is powerful—gloomy, and yet bright—as a sketch by Rembrandt. On emerging thence, which, by the bye, must be done with caution, as the stair has a certain sharp angle, well calculated to cut open an unbeliever's head, we once more enter the Great Chamber, where are placed the unoccupied sarcophagus of the Shah and of his wife, directly over the real tombs in the chamber below, and on these are bestowed the most elaborate efforts of the extraordinary skill which is displayed in the building. Flowers in many gems, mosaics, wreaths, scrolls, texts, run riot over the marble surface of the sarcophagus, walls, and vaulted dome rising above us. The dull statistics of the place which were hustled into my head, were quietly shoved out again by the astonishing charm of the whole effect. And when, after a long day spent in seeing many grand sights in Agra, I returned to the Taj at night and saw it illuminated, first by a bright moon and then by some garish fireworks, I felt that if I were to write for years it would be of no avail—and so I departed—Taj-haunted—carrying off a new thought which can never perish.

October 16*th*.—About 8 o'clock this morning I arrived at Mynpoorie, and drove to the fortified post in which were quartered some of H.M.'s 64th Bengal artillery with a few guns. Here I had breakfast and a bath, and having heard all the gossip of the gallant fellows stationed here, which related principally to the chances of getting home to England, to quail and duck shooting, I started about mid-day, and, driving

m continuously, reached Goosaigunj about 8.30 o'clock in the evening. Having halted long enough o get a cup of tea, I got into my chaise again and lept soundly till it drew up in the court-yard of my old quarters at Cawnpore, in Mr. Sherer's bungalow, at 7 o'clock in the morning of *October 17th.*—I found my good friend full of news respecting the doings of the rebels in Oude, which he hoped would be speedily terminated, as their presence just across the river was by no means agreeable. I also learnt it was probable Lord Clyde would not take the field so early as I anticipated, because it was very likely he would wait at Allahabad for the reading of the Queen's Proclamation on the 1st of November, when the direct government of the Indian Empire shall be transferred from the East India Company to the Crown of England. Although this change seemed of no ordinary importance, its advent produced no alteration in the external aspect of affairs, and excited no interest apparently in the minds of the servants of the State affected by its operations. Strangest of all it was to observe that the servants of the East India Company evinced little regret at the transition, and although many of them spoke of their old masters with respect, and a few with affection, there were none, so far as I am aware, who openly and boldly declared their conviction that the transfer to the Crown was a mischievous measure, and that the new rule was likely to be affected by evils which were unknown to the old régime. In fact, one great and distressing result of the violent shock which the mutiny has given to the whole of the social relations of India, is a deep dislike to the country and to its

inhabitants, which is evinced by a constant cry for "Home!"

On going to the church at Cawnpore to-day, I was struck by an enormous pile on an open space near the camp, between it and the fort, which, on examination, I found to be a figure of some seventy or eighty feet in height, and on a scale of equal breadth, representing an idol with a prodigious head and many arms. This is the giant Ravan, who, having fled to Ceylon with the wife of Rama, was killed by that hero-god in an invasion, in which the latter was aided by the monkeys of the island. Ever since the monkeys are specially honoured by the Hindoos: the festival which they celebrate now commemorates the death of Ravan. In the evening we went to the house of a respectable native, the verandah of which looks out upon the course, and saw the termination of the proceedings, which end in a great conflagration of the giant. The immense space round the figure was densely crowded, order being kept by patrols of mounted police; and the effect of the blazing lights and torches upon the great multitude, all clad in white with black faces upturned towards the statue of Ravan, was very striking. There was an infinity of tom-tomming and of music. All the city of Cawnpore turned out upon the occasion, dressed in its best; carriages, camels, and elephants crushed their way with difficulty through the crowd, and at last a procession was formed of gaily-dressed natives in uncouth and strange head-dresses, supposed to represent Rama and his army. As they approached the statue, a display of fireworks took place, and occupied about half an hour. The skill of the Hindoos in these matters is remarkable; but our

ɔst told us that all the most famous artificers of at sort had been carried off to Allahabad, to make ·eworks for the Queen's Proclamation. The *chef œuvre* was the combustion of Ravan, who, when ruck by the spear of Rama, burst into a prodigious ɔdy of flame. His eyes streamed out fire. His ɔtton robes, smeared with combustibles, and laden ith fireworks and gunpowder, exploded and fell to ieces with rapidity, disclosing his wickerwork ribs; ıd, at last, tottering, and rocking to and fro three · four times, Ravan, top-heavy, fell into a sea of fire ıd was consumed amidst the uproarious shouts of ıe multitude, who danced round the pyre they could ɔt approach, and then cast his charred fragments all ver the meidan.

October 18*th*.—I halt at Cawnpore, to wait for my aggage horses, which are coming down the country; ut I shall not remain here for the bear, birds, and ıonkeys, which I have placed in charge of a trusty ɔolie, who had contracted to carry them at an amaz-ıgly cheap rate to Calcutta. To-night, after dinner, e proceed to the nautch, which is given at the house f a Mahajun in the city. Mr. Sherer and his ssistant; Mr. Beato, well-known as a photographer, ɔrmerly with Robertson, of Constantinople, and my-ɛlf, proceeded, in an open carriage, with a cavalry ıcort, in very great state, into the city of Cawn-ɔre. The main street was illuminated in the native ashion, with very pretty effect. There is no *pavé* in ıe street, but the open sewers were marked out by ıall lamps of earthenware, and a light scaffolding of ımboos fixed along the side of the streets against e houses was laden with smaller lamps; some of

which were arranged in simple patterns; many of the houses being also lighted up in the same effective manner. The streets were densely crowded; and the men in their best white robes, on elephants or horses, in native cars, or on foot, were all making for one point—the scene of the nautch, which was apparently a room, open at the sides, and supported by pillars; the roof being draped with flags, from which hung glass chandeliers and decorations of flowers. On entering, we found the floor carpeted, and chairs of honour were placed at the end, to which we were ushered by the host and his relations with great ceremony. The *polloi* were kept outside by railings; the select "invited" were seated on the carpet, or remained standing at the sides of the chairs of honour; and I regretted to see many children amongst them, for I don't think the nautch dance calculated to improve their minds. When we were seated, our host having made some agreeable speeches, took chaplets of white jessamine flowers and placed them round our necks, or on our heads. Next he took bottles of scent from a silver vase, with which he perfumed our clothes; and, finally, having handed us some cardamoms, and a sort of sweet cake, from another silver salver, the master of the feast retired, and took his place upon our right, and the nautch commenced. So far as I could see, the women were not so handsome as those who had danced at Puttiala; but two of them had very sweet voices, and three were exquisitely dressed. There were seven musicians, who made an astonishing din as an accompaniment. When the first part of the nautch was over, a disgustingly dull dramatic performance, half panto-

mime, accompanied by music, in which men dressed and danced like women, followed. One naked long old man, who acted the part of a Perrôt, was rather clever; though his antics were nearly indecent. Long before the entertainment was over we retired; the master of the feast requesting that Mr. Sherer would issue orders to his police that none but those who were invited should presume to enter his room.

October 19th.—As I was walking in the shade of the verandah to-day, there came before me a most wretched object—a tall powerful native, with his face hid in the folds of a turban, so that only his eyes were displayed; both his arms were mutilated; the hands being off, and the stumps of the wrists covered with cotton rag. On inquiry, I found that this miserable man had been a mehter attached to the native cavalry force, a party of which had been posted at Sechendee, on the Calpee road, when they were attacked by the rebels of the Gwalior contingent. These troopers, being suspected of disaffection, had formerly been dismissed from our regular cavalry; but they found it was dull work to be idle, and they enlisted in Bruce's Police. Strange as it may appear, though they were doubtless rebels in heart, they never hesitated when they were attacked; but died fighting to the last in defence of their post. The mehter, not being a combatant, was seized by the rebels, who slit his nose, cut off his hands at the wrist, and shaved away his ears. He is now going all the way home to Umritzur, and the whole sum awarded to him by the Government was just 4 rupees, or 8*s*. But Sherer, who is humane and just, is exerting himself to obtain

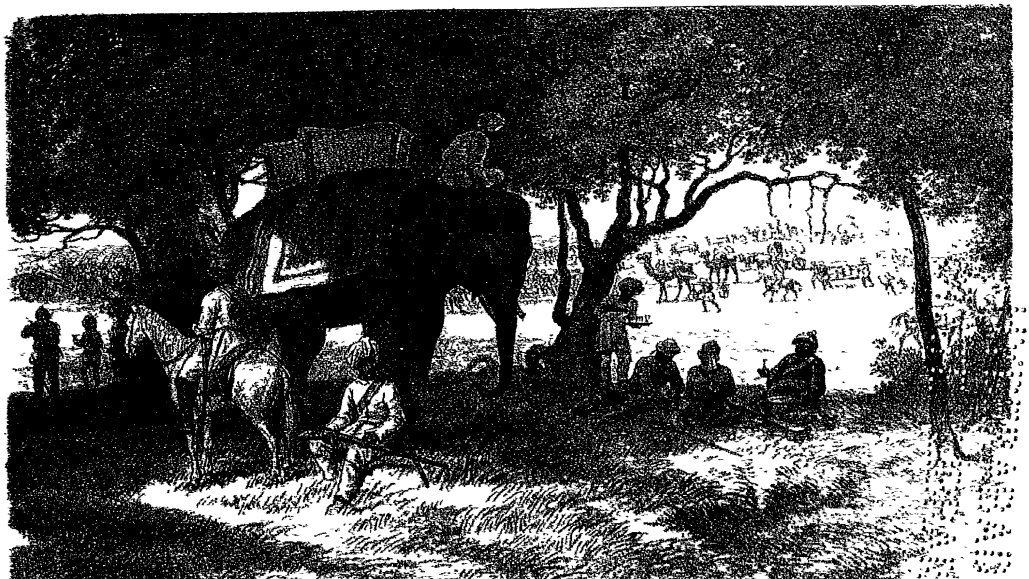
an increase of this paltry allowance, and the man will probably receive some trifling pension.

Late in the day four men were brought before us in chains by the native police, who had come upon them as they were crossing the Ganges from the Oude side, on earthen pitchers in the dusk last night. The zemindar of the village at which they crossed had offered the jemadar of police 25 rupees not to take them into custody. The men, who could give no account of themselves, were sent to prison. It is a common practice in India to cross the large rivers in inflated skins, or on pitchers turned upside down, on which the passenger places his body, and propels himself by his legs.

October 20th.—To-day we heard heavy firing in Oude across the river, which was possibly caused by some of the numerous small columns that are constantly looking after the rebels. As it was decided that Lord Clyde would not cross into Oude till early in November, I resolved to stay in Cawnpore till it was time to go to Allahabad. We received intelligence of a very gallant action of Col. Berkeley at a fort just across the river Ganges, which was occupied by a body of the rebels under the very nose, and certainly within ear-shot of the Governor-General, as the cannonading of these same friendly zemindars was distinctly audible to his lordship. Berkeley moved out of Allahabad with a small column, attacked and captured the fort, which is now occupied, and forms the most advanced post of the expedition which will move into Oude. Neither our threats nor our blandishments have prevailed on the Oude chiefs to renounce the cause of their supposed king, or to submit to our

authority. It was also stated that the reason why the operations could not commence earlier was, that the country was in an unfit state, after the rains, for troops to encamp—and that the roads would not be passable for artillery and for cavalry. But one would think, unless it was certain our men would suffer severely in their health, these other conditions would affect the enemy nearly as much as ourselves —that they would be obliged to leave their guns behind them, and that their cavalry would be unable to act. Hitherto all our attempts to subdue the enemy have been frustrated by the want of troops to occupy positions as we advance. But Major Herbert Bruce has been actively employed in raising a large force of Oude military police, horse and foot, who will accompany the columns, and will be left to occupy place after place as we advance, forming a complete chain of communication, and completely preventing the enemy from re-assembling in the various districts to which they were accustomed to resort as soon as our troops passed through them. In this way Lugard's, Walpole's, and Hope Grant's movements in the early part of the year were of no avail, because, though the enemy were invariably defeated, they collected as soon as our columns had moved on, and then the country was just as bad and as disaffected as before.

For three days I remained at Cawnpore, when, being joined by my heavy baggage, I moved on by rail to Allahabad. The railroad was in a very incomplete state. One of the most disagreeable incidents of travelling by it was the liability to be set on fire by sparks from the engine—wood being



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used instead of coal. The other day, as a detachment of Sikh soldiers were going up country, one of them had his clothes set on fire by the embers. All his comrades were dressed in cotton-quilted tunics, with their pouches full of ammunition; and in their alarm they adopted the notable device of pitching the man out of the window in order to get rid of the danger to which they were exposed.

The pace of the train is slow, and I did not arrive at Allahabad till late in the afternoon. I drove to the quarters of a friend in the Railway Fort, which is a little entrenched camp, with regular works, ditch, and bastions standing on the river Jumma, and within range of the citadel, and of the great castle of Akbar, which commands the confluence of the two rivers. Scarcely had I arrived in Allahabad, ere my old fever returned upon me, with all the symptoms of the Crimean attack, and I was obliged to lie up for two or three days. As soon as I was able to get out, I waited upon the Governor-General, whom I found in a much more sanguine frame of mind with respect to the progress of our arms and restoration of order in India than he had hitherto been. The Proclamation was ready, and copies of it had been prepared for distribution. But Lord Canning was not nearly as enthusiastic with respect to the effect of the Proclamation as he was last March, when he issued his famous ukase to the landlords of Oude. Virtually, the change will not come in any striking form before the natives of India. They will see the old officials, —the old law-officers,—they will lie under the same machinery of finance, of justice, and they will be subjected to the same grievances in the courts of law, and

to the same oppressive system of police. And although the administration at home may be purer, more vigorous, and more beneficial, and the transfer of power in its general polity unquestionable; those who have wrongs to redress will find that London is considerably further from them than Calcutta. Any change in the system, to be really beneficial, must contemplate a radical alteration in the constitution of the supreme Government and Council at Calcutta; and it will be found eventually that the two Councils cannot act together, and that one or the other must part with some of its powers, or be altogether suppressed—in other words, that the Calcutta Council must suffer great diminution of its power. Indeed, Lord Canning has always endeavoured to reduce its influence to zero, finding, possibly, that he can get on much better without than with it. The habit of monopolizing the direct transaction of business is, however, attended with the great inconvenience of tardy decision, and the cry against Lord Canning on this ground has not by any means diminished.

I was glad to find Lord Clyde in excellent health upon my arrival. General Mansfield looked as though he had never passed a summer in the horrible heat of Allahabad; but nearly all my old friends of the Staff had suffered more or less from their summer in the plains. Lord Clyde and General Mansfield were extremely busy with maps and plans and papers, and voluminous correspondence from the various columns in the field.

CHAPTER XV.

The Proclamation.—A night ride.—Bridge over the Ganges.—Deserted village.—Riding into danger.—Reply to a civil question.—Opening the winter campaign.—Camp at Beylah.—The Rajah of Amethie.—Our first march.—Tactics of old campaigners.—Pitching the camp.—Mode of telling a story.—Storming of Rampore Kussea.—Junction of the columns.—Ajeet Sing.

November 1*st*.—The authorities of Allahabad have been busy for the last few days in erecting a platform near the Fort, from which the Governor-General read the Proclamation this day. The ceremony was cold and spiritless, and I am told that the people were actually prevented or dissuaded from coming to listen to the royal promises of pardon, forgiveness, justice, respect to religious belief, and non-annexation. The natives who were present consisted, for the most part, of officials in the various public offices. A few ladies were on the platform, which was admirably well-filled by officers in uniform, civilians, and one or two natives. I was greatly amused, on such an occasion, to hear a sergeant who was on duty at the foot of the staircase, call to one of the men and say to him, "I'm going away for a moment; do you stay here and take care that no *nigger* goes up." A kind of dais was erected for Lord Canning, who rode to the spot accompanied by Lord Clyde, and General Mansfield, and others, attended by an escort and a body-guard through a double line of infantry and military police. Lady Canning, in an open carriage, also graced the meeting

by her presence. In the evening there was a banquet at the Fort, which passed off as tamely as the ceremonial of reading the Proclamation. Then came a great display of fireworks upon the meidan outside the citadel.

All this day I was oppressed by the horrible fact that I should have to get up in the middle of the night, in order to ride across into Oude with Lord Clyde, to the Head-Quarters' camp, at Beylah, thirty-nine miles distant. The Commander-in-Chief having considered it his duty to be present, on the occasion of reading the Proclamation, most probably at Lord Canning's request, thought it advisable to take the field immediately afterwards with the greatest possible speed. The whole of the troops which are available have been for the last few days crossing the Ganges by means of the bridge of boats over it, some miles above Allahabad. The first object of our operations will be the Rajah of Amethie. The Head-Quarters' Staff had already proceeded towards Beylah; but I waited at Allahabad to witness the ceremony of reading of the Proclamation, and I was, therefore, obliged to cross into Oude in a disagreeable manner.

November 2nd.—A little before 12 o'clock last night, I rode over to the camp of the Governor-General's body-guard, where I was promised a shake-down in the tent of one of the officers, who was also kind enough to propose to ride with me part of the way in the early morning, till Lord Clyde should take his departure, and to lend me a horse as far as our first post across the river. The noise in the little camp, great as it was, did not prevent our sleeping soundly till about 12 o'clock A.M., when our servants roused us with a

cup of tea, and lights flaring in our faces. I had lain down full-dressed, boots and all, and was soon ready to start, and at 1.15 A.M. we were on our way for the bridge. The night was pitch dark, and only that the way was known to my companion, we might have wandered for a long time through the various broad roads which are met with in the environs of Allahabad. The Ganges is here about a mile broad, but the sandbanks facilitated the construction of a bridge of boats which is sufficient to span the waters, contracted unusually even for this season of the year, as the rains had not been very heavy. At the bridge we found an escort of cavalry awaiting the Commander-in-Chief, who had not yet come over. The bridge was dimly lighted by a few lamps fixed to posts on the sides of the boats, which just enabled us to see the planks rising up and down with the surging of the violent current of the black waters passing rapidly away. It was with some difficulty that the horses were induced to trust themselves to the boats. The construction of these bridges is carried to a great perfection in India, where the natives have a traditional method of making them which is said to be superior to the more scientific method of our better-taught engineers. The boats are strongly moored by cables anchored with cross hawsers, and are placed so close together that there is little difficulty in forming a tolerable causeway by means of planks, on which are placed heaps of brushwood, reeds, and earth. But the junction of the bridge with the bank itself is very disagreeable to cross, the banks being steep, and sometimes almost precipitous, and the traffic is so constant that there is almost always a slough of two

or three feet deep between the bank and the boats. Once on the bridge the horses went fairly enough, though now and then a semi-stumble in a deep hollow in a rotten plank warned us that it would be far better to ride across by day than in the darkness. At the other extremity of the bridge there was a small picket of cavalry, who told us that the roads lay straight on for a certain distance up to a village, at which it diverged a little to the left; but as there were three roads at this particular place they added, we could make no mistake if we took the middle one, avoiding that on the left, which would lead us to Baie Madhoo, who, at the head of a considerable force, was watching us on the left bank of the Ganges. On reaching this village, we found it deserted, and, oddly enough, there seemed to be only two roads so far as we could make out. We therefore took the road to the left. As we were riding along, an officer (Major Turner of the Royal Artillery) overtook us, and inquired his way to the camp. We directed him as well as we could, and he remained with us on learning our destination. As we rode along we expected, every moment, to be overtaken by Lord Clyde and his escort, knowing that his Lordship had relays of horses along the road, and would go full speed till he reached the camp. On and on we went, but still no sign of Lord Clyde, and on looking at the stars it occurred to me that we were steering far too much to the westward, our proper course being nearly due north, whereas we had the polar star much on our right. We were in a narrow country road, bounded by fields of corn, and full of ruts and sand-paths, which made

riding extremely disagreeable and hazardous. Halting, at once it occurred to me that there was a telegraph-wire between the camp and Allahabad, and that if we were on the right road we certainly ought to see the posts on our right also. It is astonishing to observe how soon telegraphs are run up in India. The atmosphere being so dry, no precautions are necessary for insulation. A pole of fir is stuck in the ground, and remains there till it is rotted by the white ants, the wire is coiled loosely round the top, and thus the telegraph is carried on in the rear of the troops almost as fast as they can march, provided the wire is to be had in sufficient quantities. In this campaign we have had it as regularly as our rations. So I began, as we missed the wire, to look about for the poles, and look up to the stars; my companions, however, insisting that I was wrong, and that at the place where we were the wire was too far from the road to be seen. In this way we jogged along pleasantly enough for a few miles, though I was uneasy at the perfect silence, which made me doubt that we could be on the track of the army, when suddenly a shootee sowar appeared in front, coming along at full speed towards us. When he was within a few yards of us he halted, and, as I saw a light, I imagined he was smoking, and thought it would be a good opportunity for us to light our cigars, which had been out for some time, owing to want of matches. However, ere we could ask him he had wheeled his camel right round and was gliding off with that rapidly noiseless trot which it requires the best cantering horse to keep up with. This looked very suspicious, and made me think that it was the fuse of a

matchlock which we had taken for a lighted pipe. We now called a real halt. It was evident that this fellow was a vedette, and that we were quite out of our right track. It was most fortunate that an occurrence, which happened on another occasion to myself and a friend, under nearly similar circumstances, was not repeated; for, riding on in the dark one night, we came upon a man who, in reply to a civil question as to the road, discharged a musket full in our faces, and, ere we could recover from the blinding effects of the glare and flash, had leaped his horse across a deep nullah and got off in safety. Our council of war was decided by my turning my horse right round, and saying, "We are in the wrong road; let us turn back as fast as we can." Accordingly, we retraced our steps to the village, undergoing a little badinage from each other, and just as we approached it, we heard through the night the tramp of a small body of cavalry. We rode on, nevertheless, and a trooper soon overtook us, and said he was in advance of Lord Clyde's escort to warn the relays to be in readiness. The morning was now beginning to dawn, and we were able to see the friendly telegraph posts and wires on our right; and, looking behind, we saw the cloud of dust which rose from Lord Clyde's escort. As we had no inclination to be smothered, we spurred on in advance as fast as we could, and arrived at the first halting-place, about twelve miles from Allahabad, just as the sun had risen, and Lord Clyde and General Mansfield, and a few others, pulled up to change horses. There I bade my friend good-bye, and, mounting a fresh horse, rode on with the Staff at a full hand-gallop. Along the road, which was a mere track,

bodies of the native police who were occupying posts, or of the Punjaubees, turned out; but they appeared scarcely to recognize as Commander-in-Chief the dusty warrior in a blue frock-coat, with a thick solar topee upon his head and a common sabre tucked under his arm, who galloped past them, merely raising his hand to his head to return their salute.

Lord Clyde informed me that he would not proceed to extremities against any of the chiefs till there was full ground for knowing that they had received copies of the Proclamation; and this, indeed, seemed to be but just and reasonable, because it would, certainly, be hypocritical and absurd on our part to pretend to offer these chiefs terms, on condition that they surrendered, and then to destroy their forts and kill themselves and followers ere they could become acquainted with the alternative offered to them by submission. I heard, however, that an officer of the civil service—a most distinguished and able administrator, one of the first public men in India—suggested at Allahabad, that we "should knock down a few of these fellows' forts, and give them a good shelling," without waiting for the Proclamation to have its effect! They are pleasant fellows to deal with, some of these Indian officers; but I scarcely think the natives appreciate their highly practical humour. The portion of Oude in which we now were is richly cultivated, numerously peopled, full of trees and water, and bears every kind of crop known in the most fertile portions of India. It was pleasant to see either that the villagers had no fear of us, or that they were so accustomed to the operations of war, the march of troops made not

the smallest impression on them, or prevented them following their ordinary avocations. As the sun rose, they came out into the fields, and went to work with their odd ploughs, or hoed, or cut the Indian corn, while the girls repaired to the deep wells and drew up water for irrigation, scarcely turning as the glittering cavalry rode past them. It was a little before 10 A.M. ere our camp at Beylah came in sight, and a most graceful object it was, with its wide expanse of tents studding the dusty plain, for the heat was even now sufficiently unpleasant to one just come from the Hills, and my feet had swollen so much from a continuous gallop of more than thirty miles, that I was obliged to dismount and slit open my boots with a knife in order to render the pressure endurable.

Arrived at Beylah, I found all my friends with very little change. But Lord Clyde had left some of the heads of departments behind at Allahabad, and we all missed the quaint humour of Colonel Pakenham, the vivacity of Major Stewart; the congeniality of our good C. C. Johnson, and the *mitis sapientia* of Keith Young. Attached to Lord Clyde's mission of conquest, we have now an officer of peace in the shape of Major Barrow, the special commissioner with the Head-Quarters of the army. Though a soldier, he is in a civil capacity at present; but his coolness and gallantry in the field as one of Outram's Volunteer Cavalry, and on many other occasions, are well known throughout India. He will be the channel by which communications will be effected with the chiefs, and through him all proposals will be made which come from the insurgent zemindars. Lord Clyde has but one wish—to put an end to

the disaffection in Oude, and to enforce obedience to the British rule; and if we can do that without shedding the blood of misguided men, and without sacrificing the life of a single British soldier, his greatest ambition will be achieved; but, should circumstances require that he should proceed to procure the restoration of the civil power by means of arms, he will not shrink from any loss in discharge of his duty. He is, therefore, determined that all the chiefs shall first know what are the offers of the Government; but that as soon as they have received this information they shall be called upon to surrender without further delay or condition, unless they wish to encounter the whole weight of the British arms. We are now to halt at Beylah, which is close to Pertabghur, and which, so far, is a sort of base of operations against the insurgents in this part of Oude. At present we are in communication with the great Rajah of Amethie, one of the most powerful and influential of the old feudal aristocracy of Oude. He has got an intrenched camp, in which he is said to have collected 20,000 or 30,000 men and a great number of guns. The castles inside are stout, mud-walled, mounting heavy guns, and surrounded by dense jungle. We are anxious to see one of these jungle-forts, of which we have heard so much.

November 7th.—For several days the Commander-in-Chief halted at Beylah organizing his columns, and preparing for the final campaign, whilst Major Barrow sent out copies of the Proclamation as fast as he could procure them to the various stations, and to the Chiefs of Oude. The siege-train left this day to proceed towards Amethie, inasmuch as the Rajah is evi-

dently trifling with us, and has not as yet made up his mind to surrender or to fight. It is supposed that this proceeding will quicken him. Vakeels and spies are constantly passing and repassing between the two camps. No one can doubt that if we were to march against Amethie to-morrow, we could capture the place, with a loss of, perhaps, 150 officers and 1,000 men; but as there are many hundreds of such forts in Oude, it is easy to determine, by calculation, the period at which, under such conditions, the British army would cease to exist altogether. Beylah offers no great attraction, and my principal amusement beyond my own particular avocation of writing, consisted in shooting a few quail, parroquets, riding about inside our advanced posts, and dog-hunting.

November 8th.—The familiar sound of tent-peg knocking aroused me at 3 o'clock A.M. Simon entered with the invariable cup of tea and cheroot soon afterwards. We were off in the dark at about 5 o'clock A.M. The camp fires were blazing so fiercely in all directions, and the confusion was so great, that it required a deal of circumspection to prevent one losing his way. Beyond the camp there was a small river, over which there was a bridge of boats; but the difficulty of getting at it was so great that it detained the army several hours. Our order of march consisted as follows:—

Hundreds of coolies, fiercely chased and driven back by Irregulars or Oude police.

The advanced guard (under Richmond Jones) consisted of

A squadron of the Madras Light Cavalry.

A squadron of Carabineers.

A light field battery.

A company of Royal Engineers.

One wing of H.M.'s 5th.

One wing of the 1st Sikh Infantry.

The main body under Brigadier Pinckney, consisted of the Pathan Horse; a magnificent-looking set of fellows; handsome, light-limbed, though rather ragged in their uniform.

H.M.'s 54th.

One company of the Bengal Artillery, and one 18-pounder and one 8-inch howitzer.

The Oude Police Infantry.

The Pioneers.

The Siege Train.

The Ordnance Park.

The Engineer's Park.

The Commissariat Stores, and Baggage.

The Rear-Guard consisted of the Oude Police Cavalry, and one wing of the 1st Sikhs.

As we advanced, we threw out a widely-extended line of flankers, consisting of the Oude Police Cavalry. It was wonderful to see the immense quantity of ground which this small force covered. Day broke soon after we passed the river, and lighted up a rich plain "flowing with milk and honey," for certainly there were plenty of cows, and the bees had not yet found out that the cold season was coming on. At some distance beyond our camp we came upon the 1st Punjaub Regiment, (which struck me as being one of the finest native battalions I had yet seen,) commanded by Captain Gordon, brother of my old friend Dr. Gordon, who was riding beside me. The brothers had not met for years, and, although they were now

in the same column, it was probable they might not meet again for many a year; and yet, after a short time spent in conversation, they were obliged to separate, each man to his own duty.

The great object in these morning marches was to get out of the dust; so, as soon as the old campaigner turned out, knowing the direction in which his road lay, he endeavoured to ascertain how the wind was, and selected his ground to the right or left of the column accordingly, getting well up with the advanced vedettes, if he was allowed to do so, or was not called by duty elsewhere. About 7 o'clock A.M. I came upon the first Oude fort I had seen, except that at Jellalabad. It consisted of a high, thin mud wall, 200 yards square, with earthen bastions at the angles, loop-holed in several rows. At each face was a doorway, poorly flanked by the bastions. Inside were some ruinous houses, and a well. It was very different, indeed, from our intrenchment at Leeolee, which we reached soon afterwards—a fort occupied by two guns, and some of H.M.'s 54th. About 9 o'clock A.M. we arrived at Deymah; but, owing to the detention caused by the passage of the river, neither baggage nor tents had arrived, and we were obliged to select a shady group of trees for shelter from the sun, where we lay taking naps, or watching the arrival of the troops, and making anxious inquiries after Goldsworthy, as he was invariably gifted with the largest and latest information respecting the bhangy bedars, and the mess dooly, and their locality.

It is a wonderful sight to see an Indian army on the march as it approaches its camping ground. The square head of the column seems enveloped by

the myriads of animals and men, and up-towering elephants and camels, made taller than nature by heaps of tents and baggage and furniture piled upon their backs. The elephants are provident enough to look for the sugar-cane as they march along the road-side, and generally each of these quadrupeds marches laden with a large mass of cut cane, in addition to the chairs and tables and mountains of canvas piled upon its back.

The mass, dense and small in the distance, grows larger and looser all over the wide plain, as it approaches, till it seems to fill the space from horizon to horizon—to cover the fields and permeate the forests with a shifting mass of life. Through all this the column or troops bores steadily onwards till the first battalion or squadron halts. By this time the quartermasters may be seen riding hither and thither through the network of baggage animals, and at last, in regular lines, on lofty poles, one after another, rise in their respective places the fluttering banners which denote the camp of each corps. The Union Jack marks the head-quarters of the Commander-in-Chief. As soon as that is raised we all know where we are, as the camp is tolerably uniform so long as the force consists of the same component parts. The bazaar flags of each regiment are next raised, and almost as soon as the first of them is up, cone after cone of canvas struggles, as it were, into life, and flutters from the pole till it is fixed by the stringent cords, and the announcement is made, "Master's tent all right." While this process is going on, Goldsworthy is generally coming into view, and a dozen voices shout out to our good-natured friend, "Where's the mess dooly?" This is sure not to be

far off. The coolies deposit a long wooden box with sloping lids, slung from poles, which, being raised, uncover a goodly array of cold meat, plates, bread, butter, tea, patties, cold fowl, and other luxuries. The bhangy bedar has arrived with soda-water and pale ale, a brisk fusilade of corks is opened, and the camp-servants have already selected a favourable spot for a fire close at hand, over which a kettle is placed while other fires are lighted to warm up curries or cook chops and steaks. A table-cloth is spread upon the grass, each man's syce puts his horse-rug by the side of it for him to lie down upon. The table is profusely covered with a Homeric banquet, a huge cauldron of tea is in readiness, and the feast proceeds to its termination under a heavy fire of pipe and cheroot smoke.

I went into one of the tents to-day, where I heard a man tell a story which astonished me—not the tale so much, for I had heard many of them, as the way he told it—a very worthy man, no doubt, but what he said was this:—On a certain occasion, in a recent celebrated action, a place, to which I shall not more particularly allude, was strongly occupied by the enemy. Our men carried it with great gallantry; and, bursting in, proceeded to kill all whom they found inside. The work was nearly completed when this officer perceived a number of sepoys crouching upon the flat roof of the enclosure. They had been firing on our men; but, seeing the terrible fate of their comrades, they sought to escape notice, and had taken to this place of refuge. They made signs to the officer that they would surrender; and he ordered them to come down the narrow staircase leading from the roof, and as the

first sepoy appeared, he told the man to take off his belt and pouch and to lay it with his musket down upon the ground. The same thing he did with each succeeding sepoy till he had got them all, fifty-seven in number, "upon which," he said, "I fell them in against the wall and told some Sikhs, who were handy, to polish them off! This they did immediately, shooting and bayoneting them, so that, altogether, they were disposed of in a couple of minutes."

Our march to-day was about 11 miles, and we are now about 17 miles from the stronghold of the Rajah of Amethie. To-morrow morning this gentleman will find himself rather uncomfortably circumstanced, as Sir Hope Grant is advancing from our right upon him, while Wetherall's column is moving up upon the left, and we fill the interval between them. One side of the fort, covered by a great jungle very many miles in extent, and full of jeels, is, however, left open.

At night orders are issued for marching at the usual hour to-morrow morning. The men are in capital spirits at the thought of a brush with the sepoys, and rather anxious to emulate Wetherall's gallant exploit at Rampore Kussea the other day. This able and accomplished officer was in command of a small column on our left when we passed into Oude; and finding the rebels, with a gathering of notorious budmashes, had collected in a fort which they believed to be impregnable, marched upon them; and, after a short pounding with his heavy guns, carried the place by storm. I alluded, in the extract from my Diary which

originally appeared, to the view taken in our camp of this action, which seemed to have cost us too many men. It was also objected that Wetherall should have sent in a copy of the Proclamation before he attacked, and that he should have waited till Sir Hope Grant had joined him, or had closed in upon the fortified camp in which the enemy were entrenched. Better informed as I am now, I cannot hesitate to admit that the loss of our troops (between 80 and 90) was very insignificant when compared with the strength of the position, the numbers of the enemy, and the results of their defeat, which exercised a great influence in Oude. Colonel Wetherall could not have sent in a copy of the Proclamation as he had not been furnished with one, and he had reason to think that Sir Hope Grant would have co-operated with him on hearing the noise of the firing. Lord Clyde, however, did not think that his instructions to Colonel Wetherall to attack any of the enemy's posts which might be in his neighbourhood, justfied that officer in the very brilliant little affair of which I am speaking.

We threw out seven pickets on arriving at our camp to-day, Lord Clyde visiting them after they had been posted; and he was obliged to comment rather severely on the gross ignorance or negligence which was displayed in the manner in which the men were placed. He altered them, and says that in future he must look after his own pickets, instead of leaving it to officers of subordinate rank, who might properly take the duty.

Colonel Harness, of the engineers, Captain Cox, his aide-de-camp, and Major Turner, of the artillery, have joined our mess.

November 9th.—Started at 5 o'clock this morning and moved with considerable caution through a magnificent country, on which we left our marks only too effectually, inasmuch as, the roads being very bad and very narrow, the force was obliged to take a right line over the corn-fields, which were effectually pounded into mud by the passage and ravages of the camp-followers, elephants, cavalry, and artillery. When we had marched about 14 miles, after frequent halts, and were thoroughly tired, we approached a small Hindoo temple, with a grove of trees and some small houses close to it. Our spies and scouts came in, and informed us we were within three miles of Amethie, and some of the long-sighted, with good glasses, declared that they could make out a portion of the works peering up through the jungle, which lay a long way in our front. We halted at the temple; but the sun was so powerful as to render the grove the more agreeable place. As we were sitting after breakfast, suddenly a gun was fired, in our front, and the peculiar rushing sound of the shot told us that it was with no friendly intent. One! two! three!—shot after shot followed. Every man was on his legs in a moment, and, as some grasscutters came in shouting the enemy were coming on, we were almost in hopes that the Amethie Rajah, with unexpected pluck, was moving out from his fort and preparing to try conclusions with us. Syces saddled horses in furious haste; but our expectations of an action were soon dissipated by the appearance of Sir Hope Grant and Anson, his aide-de-camp, who dashed into camp, followed by a few troopers, and told us that they had been fired upon from the fort as they approached from the camp of their column, which

had just marched in, to reconnoitre it. This annoyed Lord Clyde, as he had promised the Amethie Rajah that no troops should approach his fort till a certain time had expired, in order to give him an opportunity of making up his mind to surrender, and to induce his followers to lay down their arms.

Scarcely had Sir Hope Grant made his appearance, when Wetherall moved up his column on our left, and opened communications with us. How admirably the whole combination has gone off! Those columns have moved several hundreds of miles, from different parts of the country, and they have arrived to an hour on the day and at the place agreed on!

This evening, the Rajah sent over a vakeel, who stole out of the fort with great difficulty, to Major Barrow. He expressed the Rajah's regret for the firing; but he said that the sepoys had done it, of their own accord, on the approach of the English officers. The Rajah's letter to the commissioner was very amusing, but negotiations were cut short by Lord Clyde's peremptorily demanding the surrender of his fort, his person, and his troops and their arms, in case he did not wish to meet a bombardment and assault on the morrow.

Old Ajeet Sing, a small zemindar, who has done some service in saving the lives of English fugitives, came in to-day, and presented us with numerous certificates as to his fidelity to our country and our cause; but it is more than suspected, in spite of his good service, that he has been a trimmer. If looks would hang a man, certainly Ajeet Sing is not long for this world; and he has an awkward limp, for which he cannot satisfactorily account, though it seems as if the muscles of

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the leg had been separated by a sabre-cut. He tells us that the Rajah of Amethie will not surrender; that he is a proud and fierce barbarian, who values what he considers his personal honour more than anything upon earth; but he certainly has so far fulfilled one point of honour amongst these people—that he can say he did not surrender without firing a shot.

CHAPTER XVI.

Surrender of the Rajah of Amethie.—Escape of the rebels.—A fagging walk.—"Regularly sold."—Concealed guns.—March against Bainie Madho.—Half-wild cattle.—Wolves and children.—Bainie Madho's vakeel.—Native cavalry.—The Highland bonnet.—Attack on Major Bulwer.—Retreat of Bainie Madho.—Bainie Madho's idol.—Riches clad in poverty.—"Pretty Poll Sing."—Forced marches by night.—Life of an Oude peasant.—Budmashes, or our own spies?—Perplexing "certain" intelligence.

November 10*th.*—The Rajah of Amethie rode stealthily out of his fort last night, and hid himself in a house in a village close to us, sending over word to Major Barrow that he would come in and surrender to the Lord Sahib. I suspect a good many more in addition to the Rajah came out of the fort stealthily last night. At 10 o'clock he made his appearance in the camp, accompanied by Major Barrow and Colonel Stirling, who went over to the village to meet him. He is not an ill-favoured man, though the expression of his eyes and mouth is not good; but he was evidently ill at ease, and he was particularly disconcerted by being thrown from his horse ere he arrived in camp, in consequence of the animal shying at a vulture which had risen from a carcase before it. This was an evil omen. I went into Barrow's tent, where the Rajah was seated, and it was observed that he had not taken off his slippers on crossing the threshold. He told Barrow that he could not answer for the sepoys giving up; but he was in hopes that his own people would be strong enough to force them to submit. He sent

in his vakeel to order them to surrender—that is, he *says* it was for that purpose; but who knows?

The fort is closed. We have no communication with the people inside. We know nothing of what is passing there. The Rajah has secured his personal safety, and also the safety of his property, and so he may be now busy in providing for the safety of the rebels he had collected around him. In fact, it is just reported that 1,500 sepoys have already passed out of the place through the jungle, and that there are only about 3,000 matchlockmen, or zemindar levies, left inside.

November 11th.—"What's the news?" "Don't you know? A Sikh has just come in to say that the rascals have bolted, and that there is not a soul in the place." I immediately went over to General Mansfield, and found that he had instructed Colonel Harness to take over a party of sappers and miners and occupy the fort, with orders to permit no one, except his aides-de-camp, Cox and Beaumont, and Turner, of the artillery, to enter the fort. The General gave me an order in writing for permission to enter, and I cantered after the excellent old Colonel, whom I first tried by saying, "Colonel, is there any objection to my entering the fort?" On his saying he had strict orders that no one was to enter except those on duty with him, I produced my little memorandum, which I had got in case of accidents; and the Colonel, with great gravity, took it and inserted it in his memorandum book.

A quarter of an hour's canter across the uncultivated lands brought us in sight of the low bank of

earth, above which rose a dense line of vegetation and lofty trees, on the right of which was a Hindoo temple, and in the centre the flat roof of a white-washed residence. We approached and found that the bank was the outer parapet of the fort, or, more properly speaking, the intrenchment of Amethie, with a very deep ditch, of irregular profile, separating it from the level of the field. It was some time ere we made out the entry. The gateway was approached by a dam across a ditch full of water, which was dominated by a bastion, with the embrasures directed upon the dam. A sort of causeway at the other bank led us to a high gateway in a mud curtain, which was also flanked by a musketry fire, and by a few embrasures. The lines of all the works were exceedingly irregular. On approaching the dam, Colonel Harness ordered us to leave our horses outside; the result was a hot and fagging walk in the blaze of a morning sun along the embankment till we came to the outer gateway of the citadel. This was opened on the summons of our native attendant. We passed through the gates, which were of wood, studded and clamped with iron, and came into an enclosure full of cattle. We found a few charpoys in the court-yard and fresh horse litter, while a few budmashy-looking men turned out of the numerous small native houses inside the court, and looked anything but pleasantly upon us. From this court-yard we proceeded to the white house, which was the Rajah's palace—a poor edifice enough, smelling vilely of native scents and rancid butter. But on examination it was found that the extensive courts which

surrounded it contained in their magazines great quantities of corn, oil, butter, arms, powder, shot, shells, and other munitions of war.

Having ransacked this place thoroughly, examining the nature of its contents and placing guards over them, the parties proceeded round the line of the outer rampart, along which men were stationed at intervals as sentries, and we found the ditch was mined in places near the dam. We could not but laugh quietly at the complete success of the Rajah's scheme; we were, to use a vulgar phrase, "regularly sold." Scarcely a gun was in the place, although it was known, or said to be known, that he had upwards of thirty, which he was bound to surrender to us. Here and there were some old brass howitzers, popguns, and little mortars, and one 9-pounder in position. There was not a musket to be found about the place, but the numerous charpoys and remains of cooking-places, all over the extent of the jungle inside the enclosure, proved that a very considerable body of men must have been encamped there. As it was by no means pleasant walking in the jungle, which tore one's clothes to pieces even in pursuing the narrow paths that led through it, I returned to the Castle, and, seated in the court-yard, I soon afterwards witnessed a curious scene. The Commander-in-Chief rode in with a few of his Staff, and the Rajah in attendance. The latter was pale with affright, for his Excellency, more irritated than I have ever seen him, and conscious of the trick which had been played upon him, was denouncing the Rajah's conduct in terms which perhaps the latter would not have minded much had they not been accompanied by threats of unmistakable

vigour. Major Metcalfe, in the most fluent Hindostanee, translated the vigorous language of the British General to the Rajpoot, who declared that he did not know what guns were in the place, and that he gave up all he had, timing the first statement very cleverly with an announcement just made, by one of our officers, of some seven or eight guns which had been found hidden in the jungle. The Rajah was informed, however, that he was a prisoner, and that he must consider all promises as dependent upon the fulfilment of the conditions on his part, and no longer binding, as he had violated his pledge. All this time the men of a fatigue party, marched up for the purpose, were emptying out shot, powder, arms, shell, grape, and such things, into the court-yard, which rolled with a hollow boom over the vaults, and about the feet of the Rajah's horse.

At mid-day, on my return, I saw Hope Grant's column in full march for Attiya, whither it is presumed some of the fugitives may be marching. I made out distinctly the tracks of gun-wheels outside the fort, and pointed them out to my companions, as we were riding over to it this morning. The enemy must have passed close to Grant's pickets; and now, when it is too late, we learn that a great hum of men and noise of elephants and horses was heard by the pickets throughout the night, but no one took any notice of it. This is all the worse, as the pickets were strengthened, and Lord Clyde took great pains to prevent such a means of escape.

November 12th.—Lord Clyde is dissatisfied with the result of the operations against Amethie, which were preceded by a great commotion among the

civil officers, two of whom Lord Clyde threatened to turn out of his camp. They sent in a remonstrance against the Commander-in-Chief granting time to the Rajah, and His Excellency was much irritated by their presumption, but the matter cooled down eventually. Wetherall's column marched this day in pursuit of the rebels to Kirkwa, and Colonel Riddell took the greater part of our force to the same place, with the guns and the siege artillery, leaving us here to arrange for the occupation of the citadel and fort, and for the destruction of the outworks, bursting of guns, &c. The first thing I heard this morning was the voice of a man in high excitement, "If I catch the scoundrel I'll hang him before the Commander-in-Chief's tent! He must be hanged," &c., &c. I looked out and saw it was one of the civil officers—a man of note and energy, who lost a brother in the mutiny, supposed to have been murdered by the native whose name he mentioned. Lord Clyde, however, was little likely to accede to the choice of the place of execution.

November 13th.—At dawn the force marched to Oodeypore, nineteen miles. We are going straight against Bainie Madho, who is in position in his jungle fortress of Shunkerpore, if we can catch him. On the march I rode with Captain Orr, an officer formerly in the Oude service, who has come over to join us right across the country from Chumba, with only a few sowars as his escort. Captain Orr is an officer of great experience in India, and he told me some very interesting particulars of the people of Oude, amongst whom he has lived long. He will receive a civil

appointment as deputy commissioner as soon as the country is settled, and his knowledge of the Terai will be useful in this campaign. *A propos* of the Terai, he said that once he was out with a regiment under the command of Captain Bunbury, with orders to destroy a party of rebels who had given the Government of Lucknow great trouble, and were encamped in a thick forest.

"Having ascertained exactly where they were," he continued, "we left our guns outside the wood, and proceeded to march upon the robbers as silently as possible an hour before midnight, in order that we might reach them first thing in the morning. At dawn, just as we thought we should come upon them, the column suddenly halted, and on proceeding to the front to ascertain the reason, I found the men were arrested by a sea of cattle in a half-wild state, such as one may meet with all over Oude. With horns levelled they absolutely blocked up the way, bellowing and stamping furiously. The men dared not advance; and it was evident the animals would do them serious injury unless they were driven back at the point of the bayonet. But the men were all good Hindoos, and they would sooner die than hurt the sacred ox by drawing his blood with the bayonet. Neither would they fire a volley against the byles; thus the men stood endeavouring to induce the bullocks to retreat and open the ground by shouting and waving their cummerbunds. But the bulls were obstinate, and meantime, the robbers, hearing the tumult, had taken the alarm, and made their way through the wood to the number of 300, managing

to escape the pursuit of the authorities till they were all destroyed in a sharp engagement with a tax-collector a year subsequently."

He said, too, that the family antipathies between the Talookdars are most extraordinary. One who came over to make submission to him, a couple of days ago, would not go into the house in which he (Orr) had taken up his quarters, because he had a dispute with the Talookdar who owned it. Nay more, he would not eat food cooked inside its enclosure, and he walked three miles to get a drink of water in preference to taking some from a well in his enemy's land.

The march of our column is now always preceded by guides, who amuse us greatly by pointing out villages which they say are full of budmashes, and inviting us to burn and destroy them. On inquiry it invariably turns out that one of the guides has had a dispute with some inhabitant of the village denounced, or that he belongs to a tribe at variance with them. Orr tells me that the people of Oude universally believe in wolves carrying off young children and educating them; and he by no means appears strong in the faith that these accounts are not true. I have heard many such stories during the past few days. Wolves are certainly extremely bold, and very numerous. The wife of one of the syces of our camp at Beylah went to a tent with her husband's dinner, leaving her little child crawling about upon the ground. Suddenly a wolf dashed at it, and carried it off; and, though the men ran from their watch-fires and pursued it with loud cries, the animal did not let go its prey. The mother seemed to think that the wolf would provide

for it; but I should say it did so in a very different way from that which she anticipated.

When we halted at Oodeypore to-day, the Rajah Bainie Madho, who was said to have received large reinforcements from the Amethie, sent in a vakeel to know what terms he would receive if he surrendered. But Major Barrow, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, informed him that his Excellency would not treat with a rebel; though if he came in and made submission to the Government he might expect to experience its clemency.

November 14th.—Oodeypore to Kysapore.—Nine and a half miles' march through a glorious country, filled with crops and corn, and numerous villages, groves, forests, and orchards in abundance, and cattle and sugar-cane plantations, and all sorts of Indian vegetables. One of the most picturesque sights I ever saw was the march of the men this morning before dawn by a blazing light from the enormous camp-fires, which, as the night was rather cold and damp, had been very liberally constructed—many of them from the roofs of houses in the neighbouring villages; for the rascally camp-followers cannot be kept in order, though Lord Clyde himself rides at them like a lion whenever he sees them plundering, and the Staff, and all officers about him, have a general discretion to lay on with stick or sword whenever they observe any fellows pillaging.

While the men marched past, the red glow of the camp-fires in their faces lighted them up with a strange animation, and then in an instant the flash died out, and the column was left in darkness again, to be once more lighted up in a new direction by a

fresh outburst of flame; and so on the stream went, spirit-like, through the night.

Just at dawn, as Lord Clyde rode out of his camp, he came upon the 79th Regiment, who were drawn up in the opening, and, with a sort of instinct rather than knowledge, they recognized their old Chief, and gave him a thundering cheer. The passage of the river at Pursaidepore was extremely interesting. There was a military station here in old times, and I visited the house of Captain Magnus—who commanded an Oude regiment in the King's service—now in ruins. At this stream we had some difficulty with our heavy guns, each of which is drawn by eleven pairs of bullocks, preceded by an elephant in front, to keep the cattle up to their work by his steady long pull, which makes them pull all together, for the banks are steep and difficult. A magnificent body of native cavalry has joined us, the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, equal to any corps of irregulars in the world, and quite competent, I should think, to account for more than an equal number of the Cossacks of the Don, or of the Black Sea. Their Colonel (Hughes) wears gauntlets of armour, coming high up towards the elbow, to save himself from sword cuts, and a helmet with a sharp spike through the crown, with iron rods and a red puggery to protect his head. The Towanna Horse—another native levy—is remarkable for presenting the greatest number of handsome and martial faces that I have ever seen amongst any body of men. A Swedish gentleman, M. Lundgren, who is out here making an admirable series of sketches, was particularly delighted with their fine Oriental *allure*. The Madras Cavalry are remarkable for the excellence of their

horses, beautiful gray Arabs, admirably matched, and the men would look extremely well but for their abominable, national, and much-prized shako, in the lofty crown of which they are popularly believed to carry provisions for many days. They are attended in the field by a number of extremely wild-looking women, with matted coarse black hair, who are grass-cutters, and attend the horses.

While halting this morning, I had a long conversation with Lord Clyde in a tope of trees near Pursaidepore, and I took the liberty, *inter alia*, to ask him what was the truth of the story which got abroad after the Alma, and which gave great delight to the far north, of his saying, "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here." His lordship said it was a complete fiction; and proceeded to tell me that when the fight was won, Lord Raglan came to him, evidently labouring under some strong emotions, for some reason or another which he could not well comprehend; and so Sir Colin, to divert his attention, said, "My lord, I have a favour to ask your lordship; it is, that while I am with the brigade I may be permitted to wear the Highland bonnet." Such is the origin of the story.

Jeels, or large pools of water, are plentiful in this part of Oude, and they were covered with duck and teal, which I received permission to shoot if I saw any on the line of march. The sarus, a lovely bird with a long neck, very common in the district, rises slowly from the fields as our vedettes close up to them, and flap over the march of the column.

November 15th.—This morning the camp was moved to Pechwarra, three miles S.E. of Shunker-

pore, the great fortress of Bainie Madho. Sir Hope Grant moved down on it from Salone, on the north-west side of the fort on the Roy Bareilly road. Several attempts were made by our excellent friend to re-open communications with us; but Major Barrow refused to hear of anything but an unconditional surrender, particularly as it was only a few days since this chief attacked a small detachment under Major Bulwer at Poorwa, with an enormous force of horse and foot, and were bravely met by that gallant officer and held in check by a party of the 23rd Regiment, aided by the Oude police, who finally drove them off with loss from the field. Our pickets were strongly thrown out; and, as I was entering my tent to-night, I heard the Commander-in-Chief giving special orders for the formation of a strong patrol to move round the flanks of the fort. It is an intrenched jungle of great extent with several forts inside it. Bainie Madho has promised the young King of Oude, and his indefatigable mother, that he will not surrender; or that, at all events, he will not submit till he is driven to the last extremities. The correspondence which has passed is of a curious and instructive character, and shows the extraordinary efforts made by these people to maintain their reputation in the eyes of their kinsmen. For instance, Bainie Madho's son sent in to say that he quite disapproved of all the acts of his father, who was for Birjeis Kuddr, while *he* was for the British Government, and he requested us to let him have the estates which have been already forfeited, by his father's obstinacy, to the Crown. The letter was no doubt dictated by Bainie Madho himself. I went out

and had a look at the fortress, but all I could see was a low mud wall with trees outside it.

November 16th.—After all, these fellows were too clever for us. Patrols were out, and pickets were posted all to no purpose. Sir Hope Grant was on the N.W., and Lord Clyde on the S.E. last night, and a bright moonlight favoured us till 2 o'clock in the morning. Then the moon went down, and out came Bainie Madho, with all his budmashes, treasure, guns, women, and baggage, steadily in the dark, and moved round between Sir Hope Grant's right-flank pickets, towards the west, thence wheeled round and marched for Poorwa. The moment the retreat was discovered this morning, we rushed into the fort and intrenched camp, and found it empty. Not a soul was left, except a few feeble old men, priests, dirty fakeers, a mad elephant, and some guu-bullocks. "Pursue" is the word. There is now a standing joke *a propos* of all our telegrams and despatches, reporting affairs with the enemy. They always conclude, "Cavalry and Horse Artillery are in pursuit." Our army is dispersed once more. Lord Clyde despatched orders to Sir Hope Grant to march to Roy Bareilly immediately, leaving with us H.M.'s 32nd Regiment, the famous defenders of Lucknow residency. A small column under Taylor, of the 79th, was ordered to march to the northward. It became necessary for part of the force to make arrangements for the occupation of the forts of Shunkerpore.

I rode over it to-day, and was much disappointed with the density of the jungle, of which we had heard a good deal. Bainie Madho's private residence is by

no means an establishment that one would like to spend a lifetime in. His reputation as a devotee was confirmed by the shrines, well provided and furnished with deities, in the neighbourhood of his house, from one of which I took a small marble elephant (which was in great danger of destruction by the hands of our soldiery), and had it carried over to the camp, where it was put in a box in my tent. I was gratified by perceiving that it attracted great marks of respect and affection from my servants of the Hindoo faith.

Bainie Madho has long headed the Byswara district and tribe, which furnished in the old days about 40,000 of the finest of our sepoys to the Bengal army. He had, naturally, great influence in the country; but there was no sign of surrender on his part, and the only trace one could see of any result of his defeat—was the beclouded countenance of the villagers around, who received us with distrust and dissatisfaction. As we went on we planted our police in strongholds; established our revenue collections, and the stream of rupees, so long cut off, or dried up, began once more to flow plentifully into our coffers.

It is scarcely possible to imagine the meagre appearance of some of these rich chiefs, who are generally dressed in the plainest cotton clothes. On ordinary occasions they are conspicuous merely by a silver ring on the finger, or a rich cummerbund, or a fine piece of cloth, and the universal use of the tulwar, which they carry simply thrust through the waist-belt. The head men of the villages look equally poor. But upon state occasions their chiefs and head men come out in magnificent attire, some portions of which have been heir-

looms for generations in their families. I was talking to one old man to-day, who certainly had not got more than a shilling's-worth of cotton on the whole of his person, including turban; and I was rather astonished to hear that his contribution to our treasury, as rent, for his land—for such the tax must be regarded—was £1,200 a year.

November 17th.—Having nothing particular to do to-day, I paid another visit to Bainie Madho's fort, and amused myself by looking at the efforts of our men to carry back the mad elephant to the camp. He was, however, wiser in his madness even than in his normal sagacity, and it was only by keeping him hungry, and showing him sugar-cane, that they eventually succeeded, late in the day, after experiments which had lasted more than twenty-four hours, in inducing him to surrender. Lord Clyde and General Mansfield are now better satisfied with the success of their plans; for it is quite evident that these police posts are keeping the country in perfect subjection as we go on, and all our movements henceforth will be directed to forcing the rebels into one mass, and to driving them first across the Gogra, and eventually towards those inhospitable regions of dense woods at the foot of the Himalayas, where if disease does not destroy them, their own fears will.

In the evening I dined with the hospitable carabineers, whose tents are close at hand.

November 18th.—"Pretty Poll Sing," Golab Sing, Dirbijye Sing, Jogras Sing, and others, came in to-day, salaaming very reverently to sentinels, post-office clerks, &c., and our friend Bainie Madho had actually the audacity to send in a vakeel to know what terms

he might now expect. This man made his appearance almost about the same time that an emissary arrived from Evelegh, carrying a despatch in a quill concealed about his person, in which the Brigadier gave an account of an action he had just been fighting with this very Bainie Madho's sepoys. Long practice has made the natives very expert in concealing despatches, and we unfortunately have been reduced to many makeshifts to carry our meaning from one part of the country to another without any chance of detection, or, if detected, without exposing ourselves to the risk of information being given to the enemy. Our officers brushed up their recollection of the Greek characters, and of French, which is not so much known in India as in Europe, and all sorts of expedients were used to carry despatches thus written on the smallest of paper slips. Men, however, can always be got to carry them from one side to the other; and I have a suspicion that our spies are impartial in their services to both sides.

Many of us were in our charpoys when orders came round, and at 3 o'clock P.M. the column turned out to march at a moment's notice. This, however, was countermanded, and orders were then sent that the tents should be struck at 5 o'clock P.M. The elephants were sent for, and gradually we began to make up our minds to one of those horrible forced marches, to which I have such a profound objection, particularly in the night-time. The Chief has received news that Bainie Madho, of whose movements, notwithstanding our spies, we are in considerable ignorance, not to say more, has gone to Roy Bareilly, and thither we follow him.

Again I must express my utter abhorrence of night-marches, upon one of which I am now about to enter.

November 19th.—Tramping through the dust all night. When dawn broke our spies came in with positive assurance that the enemy had out-manœuvred Grant, and were near the ancient city for which we were marching. We passed through a magnificent country, certainly exceeding even the most fertile parts of Oude, making halts from time to time to refresh the troops. All our eyes were about us, for at any moment we might come upon Bainie Madho. At one moment, indeed, a long cloud of dust, rising heavily from the plain on our left, attracted the attention of the Chief. It certainly seemed to me, through the glass, as if a large body of troops, in white, were moving through it. The natives declared they were carts, laden with salt, and drawn by bullocks, which are nearly all white; but as their information was not above suspicion the column was halted, and away went the horse artillery and cavalry, at full speed, right for the supposed enemy. It did appear to me as if I saw a number of horsemen riding away, when we got nearer to the carts; but carts they were, and no enemy could we see on arriving at the spot.

Riding with the vedettes in the early morning, I always perceive natives stealing through the high corn-fields, and running from our approach in all directions as fast as they can. What a life must be that of the Oude peasant! Whichever side wins, *he* is sure to lose; and in the operations which determine the conquest, he is harassed and maltreated by both parties. The white worn universally by the ryots is

a bad colour for escaping detection. It is astonishing how far it can be seen in the early light of the morning. Sometimes a peasant runs away with a long lathee or stick over his shoulder, is suspected of being a budmash, with a matchlock, but a sowar sent after him dispels the delusion, though more than once I have seen unmistakable sepoys plunging through the thick grass, and fellows with shields upon their backs diving into the jungle, by the aid of my glass. In the course of the day another body of spies came in with intelligence that Bainie Madho and his men were gone!

Night fell ere we reached the neighbourhood of Roy Bareilly, a famous old city, noted for its former magnificence in the palmy days of Mahomedan rule in Oude. Now it is crumbled to utter ruin and decay. The night was hot, and, availing myself of the moonlight, I rode forward in advance of our vedettes with two of the officers, having only two Madras cavalry troopers with us. We got on at so good a pace, that soon we left the noise and clamour of the camp behind us. The indescribable tumult of night-marching—the trampling of horses' feet, their neighs, the trumpeting of elephants, the groaning of camels, and the wild cries of the coolies and camp-followers to each other—all sunk and melted away on the wide plain. Still we went on, thinking it was only a temporary halt, till at last we found ourselves close to the ruinous entrance and tottering walls of Roy Bareilly. For all we knew, there might be thousands of budmashes and sepoys inside, and therefore we drew up and halted also.

Our road had led through heavy corn-fields, with

deep banks at either side, which seemed to skirt the whole of the city, as well as we could define its position by the uncertain light of the moon. Hearing no sound of the column, I at last decided that they must have halted for the night; but my companions were not of that opinion, and so I made up my mind to retrace my steps alone. I set off at a trot, and had lost sight of them, when suddenly, in my front, I perceived a group of men who, separating, ran into the fields on either side. Their appearance was suspicious, particularly as my eye caught the flash in the moonlight of something like the barrel of a gun. I therefore reined in my horse, felt that my revolver was all right, and keeping a good look-out on either side of the road, passed quietly onwards. I got close to the spot where I had seen the men separate, when two of them creeping alongside the ditch made a run out upon the road, one being armed with a pistol, and another having a shining blade in his hand, and at the same moment some four or five men made their appearance at the opposite side of the road. The two were so close upon me that I had only time to plunge my spurs into the horse, let his head go, and ride straight at them. One was knocked down by the horse's shoulder, and the other, as he strove to catch the bridle, received a blow on the head from my whip, which felled him; but they were both up on their legs and away in a moment. As it was impossible to follow them in deep fields, I rode towards the noise of our own men, which was plainly audible in front, and, coming upon a small picket, I reported the circumstance. I was a little quizzed next day about this incident,

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as it was asserted that the men were not budmashes, but our own spies, who were going into Bareilly, when they were scared at my approach, and that on discovering their mistake they came out to accost me lest I should fire on them. They had, if so, received rather scurvy treatment at my hands. It is just possible that seeing a horseman riding back so far in advance of the column, they thought it would not be a bad opportunity for a little plunder. But in this they were mistaken. When I got back to the head of our forces I found all the Staff, Lord Clyde and General Mansfield included, lying "higgledy piggledy" on the ground, sleeping in their cloaks, while camels, horses, and elephants passed with their hoofs and splay feet within an inch or two of their heads. Coiling myself up by the side of Colonel Macpherson, I laid down under a tree, by the roadside, and slept soundly till our tents were pitched, when I discovered, indeed, that I had lain down upon a nettle of the most stinging and relentless character, with which I was drilled in neck and back and covered with small spines—

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

November 20th.—A halt; site of new cantonments to be decided on; Roy Bareilly to be examined; Bainie Madho to be discovered. We have "certain" intelligence that he is at all points of the compass at exactly the same hour of the same day, and we have not thirty-one columns to spare to verify these reports.

CHAPTER XVII.

A midnight march.—Artillery jammed in Roy Bareilly.—"In for it" now.—Fording the Sye.—Dhondiakhera.—One great sign of fighting.—Interesting march.—Lord Clyde under fire.—"Guns to the front!"—The enemy in full flight.—Taking of Dhondiakhera.—The carabineers.—Panics among civilians.—Return northward:—Fort Kyrampoor.—Havelock's grave.—Mr. Montgomery.—Preparing for the field.—A headlong gallop.—Foiled.—Halt for a day.—Camp-followers.—Native computations of numbers.—Maun Sing and his brother.

November 21st.—I would not be Bainie Madho for all the land in Byswarra, nor for all the Begums in Oude. Our troops are indeed bitter against him, and I must confess I begin to share their animosity. Just as I was going to lie down last night for a comfortable sleep, I was informed that the tents were going to be struck immediately, and the tap-tapping of the kelassees confirmed the fact. At 1 o'clock this blessed morning our tents were struck, and the whole column set out upon its way once more. We are now bound for a place called Bochraon, where the Rana is confidently and trustfully, they say, abiding our coming. In about half-an-hour after we started, the column, which defiled through the streets of Roy Bareilly, was jammed, as it appeared, inextricably for the time, and could neither get backwards nor forwards. It was bright moonlight, and the stillness of the deserted streets of this wondrous old town, with its high decaying houses, and battlemented walls and square keeps, rising up like baronial mansions at the angles of the tortuous highways, in the waste of uninhabited places, was rendered all the more striking by the confusion

which prevailed in the narrow stream-like procession of guns, elephants, horses, and men, now suddenly dammed up in front. Some few trembling inhabitants sat on the house-tops watching us in fear and wonder. Making my way, after about an hour's halt, as well as I could to the place of our detention, I found that our artillery had actually become jammed among the brick houses so securely that no means could be devised for extricating the guns, except dismantling the sides of the street, and the native sappers and miners and bildars were busily engaged in the work, which promised to take some considerable time ere it could be accomplished. Striking hither and thither for a way to turn the flank of the guns, and so get out upon the open, I met General Mansfield and his aides-de-camp riding quietly in a deserted street, intent upon the same object. I determined to accompany the General, who, though not possessed of very good sight, has a capital idea of country. But his course lay so hopelessly among *culs de sac,* blind alleys, and impracticable lanes, that I left him, and, after many wanderings, got back to the column: all the guns were at last extricated, and the force commenced moving, and with great noise and fury, like a pent-up torrent, burst upon the plain, full of great ravines, dry nullahs, and watercourses, which lies outside Bareilly. The night was cold, and the native camp-followers had set fire to the straw-thatch covers of the roofs of many of the poorer houses in the suburbs, in order to warm themselves. By the road-side I came upon Lord Clyde, somewhat irritated by this new obstruction to his march. I confess to feeling somewhat pleased at the

moment, because if anything could be done to restrain his lordship's ardour for night-marches, it would be a boon to the lazy people in the army; and it appeared as if these mischances were likely to convince him that frequently no object was gained by such excessive trials of our good-humour.

It appeared that the gallant young officer who led the party of the carabineers on the advanced guard, had taken the guides along with him. He had been strictly ordered not to leave the head of the column, but thinking this was a favourable opportunity of distinguishing himself, he had thrown us into complete helplessness, by riding off with them into the darkness, so that no one knew which way the troops were to go; parties of cavalry were sent out in all directions, with orders to circle and sweep round till they found the young gentleman, whom they at last discovered trotting comfortably away right off to Bochraon, guides, advance guard, and all.

We certainly seem to be "in for it" now. Evelegh has received instructions from General Mansfield—to follow Bainie Madho, and not to lose sight of him for a moment—easy to give, but difficult to follow. I think that Lord Clyde has resolved, if once he gets sight of the Shunkerpore Rana, he 'll give the same orders to himself.

This weary marching! It was mid-day ere our column debouched upon the plain of Bochraon, and it was long after 1 o'clock ere the friendly shelter of the tents was ready to shield us from the blazing glare of the sun, after a march of 22 miles.

November 22nd.—Off again this morning, just ere sunrise, to Keenpore on the river Sye, nine and a quar-

ter miles. The troops wonderfully brisk. We reached the river at about 8 o'clock, and crossed it at the various fords. It is not more than fifty yards broad, but it has cut its way in a deep winding course, through fat loam land, so that the bottom is extremely dangerous, and full of quicksands, and slow-sands. The army, with camp-followers, baggage, elephants, and all the various quadrupeds attached to our service, moved across it by the doubtful fords up and down, coming to grief occasionally on the quicksands; but none, so far as I know of, being actually lost. I sat under a fine betel tree, which Lord Clyde had selected as his point of view of the operations, and there we breakfasted while the army was passing in regular review before us. Our infantry regiments arrived at the bank, and the men took off their shoes, stockings, and trousers to ford the stream—a *mot* amused the Chief considerably when the first company halted, and the men stooped down to undress. One fellow called out, "What are you stopping for there?" To which another replied, "Don't you see that I 'm taking off my breeches to cross the river?" "Bedad!" exclaimed the other, "I knew the General would never stop till he made Highlanders of us all!"

Our halt was long. At half-past 2 o'clock we resumed our march, and were busily engaged in it when the news arrived from Evelegh that Bainie Madho was trying for Dhondiakhera, a stronghold, on the Ganges, of the infamous Ram Bux, a zemindar who intercepted and murdered some of the unhappy Cawnpore fugitives, who had got down so far on their way from the massacre. Sir Hope Grant visited it this summer and destroyed some of the works, but

it appears that he did not effectually demolish them. It is a place of great sanctity, and the sepoys declare they will all die and secure immortality by mingling the last drop of their blood with the waters of the holy Ganges.

Late in the evening we pitched our small servants' tents, and so far encamped for the night; and as it was useless to go to the trouble of spreading out the great mess-tents, we dined picturesquely at a table under the cover of some giant trees, by the light of the moon.

November 23rd.—So we seem to have secured Bainie Madho at last. To-day we marched straight towards Dhondiakhera, and halted eight miles distant from it, effecting our junction with Evelegh, who had thus followed up his instructions not to lose sight of Bainie Madho. We hear plenty of stories from our spies, who come in and report that the sepoys are full of fight. There are Allgood's spies, Macpherson's spies, and Barrow's spies, and the head-baboo of each endeavours to make out that his men are the only real Simon Pures. Barrow is indefatigable, sending out and receiving missives, and he generally leads the advance guard with a band of emissaries on our march. All our information goes to show the enemy are warlike. Late to-night, however, it is confidently asserted by a native officer that the sepoys are willing to accept our terms of unconditional surrender, and he has offered to go in and make known to them the clemency of our Government, and doubts not that he shall succeed in inducing them all to lay down their arms. An extremely strong patrol, guns, cavalry, and horse, was pushed out towards Dhondiakhera to-night.

Evelegh attacks it on the right, while the force under Lord Clyde attacks it on the centre and left.

November 24th.—Vain are the hopes of man, and especially if those hopes are fixed upon "catching a weazel asleep," and more particularly if the aforesaid lively creature is warned of the coming danger! It is, indeed, true that native armies are like dry sand—compact, and firm, and hard—so long as it lies inactive on its bed; but, if taken up and squeezed in the hand, evasive, flying through the fingers the more rapidly the tighter the hand is clenched. Every man of us, as he got up, examined his pistols and his sword; thought that we were really going to have a fight to-day, and a fight we have had; but it was with a Parthian enemy. One great sign of fighting is the production of pocket-handkerchiefs on the part of the aides-de-camp and young officers of the Staff—not to dry their eyes with, but to fasten to the hilts of their swords in lieu of their sword-knot, so that the trusty weapon may be tightly held and well, nor evade the valiant grasp; and assuredly this morning all our stock of pocket-handkerchiefs was well nigh run out amongst us. Eight miles on our front lay the chief of the Byswarra, with upwards of 8,000 of the flower of the late sepoy army of Bengal, and the ruffianly Second Irregulars, and hordes of the scum of all the cavalry of Oude, cemented together by a rare assemblage of rascals from the surrounding districts of Hindostan. Advancing upon this point, a small open village on the banks of the Ganges, covered merely by woods, and by a small dry nullah, was the English army, about 6,000 strong, under an able and experienced general, assisted by lieutenants of undoubted ability.

Our march was extremely interesting; for we were in a country which was full of the traces of the enemy. When we came up to our grand patrol of the night before, they informed us that they had been obliged to withdraw from the more immediate vicinity of Dhondiakhera, in consequence of the sepoys stealing through the thick brushwood and dense woods, and taking "pot" shots at their sentries and pickets. Their cavalry had also come out to alarm the men during the night, and we could see certain white spots moving over the line of the waving corn-fields, which showed that the sowars were even now watching our motions. At a point where we met our grand patrol, an unexpected halt took place. The old native officer, who promised the surrender of the sepoys, had not yet returned, and an hour was given to the enemy to make up their minds ere we attacked them. When the full time had elapsed and no answer came, the column moved forward in order of battle, having deployed so that Evelegh, on the right, was in communication with us, our left being well thrown out, and a double line of skirmishers in front, and vedettes of cavalry moving almost breast-high in the corn. Presently we came in sight of a gentle ridge, covered with the thickest foliage, beyond which another ridge of fainter hues indicated the opposite bank of the Ganges. Between us and this ridge extended a plain, filled with corn, divided into fields by long high walls and banks of earth, amongst which lay some arable land, studded with tumuli. With the glass, or a keen glance, one could detect the roof of a mosque and some houses amidst the thick trees of the ridge. Lord Clyde, like most

generals that I have seen of the English tactique, rides forward in front, and not unfrequently leads the advance of his own troops into fire. On this occasion he certainly did so, as he rode before the central battalion of infantry, just in the rear of the skirmishers. All at once the enemy began a fire of musketry from a wall and trench in front of us. Supports were speedily sent on, and a long trench, similar to that occupied by the enemy, was seized upon by our own troops, who immediately opened a smart and well-directed fire upon the line occupied by the enemy's riflemen. Lord Clyde rode to the top of one of the tumuli and we followed him, dismounting in order not to draw fire; but the sepoys saw well enough that the English General was reconnoitring their position, and immediately, from all quarters, a shower of harmless bullets whistled past or pattered upon the ground around us. Never is Lord Clyde so courteous or so good-humoured as when he is under fire; and the grave, concentrated manner in which he examines a position through his binocular, the rapidity of his *coup-d'œil,* and the promptness of his action as soon as he has surveyed his ground, are very remarkable. He had not, however, completed his observations when a puff of smoke rose from the mosque, and a cannon-shot passing to our left plunged into the rear of the Belooch battalion, and ricochetted away amongst the fields, beyond which the camp-followers were collected. Another shot, better aimed, followed; but by this time Lord Clyde had ordered the columns to deploy, and the cavalry moved away upon the left. "Guns to the front!" was the word, and the battery of artillery, which had

been with the advance-guard, galloped as fast as they could in and through the difficult gaps in the stone walls, to take up the position indicated by Lord Clyde himself. Meantime, a heavy sustained cannonade upon our right announced that Evelegh was attacking, and soon a continuous rattle of musketry in the same direction told us that the troops were pouring rapidly onward towards the stronghold of Bainie Madho. Lord Clyde pushed on himself with the advance, and as the line of musketry of our skirmishers thickened and swept onwards, that of the enemy thinned, broke, and finally was lost in little puffs from the wooded ridge before us.

Our artillery now opened in reply to the guns; which the enemy have been directing with some vigour, but at an elevation too high to touch us in our rapid advance. We scrambled over hedges into the thick jungle, passing many of the enemy, fine, athletic sepoys, dead or dying, who had fallen before the fire of our riflemen; and now the crashing of branches, swept by rapid discharges of grape, announced that our guns, coming forward on both flanks, were searching every crevice of the stronghold of Dhondiakhera. The advance became a run. The men cheering, broke out into a double, and at last into a regular race, Lord Clyde himself leading them on. But just as we got to the slope of the ridge, an immense cloud of dust, arising far away upon our left, told us that the enemy were in full flight along the banks of the Ganges. The word was given immediately for horse artillery, the carabineers, and the Punjaubees to pursue. Line was formed by the horse. The Madrasses wheeled up in

support, and with another loud cheer our men dashed after the retreating enemy, and were soon lost in a cloud of dust of their own making. A similar appearance on the right showed us that Bainie Madho's troops were flying in two directions, one up and the other down the Ganges. Lord Clyde sent off his remaining artillery and light guns after this body, with orders to pursue them as long as man and horse could follow, and not to return till they had overtaken them.

In another moment we were in the stronghold of Dhondiakhera itself. A square court-yard upon the banks of the river, a few scattered houses, a small village already in flames, three strong temples which had once been fortified—these constituted the whole of the buildings of the sacred place. Below us rolled the Ganges, filled with the masses of the enemy who had been driven down its banks, and were trying to save themselves by escaping to a brush-covered island in the middle of the stream. Two guns were opened upon them, and raked them with repeated volleys of grape, whilst the 20th Regiment on our right, advancing their right shoulders forward, drove several hundreds of the sepoys down the steep bank into the deeper part of the river, where most of them rolled over in the current, and were drowned. In the shallow water between the bank and the island were lying the exploded tumbrils and guns, which had broken down in the attempt to carry them away. A few troopers left with us, and some guns, were sent across to this sand-bank; but had well nigh been lost in the numerous quicksands, from which they were with some difficulty extricated. The island ex-

tended to an indefinite distance up the river, which is here about a mile broad; and no doubt, while our cavalry were charging up and down the banks, thousands of the sepoys had got upon the island, and were running through the brushwood up to the point where its close approach to one side of the river would allow them to gain the mainland as soon as darkness fell in. So far the whole affair had been a failure. Bainie Madho was gone, though some hundreds of his thousands had perished in the action. Our only gain was the possession of a useless stronghold. No one liked this, except possibly Bainie Madho himself, and those who escaped; and I fear that the cutting and hacking, and bayoneting which went on was sometimes directed against objects who were really not of a character to excite the animosity of an honourable enemy, according to the laws of war.

On the distant shore of the grand river we could make out with our glasses the troopers who had been sent to watch the rebels from the other side, and at one time it was supposed that a body of infantry who were seen moving along the bank belonged to the enemy.

Bainie Madho has got off with his treasure, which is said to be considerable; and our loot consists of some atta and rice, and articles of clothing unfit for European use. I rode back with Lord Clyde to our camp, and on my way found the carabineers who had been recalled from their profitless charge, all covered with dust and flushed with excitement, wiping their swords or rubbing down their panting horses. Some of these poor fellows have met with a frightful end; for, in addition to those who were shot down by the enemy concealed in

the trees or topes, a few, in the dust and fury of the charge, fell down into wells many feet deep, in which of course death was all but certain. One of these unfortunates was extricated this evening still alive, although I believe he died in the course of the night. They told me they had followed a considerable body of the enemy till they came to a small ravine where the guns stuck fast. The cavalry passed over and pursued the sepoys, who, however, got to another ravine, and crossed it, when they coolly drew up, and seeing that our cavalry were unaccompanied by their guns, opened on them, so sharp a fire of matchlocks and musketry that the men had to be withdrawn.

Lord Clyde, as we rode back, expressed his conviction that most of the sepoys would go to their own homes now that Bainie Madho had been compelled to abandon his sanctuary, and had proved to the world how vain were all his boastings of dying by the banks of the Ganges. We must now find out again where this wily gentleman has gone to. I could scarcely fancy any task more unpleasant to a soldier than to have to keep the field against such an enemy as this.

November 25th.—We halted all day at Bugwunt Nuggur, a village of some miles from Dhondiakhera, and one Dirbijye Sing came in to visit us, of whom Lord Clyde told me rather an amusing story. It appears that he had done good service during the mutiny, and the Governor-General proposed through Lord Clyde to reward him for his services. But Dirbijye Sing came to him, and, with tears in his eyes, begged he would be good enough not to give him any reward "until," he said, "you have disposed of these

budmashes; for if I get anything from you, and then you leave the country, they will not only take away that which you gave me, but that which I have already of my own. But once you are masters, I shall be obliged to you to be as liberal as you like."

We were amused to-day by the reports of the panics into which the civilians have been thrown all along our stations on the other side of the Ganges. The appearance of the fugitives along the other bank may have given rise to some of these stories; but at least one assemblage, which was mistaken for a hostile demonstration, resolved itself into a party of women who were bathing and washing their clothes. I am not sure that military men at Head-Quarters do not take a certain amount of quiet satisfaction whenever they hear that the minds of the civil authorities are unusually agitated.

November 26th.—I was looking over a map of Oude to-day in General Mansfield's tent, in which the military and police posts established by us are marked in red, and at a distance it struck me that the face of the chart looked as if it were spattered with blood, so numerous were our stations. But there was very little blood spilt in establishing them, much to the anger of the hæmotophilists, who declare Lord Clyde is doing nothing, and who brand him in their organs as old "Cuberdar" (or "Take care")—as "Crawlin Camel," and such sort of playful phrase. Nearly all this abuse comes from Calcutta, and only from a portion of the press there. The papers at Madras and Bombay are conducted in a very different spirit. In fact, Lord Clyde has cleared all the country from Allahabad to

Lucknow of rebels who are now collected in the northern, extreme north-west parts of Oude, and in the Trans-Gogra districts.

The handling of so many small columns, all marching, shifting, combining, concentrating, and dissolving, is a matter of extreme nicety, which taxes even the industry, strategical power, and resources of General Mansfield. We are never at rest. Each column is a little army in itself, with guns, cavalry, infantry, commissariat and stores. To-day our Sikhs are to leave us, and to cross the Ganges by a bridge of boats, which was made from the Oude side to the shore opposite Futtehpore in the Cawnpore district. Captain Gordon, who commands one of the Punjaubee regiments, is to take a small force through the country towards Roy Bareilly, which would now lie in the hands of the rebels, had not Lord Clyde stationed a force there.

We broke up our camp this morning early, and marched to Poorwa, where there is a detachment of our forces in a mud fort. As we were sitting in a grove at breakfast, a couple of natives came in and reported to Colonel Macpherson that Bainie Madho's fugitive scoundrelism had come upon a convoy of camels, which were coming over to us from Roy Bareilly, and had killed the "Kalalogue," or black soldiers, who were in charge of them. They are quite as inveterate against their own countrymen as they are against the "Goralogue," or white people. On our way, passing through a small tope to-day, I observed some graves of men who had fallen in action, when Sir Hope Grant swept this point of the country in summer, or who had perished of sun-stroke. They had been opened either by wild beasts or by the

natives, and the bones had been scattered over the ground. Some of those poor fellows had met the fate which my companions and I so narrowly escaped at Bareilly, and had been cut up in their litters by a party of the enemy's cavalry.

On our march we visited a very remarkable jungle fort called Kyrampoor, belonging to Shuruttun Sing, who is now with the enemy. He has lost all his sons in this war, fighting against us; and he says he is determined to perish also. His fort being found suitable for the purpose by Col. Harness, will be occupied as a post by our police. Poorwa, where we halted for the night, is a very agreeable and well-situated village.

November 27th.—We encamped this forenoon at Bunee, on the Cawnpore road, to which we made a long march from Poorwa, across country.

November 28th.—Lord Clyde and a few of his Staff, with a small escort, rode in full gallop to Lucknow this morning. We have certainly made a rapid march this time, having done 24 miles in 24 hours for three or four days past. My horses begin to suffer, and will feel glad of the prospect of a rest at Lucknow. As I was passing the enclosure of the Alumbagh this morning, I turned in for the purpose of looking at the place where Havelock was buried, for hitherto I had been so much occupied, and was so far away, that I could not find time to visit his resting-place. The position is now abandoned, though the trenches and defensive works remain in a tolerable state of preservation; and the large garden within the enclosure is used as a halting-place by the drivers of the flocks of sheep and oxen along the Cawnpore road. Guided by a description of the place, I went up to it

at once—a clump of trees standing in the garden ground; and after some research I discovered one of them on which the letter "H" was rudely carved. Below the letter a round-shot has deeply indented the tree. At the foot of it, and at a distance of two yards, there is a trench about six feet long and three broad, which was filled with mud. The ground has apparently fallen in, as if wood or brick used to protect the coffin had become decayed. This was Havelock's grave! I should have thought that the nation would have bestowed more care upon her illustrious dead.*

The enclosure now seems to be dedicated to the reception of oxen and sheep, and the drovers, who use it as a halting-place. I remained some time in the Alumbagh, which will be for ever memorable for Outram's defence, and as the resting-place of Havelock. I believe Sir James Outram made some proposition to the Indian Government to erect a monument over the remains of his comrade in the defence of the Residency, but it fell to the ground.

About 7 o'clock in the morning I got into Lucknow; what a change! The whole city resounded with the noise of excessive explosions, caused by the engineers blowing up houses to make way for the new

* I have ascertained that Sir H. Havelock, son of the gallant general, gave instructions to Major Crommelin to erect a suitable monument over his father's remains; but that in the great pressure of business, engaged as he was in superintending the construction of the works at Lucknow, the latter excellent officer was unable to carry out those intentions. Ere this, in all probability, a proper monument has been erected over the dead; but I am unable to say whether the body was removed from Alumbagh.

works, and to open communications with the citadel. Vast masses of the city have disappeared—whole towns of squalid houses and lanes have been levelled to the earth. The mud hovels about the palaces have been removed—broad streets, which only want houses to be very fine, have been marked out, and Colonel Abbot is engaged in restoring the bazaar of the Kaiserbagh, and in improving the architecture of the city, with zeal and success. Our tents were pitched on the north bank of the Goomtee, and the Chief took up his residence in an ordinary single-pole tent.

November 29th.—After breakfast I rode over to pay my respects to Mr. Montgomery, the chief commissioner of Oude, who has his quarters at Banks's bungalow. The garden has been restored to order, and the house is thoroughly repaired. The whole place is a type of the enormous changes which have taken place in the city itself. Mr. Montgomery received me with great kindness; and for a long time we talked of Indian politics, and of various matters upon which I was glad indeed to have an opportunity of learning the views and opinions of one so distinguished for sagacity, firmness, and goodness of heart. His intellect is clear and precise. He expresses his opinions with great moderation and gentleness of tone and manner; but they are decided and strict, and on examination one sees that they have been formed with a care which has permitted no point of attack to escape its regard. He is a warm admirer of the Punjaub system, and he almost intimated a hope that Mr. Edmondstone would introduce it into Bengal. It is doubtful, however, in my poor judgment, whether there is any machinery by which the transfer could be

made, so as to adapt the code to the ancient social system of Hindostan, without great shocks and convulsions of the fabric. In the Punjaub, the system has not been tested by great internal disturbance, and in parts of the north-west it failed as completely as the old regulation system. The code is very good in parts, but it is so naked that much of its excellence must depend on the administrators.

After a long conversation with Mr. Montgomery, I rode back to camp, thinking on many problems which he had laid before me.

Lord Clyde was standing in the shade of his tent, feeding a pariah pup with crumbs of bread—"Are you getting ready to march?" he asked. "We must take the field again, as soon as I can get a handful of troops together. These gentlemen are dragging away every soldier they can lay hands on—every man for his own district, without any regard to his fellows." The rebels have actually approached the city, or rather they have been stationed a long time at Nawabgunj, close to the strong corps commanded by Colonel Purnell; and lately they have received a considerable accession of numbers. Bainie Madho appears to have got round towards the river Gogra, and the whole of the Buraech division swarms with rebels.

November 30th.—Our little camp on the Goomtee is very picturesquely situated; but we actually find it hot enough at present, and look forward with some pleasure to the prospect of renewing the campaign, though none of us hope for much night marching. The Chief is collecting a column for operations; for the whole army, with which we set out from Lucknow, was swallowed up in providing adequate forces to hold the ground.

December 5th.—This morning we marched for the field once more, making a march of twenty miles to Nawabgunj Barrabinkee, where there is a large camp, or rather a cantonment, on a sandy, arid plain.

December 6th.—Our spies informed Major Barrow last night that Bainie Madho is encamped close to the river Gogra, at a place called Beyram Ghat, which is about twenty-two miles away, below the junction of that river and the Chowka. Lord Clyde, in great delight at the prospect of getting hold of the rebels, driving them into the river, and surprising them before they could destroy their boats, or carry them over to the other side of the river, started us this morning at dawn on a march of twenty-two miles. We had just finished our breakfast under some trees, when the spies arrived, with the news that the budmashes were still on our side of the river, about thirteen miles away. They were at the ghat about 4,000 strong of all sorts, with cavalry, and sepoys, some guns, treasure, camels, and elephants. The news quickened our pulses, and Lord Clyde, tucking his sword under his arm, said, "Now, gentlemen, we are in for a gallop."

The Commander-in-Chief sent orders to Brigadier Horsford to take on the infantry with the usual halts, and placing himself at the head of the cavalry, 7th Hussars, Lahore Light Horse, and 6th Madras Light Cavalry, some Oude police, with four Horse Artillery guns, proceeded full gallop to the ghat. On, in clouds of dust so dense that horses and men rolled over in deep ruts and hollows, mile after mile through cates, across water-courses, over meadows, in deep-ploughed lands, past and through villages, with unchecked speed, dashed the little body of horse with just sixteen men

of the rifle brigade on the gun-limbers as their sole infantry. The day was hot and close, the pace was killing, but spur and whip kept the horses to their work. On, in advance of all, rode the Chief himself. The few villagers we could catch declared the budmashes were still at the ghat, 6,000 strong, with seven guns, and the news at each village quickened our pace. In three-quarters of an hour we had come ten miles, over very heavy country and roads. The cavalry and artillery showed signs of distress—but the "budmashes" were there; the river was but three miles in front, and on at full gallop again, so that the force seemed to pass over the country like a thunderstorm driven by a fierce wind, the gallant hussars, now well used to such exciting chases, and their comrades and the guns, held their way till we came to a village, in front of which ran a rising bank which shut out the horizon by a fringe of tall elephant grass. A villager was questioned, "Where are the enemy?" Alas, the answer! "They were just below the bank till last night. The last crossed over this morning." We reached the bank. Below us flowed the Gogra, a mile from bank to bank, with islands in the stream, a village full of people opposite, boats drawn up on the other shore, not one at our side. We were, indeed, foiled. The cavalry dashed along the bank to the left. We could see everywhere traces of recent flight. The opposite banks were dotted with men. A cloud of cavalry appears in the distance, riding along the banks of the river, as if looking for a place to cross. We anxiously hope they are a party of the enemy who

have been cut off. Every glass is directed to them. They come nearer—"Red turbans!" They are only "Hill's police," and Carmichael, to whose column these cavalry are attached, must be near.

In about a quarter of an hour Colonel Carmichael rode across to us from his little force, consisting of his own gallant 32nd Regiment, and a few hundred horse and foot, and told us he had come so close upon the rebels, almost without knowing it, that they started off, passed the river last night, and thus had baulked our project to surprise them.

As we halted on the bank, twisting our thumbs, washing the dirt off our hands and face in the stream, and staring at the opposite banks, the sepoys creeping through the grass began to fire at us, but their bullets rarely reached the shore, and at most flopped harmlessly on the ground. Our guns were unlimbered and levelled at the other side, but did not fire. Our sixteen riflemen, however, commenced to exchange shots with the sepoys at about 700 yards, and it was marvellous to see how soon the latter began to creep away. We had not a single boat, and we could do nothing but wish we were at the other side. At last the Chief ordered us to fall back to our camping ground. We had ridden at the least computation thirty miles, and were by no means sorry to get into our tents this afternoon.

Halting on the 7th, Lord Clyde marched us on the 8th to Derriabad, (twenty-two miles,) with Horsford's brigade, leaving Colonel Harness to build a bridge of boats at Beyram Ghat, and Purnell's brigade to cover the operation and occupy the district.

The country on the south bank of the Gogra is of exceeding richness, and offers a surprising contrast to the popular idea of India which prevails at home, or which was prevalent, at least, some time ago. There is nothing Oriental in scenery or vegetation in the general aspect of the fields. A vast plain, green as the sea, covered with crops of dall, young wheat, peas, vetches, grain, sugar-cane, amid which are numerous islands, as it were, of mangoes, peepul, tamarind, and other trees, which, till closely examined in detail, differ nothing in broad effect from clumps of oak, elms, and sycamores, spreads to the remotest verge of vision, set in a circular fretted framework of topes, condensed by distance into the appearance of a solid belt. Right across the centre, in a tapering diameter, streams the army, baleful as a comet, its course marked by a wall of dust through which glints forth the lance-point and bayonet. Whether the head or the tail of a comet be most harmful I know not; but certain it is the wide, fan-like tail of the Indian army is more terrible to our friends than its artillery or its sabres. Those insatiable "looters"—men, women, and children, all are at it; a field is gobbled, crunched, and sucked up in ten minutes. In vain Lord Clyde himself charges fiercely among them with a thick stick in his hand and thrashes the robbers heartily. In vain Colonel Metcalfe zealously aids his Chief and displays immense vigour in executing the duties of Provost-Marshal, "as a temporary arrangement." Animated by such examples, I, too, smite the spoilers hip and thigh, and complicate myself seriously with prickly fences, and "pound" myself in irrigated gardens. It is to no good end that police

cavalry and flankers of hussars and carabineers make raids here and there against the more conspicuous bands of plunderers. If the whole available force of Europeans of this army were turned out against the camp-followers they could only check their depredations by *mitraillade,* and then the survivors would either run away (in which case it is not too much to say the army would be as helpless as the Foundling Hospital or an infant school) or they would return to their work to-morrow. Why, the race is suckled on loot, fed on theft, swaddled in plunder, and weaned on robbery. See that small black imp sitting on a bundle of clothes, surrounded by a monument erected by industry out of appetite, from the masticated remains of many sugar-canes; there is a merry twinkle in his eye as he thrusts the luscious reed into his jaws, and holds out his hand to his mother (whose brass anklets you can just see through the stems in the field) shouting out for more. All his family—his grandfather, his grandmother, his mother, his father, his sisters and brothers who are able to walk—are buried in that cate, eating and cutting, and grubbing up as fast as they can, with many thousands of similar households, scattered all along our march for twenty miles. But I do not suppose for a moment they are worse than other camp-followers in other parts of the world. Whatever the soldier may be, the creatures who follow him are kites and vultures, actually and metaphorically. When Sir C. Napier led his last army through the North-West of India, he exerted all his energies to prevent plunder; but he failed. After every march 400 or 500 camp-followers were flogged; but the camp-followers were in myriads;

and all that can be hoped for by any general in India is to diminish the extent of plundering, and to reduce it to particulars from a universal. It is in the villages the evil is greatest. Our active robbers hide in the narrow tortuous streets; the column defiles through the main-street, or passes outside the place. Then out come our friends, steal water-pots, cooking vessels fresh from the manufactory—a pile of red earth, and a baking oven—desolate the gardens, and sometimes do worse. It will be observed that all these deeds are perpetrated by natives. The European soldiers are always closed up in columns of march; but Sikh and Belooch stray away from their baggage-guards.

Our march to-day was moderated by the Commander-in-Chief, so the pace was not so great as yesterday. Although the wind was cold, the sun was quite as hot after 11 o'clock as it is on the warmest July day in England. The halts were as usual. Breakfasted in a tope, to the great comfort and satisfaction of numerous crows and kites.* On our way after the third halt, passed a pretty small mosque, with two slender white minarets. Hard by was a tomb, at which a Moulvie was praying with great devotion. One of our officers incontinently proposed to the civil authority to destroy the tomb, and to flog all the people who happened to be within reach; in order, I suppose, to teach them not to pray at Moulvies' tombs. His proposition was not acceded to.

* One of the latter swooped down among our plates, and actually carried off a table-fork, which it bore aloft some distance, before—discovering, possibly, that it was albata, or that it was not a bone—it dropped the veteran weapon from its talons.

Our camp was pitched at Begumgunge, about twenty miles from Fyzabad, the ancient capital of Oude. After our tents were pitched, which in my case was near sunset, an old talookdar came to pay his respects to the commissioner; and, as he was a pleasant, intelligent-looking old gentleman—albeit attired in spotted calico, after the fashion of the British washer-woman—I had some conversation, with the assistance of a friend, *de omnibus*. I have had great doubts in my mind that the natives compute numbers accurately—at least of men on the march. He stated some wonderful things about the force of the rebels in various parts, and so I was anxious to test his knowledge. "How many troops do you think are with the Lord Sahib to-day?" "The book has not been written which contains their number." "But, to speak plainly, how many do you think there are?" "Well: of fighting men there are about 12,000; as for camp-followers, they are more numerous than the sands of the river, and cover all the country." "Have you ever seen armies before?" "I have been in a hundred fights. Do I not know? I had a son killed by my side in battle, and those who now live are wounded." The force computed at 12,000 is under 3,000 strong, so our hero of a hundred fights was not a Cassio in arithmetic.

Maun Sing, attended by his brother, Rugber Sing, came into our camp about dark, and was presented by Major Barrow to Lord Clyde, with whom he engaged in conversation for half an hour in the dinner tent. His only insignia of rank consisted of two ponderous maces of gold and silver, in form like the doctors' canes of last century much exaggerated,

which were carried by two officers of his household. He is a slight, lanky, narrow-chested man, with a clever, ill-looking head and face, rather high cheek-bones, and nose inclined to the zenith, being, indeed, somewhat more *retroussée* than one usually sees among Hindoos. There was, in fact, an expression in his face which forcibly reminded me of the bronze busts of William Pitt—perhaps the colour of the bronze had something to do with it. He was rather quietly dressed; but his brother Rugber, a larger, coarser, and less subtle-looking man, was attired in rich robes of brocaded stuff. They are "arcades ambo." I had the honour of an introduction, and was informed by Maun Sing, that he thought his assessment a great deal too heavy, and that he had not been sufficiently considered for his efforts in saving the lives of English people. "If I could have got across the river at him, when he was firing into my sick, I 'd have given him something to complain of," quoth Lord Clyde, shaking his fist. He alluded to an incident in the relief of Lucknow, when Maun Sing opened his guns and fired into our camp from the other side of the Goomtee.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Horses and men alike tired.—A welcome sight.—Native servants.—The monkey god.—Crossing the river Gogra.—Sepoys and "Company Bahadoor."—Nana Sahib.—March towards Nepaul.—Pouring rain.—Rugbeer Sing.—We occupy Buraech.—Death of a desperado.—The holy Apes.—Tomb of Syud Salar.—Passing the pickets prohibited.—A native arsenal.—Chasse aux talookdars.—Difficulty of rapid operations.—Approaching the Terai.—Maun Sing's sharpness.—A day at Intha.

December 10*th*.—The column started from Kusbee Begumgunge at the usual hour; and it was 3 o'clock, P.M. ere the first tents were pitched outside the town, or great Mahomedan city, of Fyzabad. Horses and men were alike tired—the day being excessively hot, and the roads very dusty; length of march twenty miles, within a few hundred yards. A good many young men fell out, and tailed off from the regiments; and native soldiers suffered from sore feet as well as the Europeans. It is rather difficult for the most energetic of men to get through any sort of literary labour under the circumstances. Here is one's life at present:—First bugle at 5.15 A.M.: strike tents, a cup of tea before starting, a groping, stumbling ride out through tent-pegs, camp-followers *regardant*, camels *crouchant*, elephants *passant*, and horses *rampant*, to the road; very cold and chill ere the sun rises; then jog, jog, at the rate of two miles an hour or so, with a halt of a few minutes every hour, to allow the baggage and the rear-guard to close up; artfully riding from one flank to another as the breeze, or rather current of air, drives the smothering clouds of

dust across the line of march, in order to evade the nuisance as much as possible.

At last, about 2 o'clock P.M., the welcome sight of the assistant quartermaster-general riding over the plain in front, and directing the movements of his flagmen, who mark out the lines of the camp, announces that we are at our resting-place; but it is long ere the camels stalk in upon us, and cone after cone of canvas offers brief shelter to the Rechabite. Each man is choked with dust, and fagged by heat and slow riding. The water-skin of the bheesty gives a refreshing shower-bath; but it is nearly 4 o'clock ere the tent is all in order, for the furniture drops in slowly and fitfully, as the coolies behave on the road. Then darkness closes in, and if with an effort, of the violence of which in my own case I can speak conscientiously, one has sat down to write, the slow beat of the camp gong soon announces that the dinner hour —about 6.30 P.M.—is near at hand. The meal lasts nearly an hour, and there are few who can resist the temptation of the charpoy on returning to their tents from dinner, about 8.30 or 9 o'clock P.M. How our servants exist I cannot ascertain by any reference to my own experiences. No English servant could—or, if he could, he certainly would not—exhibit the patience and powers of endurance of these bearers, syces, and grass-cutters. My syce follows me all day, for six or seven hours, at a jog-trot, not a sign of fatigue on his dusty face, or a drop of perspiration on his dark skin. He is heavily weighted, too, for he carries a horse-cloth, a telescope, a bag of gram (part for himself and part for his horse), and odds and ends useful on a march. When we halt he is at hand to hold

the horse. At the end of the march there is no rest for him; he grooms the horse with assiduity, hand-rubs him, washes out his nostrils and ears and hoofs, waters him, soaks his grain, and feeds him; then he has to clean saddlery, and bits, and spurs; finally, at some obscure hour of night, he manages to cook a cake or two of wheat-flour, to get a drink of water, to smoke his hubble-bubble, and then, after a fantasia or so on the tom-tom, aided by a snuffling solo through the nose in honour of some unknown beauty, wraps himself up, head and all, in his calico robe, and sleeps, *sub Jove frigido*, till the first bugle rouses him out to feed and prepare his horse for the march. If any true Briton maintains that beef and beer are essentials to develope a man in stature, or strength, or "lasting," let him look at our camp-servants and own his error. The grass-cutter has an equally hard existence; the kelassies, or tent-pitchers, keep pace with the camels, and your bheesty is ready with his mussuck the moment you ride into camp. And here at this moment is my bearer, with a clean snow-white turban and robe, sliding into my tent to tell me dinner is ready, to wait on me till I go to sleep, and to wake me betimes in the morning. And so farewell for to-day.

December 11*th*.—We were all astir early to visit the city of Fyzabad and the temples of the adjacent city of Ajoodhea, the ancient capital of Oude (or Awadh). Our camp is close to the ruins of a serai, planted with fine trees—the ruins of a huge tank are close at hand. As we go on, we see that we have ruins on all sides. There is a great contrast to this dilapidation in the magnificent avenue of tamarind-trees, which formerly

led to the city, but which was left at one side by our engineers when they were making their new approaches. The decay of Oriental towns is not more remarkable than their sudden growth. The palaces, gardens, tanks, of Fyzabad are not older than 100 years, and in 1775, when it was the capital of Oude, its population amounted to 120,000. Since the change of the seat of Government to Lucknow, it has tumbled down to an aggregate of ruins, swarming with paupers and apes. The latter are in myriads in every tree and house-top, for Ajoodhia, or Oude, is the city of Hunaman, the monkey god, who helped Rama in Ceylon, and whose name is sacred to all good Hindoos. A lucky day was it for the simious tribe when the superstition was invented, for assuredly it has rendered their lives enviable by a sybarite till the evil day when the goralogue came upon them. Fyzabad and Oude extend for more than two leagues, linked together by heaps of ruins, like deserted brick manufactories. The former teems with beetle-browed Mahomedans; the latter is an ant-hill of fat baboos, filthy fakirs, and greasy byragis, or Hindoo friars. Multitudes of people were pouring through the narrow lanes which lead to the sacred ghats and temples, and the Gogra bore innumerable chaplets and bunches of yellow flowers, which had been cast into the stream by the devotees from the various shrines. Exeter Hall would have been a little scandalized had it seen Lord Clyde, General Mansfield, and other officers with heathen garlands of flowers on their necks, placed there by the priests of the temples. My companions, myself, had to submit to the same "honours," and the priests were quite delighted, saying, as they led us round the

shrines, and explaining the mysteries of monkeys and bulls to us, "Now we are all brothers together." Oude is a huge heathen monastic city—a sort of Hindoo Rome. The saints growled upon us fiercely as they scratched themselves in the sun, or held battues in each other's heads, but the priests kept them in order, as indeed did the long lances of our escort of Bruce's police. The heat of the multitudes in the shrines, the heavy scent of decayed flowers, and other disagreeable smells full of the odour of Hindoo sanctity, rendered our visit rather trying, and I much enjoyed by contrast my visit subsequently to the cool silent mosques in gloomy Fyzabad, where the calm is only broken by the prayers of the Mussulman echoing along the arched roofs.

December 12th.—The Commander-in-Chief and the men left in camp, crossed the Gogra from Fyzabad by the bridge of boats as soon as it was daylight, and entered Buraech. The stately river, which is broader and fuller in volume than the Ganges wherever I have seen it, from Benares upwards, nevertheless fills only a fourth of its bed, and a wide expanse of sand lies beyond the bridge, which is covered in the rains by the rise of the river. The stream of the Gogra is 350 yards across or more, and the current runs swiftly. The breadth of the bed is 1,500 or 1,600 yards, and in the height of its overflow it is three miles across. From Fyzabad only a few trees are visible in the distance during the rains. Above the bridge of boats, and just below a Hindoo ghat-stair, descending to the holy waters, lay a steam gunboat, which is intended to start to-morrow up to Beyram Ghat, with thirty boats in tow, for the bridge in course of construction

at the latter place. Some infantry will be put on board to protect her; but she carries two guns, which would suffice to render her very formidable to any antagonists she is likely to encounter along the banks. On the verge of the plain, beyond the sand, are the feeble earthworks, beyond which the enemy put their guns to fire on the bridge of boats, which guns Sir Hope Grant captured the other day very easily. The column which was encamped about five miles and a half beyond the bridge, was already some time on the march before we overtook it. We halted and encamped at a village called Jamkapoorwah, on the road to Sekrora, and nineteen and three-quarter miles from Fyzabad.

Our friend Maun Sing, who, with his brother, Rugber Sing, and his general, with a few matchlockmen, is in attendance on the column, says that there are some men, such as the Rajah of Bondee, the Rajah of Gonda, Deebee Bux, and the men of certain regiments, who will never come in; but that Bainie Madho will eventually surrender, and that the Court party will do so if they can. At one of our halts two natives came up to us—one old, but still hale and vigorous, the other a very tall, thin, and badly-dressed young man. They made a military salute, which was not needed to tell they were sepoys. One had been soubahdar or captain in the 67th B.N.I., disbanded, I think, at Agra; the other was a sepoy in the 2nd grenadiers. The soubahdar expressed great joy at seeing us. He had, he said, been plundered by the sepoys who passed through his village a short time before; and his companion, in addition to the robbery, had been carried off prisoner twenty or thirty miles, in default of ransom. In

reply to Colonel Macpherson, he said that all were now convinced they never would have such a master as "Company Bahadoor," and he was frantic in his expressions of delight at the restoration. "But the Company is no more; it has ceased to exist." "In the name of heaven, who is come then?" "The Queen of England." "I don't know anything of this; but whoever comes, none can be like Company Bahadoor, who took care of us, paid us our pensions and looked after our families when we were dead." "Then, why did you revolt?" "My regiment did not revolt. We were deprived of our arms and disbanded. I have fought in the Company Bahadoor's service for many years. Have I not medals and ribbands to show my services? and, after all, in my old age, I am thrown on the world to starve." "We could not trust you when so many regiments murdered their officers, men, women, and children." "It is bad. Hang them all; but do not punish the innocent." "How are we to know you would have acted differently from the others?" "Well: it is a true saying; but still it is very hard on the good—all are not bad alike." "Why did the good follow the bad?" "Because ten bad men being violent carry the weak along with them, and the good are trod down." This old man had never seen the Proclamation, nor heard of it. His companion was on sick-leave when the mutiny broke out, and seemed unhappy at the suggestion that, not having gone back to his regiment, he was liable to be tried for desertion. The soubahdar told us the Nana Sahib was the sole author of the Cawnpore massacre, and that he had reviled two companies of the Native Infantry regiment who went down to

Wheeler's ghat, because they had not completed their work more effectually, and then took their arms away.

December 13*th.*—Marched along the road from Jamkahpoorwah (not marked in the maps) to Dehras (on the surveyor-general's department map), about 16½ miles. Villagers coming out with confidence to look at the column. Many of them never saw a white face before in all their lives, this district having been rarely visited by any European officials. The country not so well cultivated as that south of the Gogra; but the natural richness of the soil is evinced by the magnificent trees—peepul, mangoe, and tamarinds. The sugar-cane fields are high and dense; so are those of dall; and vast plains are green with young wheat. The hamlets are very small, consisting of only five or six houses, but the villages are larger than those in Southern Oude; as yet we have met no town since crossing the Gogra at Fyzabad. The houses are very low; the thatched roofs covered with creepers and a broad-leaved climber with foliage and stems, like a melon.

December 14*th.*—Our route becomes very interesting. We are not only in a new country, but we are approaching the Terai, and at our present rate of marching, we shall soon be close to Nepaul, and now and then we can see the faint outlines of the Snowy Range. The Begum, Nana Sahib, Bainie Madho, and 8,000 or 9,000 men with guns, and women and children, and great quantities of transport, are at Buraech, on which we are advancing in twenty-mile marches daily.

December 15*th.*—The shooting about Secora is capital. Jeels full of snipe abound on all sides, and

the reedy banks are full of black partridge and quail. To-day, as we were returning from shooting, we came upon the body of an old woman, who appeared to have been a camp follower. She was lying dead, with a piece of carrot in her mouth, and her hand grasped the stump from which she had gnawed it. She had a few wax rings on her fingers and toes, but her dress was poor, and her appearance gave reason to think she had died of hunger in the very centre of a camp. The vultures and crows were already hopping about her, and it was only by threats we could induce the headman of the neighbouring village to promise to bury the corpse. There is a sort of emulation in marching among the men of our little force which the Chief is obliged to check as much as possible, or they would run themselves off their legs. The Rifle Brigade who are with us are as hard as nails, faces turned brown, and muscles hardened into whip-cord; and to see them step over the ground, with their officers marching beside them, is a very fine sight for those who have an eye for real first-rate soldiers. Lord Clyde is greatly pleased with the officers because they do not ride on tats or poneys, as many officers of other regiments are accustomed to do. Even non-commissioned officers are to be seen mounted on poneys by the side of their company.

December 16th.—We have marched 19 miles a-day for 19 days, and we are now in hopes of bringing the enemy to an action; for he is surrounded from Gorruckpore to Rohilcund by an arc the chord of which is the Terai.

December 17th.—The column marched at 6.30 A.M. The sky, which was so overcast with clouds that we

could not see the Snowy Range, darkened as the morning advanced, and the signs and tokens of the long-expected Christmas rains became unmistakably manifest. Whether it was owing to the gloomy, murky effects of such influences that the country appeared uninteresting I cannot say, but it certainly struck me that the land as we approached Buraech was barren and uncultivated, more like "the blasted heath" at Forres than the rich plains covered with corn-fields and groves through which we have been marching now for nearly a month. There were no villages on the road, which was a mere cart-wheel track, but little used. The trees were scanty till we arrived close to Buraech, which stands shrouded completely by dense topes. Before we approached our camping-ground the clouds fell, and the rain poured down, to the evident discomfiture of the natives. It is strange that people exposed to such heavy falls of rain as the inhabitants of India should not prepare clothing better adapted to protect them. I could scarcely resist a smile at the appearance of Maun Sing as he rode ahead of us in a gay tiara or high cap of gold and silver brocade, kid gloves, a thin dressing-gown, tight pantaloons, cotton socks, and slippers. His brother, Rugber Sing, magnificent in the richest shawls and stuffs, is one whose appearance does not excite mirth; it is easy to resist the inclination to laugh at a man whose deeds are of the most atrocious character, if the testimony of living and dead are to be credited. He is a Torquemada in the art of torturing, and he has outdone all that Colonel Sleeman records of him. In spite of his height, delicate hands and feet, and splendid attire, Rugber Sing has a repulsive look; for in his face there

is a mingled expression of the slyness, cunning, and cruelty which are but too well evinced in his acts. The Rajah's general is a fine fat Hindoo, whose aspect does not justify one in supposing that, if hostile, he would be a very formidable strategical antagonist to Lord Clyde. He was well mounted; and I said something to that effect to the officer beside him, who translated the phrase to the General. He immediately salaamed, and said, "If the Sahib likes the horse, will he honour me by accepting it?"—a *façon de parler* which he would have been much disgusted to have found carried out literally and seriously. While we were sheltering ourselves from the rain under some fine trees, and waiting for the tents to be pitched, a small force of police cavalry advanced towards the town. Captain Steele, the deputy commissioner, who had gone on alone, returned, and stated that he had seen some sowars in one of the streets. About an hour afterwards, the officer in charge of the police detachment, with a few of his men, passed up the avenue of our camp with a number of prisoners—perhaps twenty in all—towards the tent of the commissioner, Major Barrow. The men's swords and lances were stained with blood; and on going into the camp-street I learnt that a little engagement had taken place, close at hand, while we were breakfasting under a tree. On the detachment of cavalry, of which I have spoken above, getting to the town, some of the few inhabitants left there came running out to tell them that there were "budmashes" in the place. The sowars at once gallopped into the choke, or principal street, which is very narrow and tortuous. Before them were a number of men armed with swords, bucklers, and matchlocks, running to-

wards the river. The street was so crooked it was impossible for two horsemen to charge or to ride abreast; but the leading sowar, seeing one of the fugitives turn into a small walled enclosure, leaped his horse over the wall and came upon the fellow, who, though cut through the shoulder by the soldier as his horse lighted on the ground, returned a fierce stroke, which laid the horse's neck and shoulder open, and he was only brought to the ground by a tremendous sword-cut which cleft him through the face to the collar-bone. Pressing on as fast as the ground would permit, the cavalry came upon the rear of the fugitives just as they emerged on the plain at the other side of the town. A body of sowars, in full flight, were seen in the distance, out of reach of pursuit; but the police charged the foot men, most of whom were armed with only tulwar and sabre, for they had thrown their matchlocks into the river as they crossed, killed eight on the spot, and captured the eighteen or twenty who have just been brought in. Some among them were mere boys, and were at once set free by Major Barrow's orders. The others, with their arms tied behind their backs, looked miserable enough. They are now under examination in the commissioner's tent. One is a sepoy of the 17th Native Infantry—the regiment which murdered so many officers of the 22nd Native Infantry on their way from Fyzabad—a tall, fine-looking fellow, who was taken with a musket in his hand warm from a recent discharge, and who will probably be executed this afternoon. Another rebel, who resisted with determination, and did not surrender till he was surrounded by horsemen, said he was lumberdar, or head man of a neighbouring village. When the Cavalry

were returning, they found the rebel, who had been wounded, walking up and down the enclosure, flourishing his sword, and challenging them to come on. He was covered with blood from his wounds. Lieutenant Tweedie took a carabine from one of the 7th Hussars, who happened to be near the place, and shot the desperado through the head.

December 18th.—Yesterday I rode through the greater part of Buraech. On every tenement is stamped decay. Outside the town the groves are so dense that all one can see above and through the trees is a mound crowned with masses of ruinous brickwork and the fragments of a fort and mosque, beyond which there rise a few small cupolas of Hindoo and Mahomedan temples The trees, mostly rich and umbrageous tamarinds, are planted also in the thoroughfares of the town and in the large open spaces devoted to bones, broken crockery, pariah dogs, smashed water-jars and cooking utensils, bricks, and such things as one usually sees in the places where rubbish is shot in Oriental cities. The choke, or principal street, where the bazaar is held under the circumstances, —half the sheds shut, the shops closed, and only the lowest sort of traffic going on,—looked very miserable; but it must have been mean enough at the best. It is narrow and dirty; the houses are one story high, of mud and brick, with the squalid exception of rickety two-storied edifices, of which, be it observed, the upper parts are all pierced with recent loopholes. Vain attempts have been made to conceal those hostile indications by filling the apertures with mud and plastering them over. The shops are open in front, windowless and doorless, like those of Turkey; but

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there was nothing to buy except odd sweetmeats, sugar, atta, gram, tobacco, and ill-conditioned vegetables, which the proprietors sold, with fear and trembling, to Oude police, camp-followers, and fierce Beloochees, whose notions as to the course of trade very probably affected the market-prices materially. For one house inhabited ten were empty; all the larger buildings were going fast to ruin,—shrines, temples, mosques, serais, the brick walls of gardens, and public offices, and the residences of the gentry; and yet I am told that, fifteen years ago, this was one of the finest towns in Oude, and that it was surrounded by fields of the finest crops, so that it was described as one magnificent garden. Its decay dates from the period when the kings of Oude, abandoning the policy of Sadut Ali Khan, began to let out the Crown lands to the talookdars—in our hands its descent has been precipitate. The general impression left by the place is, that you are wandering through the suburbs of a great town, which you seem never to reach, and that the inhabitants are all gone to market. The most numerous and flourishing, as they certainly were the only gay and active population of the city, were apes and monkeys. They live in high esteem among the citizens, and treat pariahs and Europeans with profound and contemptuous indifference, till they become aware of the general propensity of the latter to shy bricks at them. It is curious to watch an old patriarchal baboon, when he learns, for the first time in his life, that he is exposed to personal outrage; projectile No. 1, which goes near him, he affects to believe the result of some extraordinary accident, and continues his examination of his person, or that of a friend's,

with as much dignity as the avocation will permit him to exhibit. At brick No. 2, however, his faith in the doctrine of probability is shaken; he rouses himself, stands up, and makes a menacing face at the aggressor; but as the plan of attack developes itself, and brick No. 3 flies past, followed by No. 4 and No. 5, with a chatter of rage he bounds up a tamarind tree, shakes the branches, puts on the most hideous grimaces, and really behaves very much as a noble savage would do in the same trying position, retreating finally out of range, with many imprecations. The apes are now busy eating tamarinds. The roads are full of them. They are on the tops of walls and houses, and in the groves, and round the convoy, and by the tanks, always in the best places, never shaggy or ragged, and universally respected by their fellow-inhabitants. Buraech is famous and happy in the possession of the tomb of a Mussulman saint, who, like most of his profession, was a great man of war and delighted in bloodshed. Syud Salar was nephew of Mahomed of Ghuznee, and about 800 years ago he waged a fierce war against the Hindoos, and was slain in battle at Buraech. I met hundreds of our camp-followers, Hindoos as well as Mussulmans, coming back from his shrine with garlands of yellow flowers round their necks. He has the good fortune to be in great esteem with both sects. The Mahomedans worship him because he killed many thousands of Hindoos, hundreds of years ago, and died for the faith; the Hindoos worship him because they think he must have had great influence with Shiva to be permitted to slay so many of their co-religionists; and the Mussulman fakirs highly approve the logic of both

dialectics. The tomb is a simple brick and stone shrine, in a dark little mosque; but it is surrounded by the tombs of holy men, each in separate mosques, who have died while in attendance at his shrine. In the city itself off the main road, there is another very large establishment of fakirs, which I visited. It is surrounded by a high wall, which encloses eight or nine acres of ground thickly wooded. The entrances are by handsome arched gates, with pillars, Moorish fashion; but wall and gates are going to ruin. Inside are numerous small mosques and shrines, and a long low building with porticoes, open at the sides and supported on columns. All the buildings are full of devotees at their prayers, who look with unfriendly eyes at the stranger. But they are not discourteous. They point out the tombs of the best saints, and take him to the grand tank built by the piety of a Shah-fakir—a magnificent work, rapidly disappearing. I suppose it cannot be less than 200 yards long by 100 yards broad; its depth from the top of the bank to the surface of the water is about fifty feet. The banks are supported by walls of masonry and brick, which are broken and falling into the tank, and the descent to the water is effected by broad flights of steps, which are equally dilapidated. There is a well of pure water also in the garden, which is much prized. It must be eighty or ninety feet deep, and the water is reached by flights of steps from the surface of the ground down to the level of the well. When we entered the town a number of matchlocks, muskets, spears, and swords were found in the temples. The police seized them; but the fakirs made a great outcry, appealed to the Proclamation, declared it was necessary

for their religion to have arms, and gave them up with a very bad grace. Hence the ill-favoured expression of the devout. As there was reason to believe that some fanatics were lurking about the place, the general orders last night contained the following prohibition:—"The Commander-in-Chief regrets to be obliged to prohibit officers and others from going beyond the line of pickets." Three horses and some arms were found in a thicket close to the town and brought in by a police patrol. As shooting was thus closed, and the river yielded no fish in its flooded state, sportsmen were rather disconsolate, except the happy few who hit on the expedient of running a drag between the out-line and in-line pickets for the hounds of Major Frazer, of the 7th Hussars. The Indian fox gives little sport; he is small and scant of breath; but a good jackal is by no means to be despised by the hardest rider or the staunchest dogs. He often runs long and strong, is cunning as the oldest denizen of Aylesbury-vale, and dies game to the last—a very high character for a jackal. On the following day we halted in Buraech camp.

December 20th.—To-day I got a written permission from Lord Clyde to go out shooting outside the pickets, and to take a friend or two along with me; but, added he, "You must take some escort with you. I don't want to have any of my people cut down close to my camp by some rascally fanatic who may be prowling in the jungle." A small section of Oude police cavalry were therefore sent out with us, and we rode through camp thus accompanied, to the huge wonderment of the natives, who obviously believed we were prisoners. Now a cavalry escort,

though a safeguard to a shooting party, is by no means conducive to shooting, for we found they cleared the game in all directions. We halt at Buraech, because the rebels are sending in to Major Barrow with promises of immediate surrender if they can get any terms from us. They are retiring towards Nepaul.

Tuesday, Dec. 21st.—Inside the serai, where Bala Rao, Nana Sahib's brother, lived so long, there is a series of large sheds, with bellows, forges, moulds, and furnaces for casting guns, as well as curious appliances for making bullets and grape-shot. Near these sheds were some fragments of a thick iron 24-pounder, with an inscription engraved on the breech to the effect that it belonged to some "Shah Bahadoor," King of the World. It was curious to inquire how it came there, and what use those fragments were intended for. It is said the Portuguese made many iron guns for the Indian rajahs and nawabs in times gone by, and this might have been one of them, though it is hard to say for what purpose the fragments had been so recently collected. In daggers and swords the natives are very skilful and learned, and they will pay any price for a well-known and approved blade. Their matchlocks are well made of hammered iron, and can be had for thirty shillings or two pounds, new and in perfect order. The passion of the people of Oude for arms is almost a mania; but it had its origin in the insecurity of life and property and the disorders of Government as much as in the martial spirit of the population, though the latter was, no doubt, kept alive by our Bengal army, and the continual tumults of the State. I think that those who advocate the employ-

ment of a disarmed police, or batoned constables, after the manner of the metropolis, know little of Oude, though they have lived all their lives in Calcutta, or even in Bengal.

December 22nd.—I made a long excursion towards the jungle in front of our camp to-day with two or three officers, but we shot nothing except a few snipe, one mallard of great beauty of plumage, and three or four partridges. In one patch of jungle we came upon some peacocks and jungle-fowl, but they had been alarmed by our horses, and were off and away. There are great quantities of cast-off snake skins lying in the fields, which shine like silver in the sun.

December 23rd, to-camp, Intha, Buraech district.—After a halt of five days at Buraech, the Commander-in-Chief, with a small column, marched seventeen miles this forenoon towards Nanparah, and pitched his tents at this hamlet. Between Buraech and Intha there lies a great jungle, through which there is no road. The main road to Nanparah is on the right of the jungle; but there is another which skirts the jungle on the left, less used and known; and along the latter lay our route, as there were some hopes entertained that we might by following it come upon a body of rebels who were said to be encamped to the south-west of Nanparah. The spies who came in yesterday reported that the enemy had all left the last-named place, and had moved to a mud fort further north and west, where they declared they would make a final stand ere they fled to the dreaded Terai, from which they are now separated by only a few miles of forest.

This "*chasse aux talookdars*" is weary work for

officers and men. It is inglorious and unprofitable; and the scent does not lie, so that the truest dogs are at fault. Of course the Government at home and out here find it more weary still. "Why is it not finished at once?" is the cry. Simply because we cannot catch Tantia Topee, or force the Oude party to fight or submit. "But why don't you do either?" Because as yet it is a physical impossibility, particularly when the action of arms is suspended by diplomacy. Just consider where we are. Our forces are within sight of Nepaul. The Snowy Range rises above us, and on the pent-like slopes of the mountains, towards the dead level of Oude, are forests of untold depths, in which man has never set his foot. In the ravines formed by the course of innumerable torrents are paths known to a few who are unknown to us, which lead into the dreary solitudes of the mountains between Nepaul and the Terai. Here and there some forts are perched amid beetling precipices, screened by densest forests. Between us and the spurs of the great range, which rises like some giant wall to shut Hindostan from the outer world, are the plains up to the Terai. Those plains are to us *terræ incognitæ*. Maun Sing, who is with us, has collected revenue here at the head of his armies, and Captain Orr, Captain Bunbury, and one or two European officers in the King of Oude's service, may know a little of the district; but the more one knows the more he can tell of the difficulty of operating rapidly in a country which is a plain dotted with swamps, destitute of roads, abounding in rivers and forests. See how painfully the Quartermaster-General and his assistants have to pick out their way from the stupid

or astute villagers. Every step is to be weighed beforehand. "How deep is the river there?" "Sometimes up to the neck, at others up to the waist." "Is the bottom soft or hard?" "It is middling." "Is there no ford?" "Yes: five koss (*i. e.* ten miles) lower down there is a ford knee-deep." "Could guns get over it?" "I don't know; they might stick." "What kind of a road is it to the next village?" "There are open plains, jeels, or swamps, and streams to cross; then a thick belt of trees; then jungle." "Can guns go through the jungle?" "The path is narrow, they had better go round." Between Buraech and Intha, in one march of seventeen miles we skirted a jungle the whole way; we passed over a plain without any cultivation or inhabitants, except enormous herds of small and semi-wild cattle, and their few and frightened attendants. I think there were only two hamlets of four or five houses each to be seen, and around each was a small patch of dall-field and cultivated ground. The rest was a desert covered with sharp prickly shrubs, or coarse tufted grass, mango topes, tamarind and stinted banyan trees here and there. Beyond these plains lies the belt of forest and jungle at the foot of the hills which is known as ("the forest") the Terai.

We are approaching the Terai, and the Nana is before us. This morning, indeed, we were all delighted, as the sun rose, to catch for a moment a glimpse of the peaks of the Snowy Range, rising above the great mountains that separate Nepaul from the forest boundary of our Indian empire. In the course of our march I heard heavy firing about 1 o'clock, and I called Lord Clyde's attention to it. His lord-

ship's sense of hearing is very acute, and on listening he at once said, "It must be Christie's column which is engaged;" but Maun Sing, who was consulted, said it was "the budmashes fighting among themselves," and really appeared impressed with the notion that the Begum and her party were quite likely to have a battle with the Nana or the Hindoo party. Maun Sing gave a singular proof of his sharpness to-day, which Lord Clyde was pleased at, though it also astonished him. The Chief was explaining to the Rajah what he was going to do in the west of Oude, and was marking off the positions on the map, when the latter pointed out to him and General Mansfield a line of posts which undoubtedly possessed, in one place, a great military superiority to the plans of our Generals, as they laughingly confessed. These fellows would make splendid soldiers if their men or themselves would only do a little fighting. Intha is a small hamlet of reed-thatched huts, bee-hives, and gardens, surrounded by scrubby sand-hills covered with very high tufted grass. Our camp-followers amused themselves by burning a few of the houses for the purpose of warming themselves, and nearly destroyed the whole village.

December 24th.—I was almost glad this morning, when an hour before daybreak it began to rain so heavily that the noise of the drops pattering on the tent awoke me; for I knew that we should have a day's rest. A visit from Lord Clyde assured me I was right, for his Lordship recommended to make the most of the day, and write for the post, as "the camp stands, till the rain clears off, and the tents are dry." It is quite impossible to move the

tents when they are saturated, as their weight is thereby nearly doubled, and besides it is most dangerous at this time of the year to allow the men to encamp on wet ground without sufficient covering. So we remained at Intha all day. Lord Clyde is understood to be somewhat perplexed by the silence of the Governor-General in reference to the course to be taken when the rebels are driven into Nepaul, for his Lordship does not know whether the Viceroy would sanction the pursuit of them across the frontiers.

CHAPTER XIX.

A dialogue.—Christmas night in Oude.—News of Bainie Madho.—A natural fortress.—"We have them at last!"—The affair of Burjiddiah.—Accident to Lord Clyde.—The Lord Sahib's charpoy.—A captive "budmash."—The Nana's haunt.—Mejiddiah.—Reconnoitring.—Bombardment of Mejiddiah.—Inside the fortress.—Presence of mind.—A night surprise.—Steering northward.—The night tramp—Flight and pursuit.—The fight in the Raptee.—A diplomatic difficulty.—Nepaulese politics—Shall I become a zemindar?—The Nawab of Furrukabad.—Return to Lucknow.

Christmas Day.—The whole camp turned out this morning to look at the Snowy Range, which is certainly the grandest object I have ever seen, as it appears from the plains of Oude, towering above the giant mountains of Nepaul. Some of the officers took some angles and compass bearings, and made us believe that we saw Dwalaghiri; others maintained that they could see Mount Everest, hundreds of miles away, the highest mountain in the world. As the men were going to mass and to the Presbyterian service this morning, two of the artillerymen near me held the following dialogue in a strong Irish accent of the Louth or Downshire species.

"Well, it 's mighty quare that the papists and the dissinters should have a parson, and we without a soul to look afther us. Is n't it, Kinnidy?"

"Faith, and I think it 's a compliment to us, my boy! They know well that we 're the right sort—raal Prodestans. *We* can do without parsons! But as for them papists and dissinters, bedad they must have masses an sirmins every minit to give them a

chance for their sowls." An explanation which seemed quite satisfactory to the stalwart bombardier.

I was horribly alarmed after breakfast by seeing Lord Clyde walking up and down, and looking at the skies inquiringly, in a manner which indicated to those who knew him well that he was preparing to march. Soon afterwards, indeed, his lordship confided his intentions on that point to a few of his Staff; but he was met with remonstrances as loud as was consistent with due respect—"Oh! sir, remember it is Christmas Day! The men's puddings will be 'spoiled!'" And so at last his Lordship gave way, and the great English festival was duly celebrated, close to the Terai, as well as if we were in England. The Carabineers, the Rifles, the 7th Hussars, the Artillery, and the Engineers, each had their guests and their state banquet. Lord Clyde gave an entertainment, at which I was present. I could not but think how different campaigning is in India from what it was in the Crimea; or, indeed, from what it is in any other country in the world. Here we had barons of beef, great turkeys, which, in Irish phrase, were "big enough to draw a gig;" mutton of grass-fed sheep, game, fish without the flavour of tin and rosin, truffled fowl, rissoles, and all the various triumphs of the French *cuisine*, spread on snowy white table-cloths in well-lighted tents, served by numerous hands. Here, too, were beakers of pale ale from distant Trent or Glasgow, Dublin or London porter, champagne, moselle, sherry, curious old port (rather bothered by travelling twenty miles a day on the backs of camels), plum-puddings, mince-pies, and other luxuries not often found in camps. The

artillery sang their Christmas carols; the Rifle band played its best, and there was rejoicing in the wide expanse of tents till 10 o'clock came, and then the voices gradually died away, and lights went out by degrees till midnight came, and Christmas day had passed in India.

On returning to my own tent I was directed by the sound of voices, and by the lights, to the Staff mess tent; and going in, I found an extremely agreeable party, who declared that they would "not go home till morning"—a promise which I have reason to believe they kept, as long after I was in bed I heard them still persisting in that determination.

News came in that Bainie Madho, having effected a junction with the Begum's forces, has thrown his men into some strong jungle forts close to the Terai, where he will await us.

Sunday, December 26th.—The Chief was on the alert early. The first bugle sounded at 5.15, and at 6.15 the column was on its way northward to seek the enemy. It was exceedingly raw and cold, a thick fog obscured the face of the country, but we could make out that it was still level and well cultivated, and that hoof and the cannon were beating down rising crops of young corn. About 10 o'clock the fog cleared away, and soon afterwards we came in sight of a belt of jungle, spread like a green wall across the horizon. Some of our spies returned, and declared the enemy were at Nanparah, a few miles in our front. They had left them there the night before full of the determination to fight, stimulated by the idea that we were only 500 British and a lot of chumar (cobblers) natives.

About 11.15 we halted, and, as the enemy were reported to be still several miles ahead, we drew up at Nanparah, and the whole force breakfasted, having started fasting. At 1 o'clock the column re-formed and moved on again. A part of the Rifles were sent forward to clear the jungle in skirmishing order, and the cavalry flankers were called in. Just at this moment two sowars rode in sight in the jungle, surveyed us for a moment, and at once turned their horses' heads, and disappeared. There was a little trouble at first in finding the path which led into the recesses of this natural fortress, and, had the enemy chosen to have occupied it, they could have held it, and inflicted great loss on us without much risk to themselves, till we had ascertained their position. The jungle consisted of trees fastened together by a network of prickly shrubs, long creepers, and brambles. Here and there it was broken into knolls with open spaces of hard soil. The surface was intersected by watercourses, now dry, in the soft sand of which could be traced the tracks of wild beasts and the footprints of elephants, probably those of Bainie Madho. A strong fort occupies one angle of the town of Nanparah, which was further protected by mud bastions, on which much labour has been recently bestowed, and Bainie Madho had in vain endeavoured to induce his followers and the sepoys to dispute our progress here. The jungle was not more than a mile broad, fortunately for our skirmishers. As we were passing through it a knot of our spies started from a bush, and announced that the enemy two lakhs (20,000) strong, with nine guns in position, and thirteen more in the rear, were awaiting our arrival, two or three miles further on.

As we emerged from the jungle every eye was strained to distinguish their vedettes along the level horizon, broken here and there by clumps of trees and a few cottages which peered above the dall fields. Imaginary polks of sowars were resolved by the glass into herds of white cattle, which were very numerous and very wild. Mile after mile was passed, and no sign of the enemy; the day was waning, the sun was getting low. Suddenly our flankers on the left halt, and we see in their front a moving body, which this time consists of horsemen riding away towards a tope in the distance. The lower part of the dark-green of the tope is fringed with a white border. A few gleams of light flash from it in the sun. "There they are; we have them at last!" The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff rode in advance and examined the enemy, while the column halted. We could not make out their guns, but we could determine that the enemy were not more than 3,000 strong, of which some 800 or 900 were cavalry. Elephants could be seen on the flanks, and camels and carts behind the tope. Their position was by no means well chosen. Their proper right was partially covered by a tope in advance, and on their left was a village unoccupied, but we could not make out their position to the rear, as the trees concealed it. It was now 3.15 P.M. The Chief at once made his dispositions for the attack. But there was some delay in reconnoitring, and Barrow, who was with me, at once said, "In five minutes they 'll be off! This reconnoitring is nonsense." A grim old trooper! wants to charge his enemy at once. Taking with him the squadron of the Madras Cavalry, Lord Clyde placed the 7th Hussars on our right, under

Sir William Russell; the Carabineers on the left, under Colonel Bickerstaff, supported by the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, which came up fresh and willing, *after a march that day of thirty-eight miles from Buraech, having done* 100 *miles in the three previous days.* The portion of Horsford's brigade in two lines, preceded by skirmishers of the Belooch battalion and Rifle brigade, moved on behind the Cavalry; Her Majesty's 20th, and the remainder of the Beloochees on the left, and five companies of the brigade on the right, the heavy guns in the rear, the light guns in front, and Horse Artillery with the Cavalry. At about 1,800 yards the enemy opened fire from four guns. None of their balls came up to our line, which advanced till it was nearly in range. The Cavalry were rapidly advancing, directed by Lord Clyde, but as they could do nothing against an enemy covered in dense trees, they were directed to make a wide sweep to the right, round the village. All this time the enemy fired briskly, but ineffectually. They actually tried grape-shot at half a mile. They were, however, tailing away fast, as we afterwards discovered, and the moment the Cavalry turned the village, perceiving their line of retreat was endangered, they dashed off in two bodies through the dall fields. At this moment Lord Clyde, galloping at full speed to overtake an eager officer (Fraser) who had gone off with his horse artillery guns, came into broken ground; his favourite charger, my old friend at Cawnpore, a perfectly sure-footed animal, put its foot into a hole, fell and threw him with great force. He sat up in a moment, his face was bleeding; he tried to move his right arm, it was powerless. His shoulder was dislocated, and at

first we all thought he had been struck down by a grape-shot. Fortunately, his Staff were near, and Mr. Mackinnon was close behind him. In a few moments, assisted by Dr. Gordon, who came up a moment after the accident, he had reduced the dislocation; but the gallant Chief was much shaken by the fall, though he at once got up and walked onwards, as if nothing had happened. The day was far advanced, the enemy too scattered, and covered by dall fields, for sabre or gun to do much. Darkness began to set in, the artillery horses were "pumped out," and could not keep up with the cavalry, and orders were given to retire.

I saw a few bodies along the route back; but just as we approached the village of Burjiddiah the Beloochees on the left flank of the Rifles, close to me, began firing furiously into a cate. Some few of the enemy were discovered here and shot down, and for the second time, in this war, we made prisoners. On returning to camp it was quite dark, not a tent was pitched; the baggage was coming up in darkness and in storms of angry voices. As the night was cold the men made blazing fires of the straw and grass of the houses of the neighbouring hamlet, in which Nana Sahib's followers had long been quartered. At one of those fires, surrounded by Beloochees, Lord Clyde sat, with his arm in a sling, on a charpoy, which had been brought out to feed the flames. Once, as he rose up to give some orders for the disposition of the troops, a tired Beloochee flung himself full-length on the crazy bedstead, and was jerked off in a moment by one of his comrades,—"Don't you see, you fool, that you are on the Lord

Sahib's charpoy?" Lord Clyde interposed,—"Let him lie there; don't interfere with his rest," and took his seat on a billet of wood. The groups round these fires were most picturesque and wonderful in effect and colour. Native soldiers, camp-followers, general officers, aides-de-camp, prisoners, subalterns, all circling round, holding out their hands to the genial glow, or guarding their faces from the flying embers as the roof of a shed or a fresh bedstead or truss of straw was thrown on the fire. I took particular interest in a "budmash," who, with his arms tied behind his back, joined the social circle of which Sir William Mansfield was the principal personage. He sat down on his haunches with great coolness, and conversed affably with those around him, his only inconvenience being, he said, from want of food. Indeed, he favoured us with some extracts from his private history. He had been a servant of Ali Nucky Khan, late Prime Minister of Oude, and he fought against us at Lucknow. When the place fell he wandered about from place to place with one rebel band or another till he got tired of always being beaten, and went back to Lucknow. There, however, everything was changed. His house was pulled down, his relatives and friends all gone. What could he do? He heard that Bainie Madho would pay and feed men who would fight for him, and so a month ago he left Lucknow and joined Bainie Madho; but he was too poor to buy a musket, and as he could only muster a sword and shield the rebel chief would not have him, but by hanging about the force he got a morsel of food. He was an elderly man, of truculent, coarse features, and no very amiable expression. He

evidently had no love for us or for the sepoys. "There is no one left in India to fight with you now," he said, "for you have beaten all the people with your sepoys, and now you beat the sepoys themselves." As we were not then aware that the enemy had been firing grape at us, and supposed from the rush of the shot not being heard that the enemy fired blank cartridges, we asked him the reason. "They had, I suppose, blank and ball cartridges in their limbers," said he, "and their hands and feet are so swelled with fright they could not tell one from the other." Our tents were pitched late; our dinner was eaten in the open by the light of the stars and of the burning village, and to bed we went, and slept as only men can sleep who have done thirty miles over rough ground in the day.

December 27th.—Lord Clyde is a good deal shaken by his fall. I paid him a visit, and found him busily dictating and trying to write with his left hand. We have our mail in to-day with ludicrous news from India taken from the Indian papers, of which we never heard before. There is a report, for instance, of disaffection of British regiments at Lucknow, and paragraphs headed "Clyde's last blunder," and authentic information from the camp of Ferozeshah, all of which are very amusing. Even the able, original, and high-toned "Friend of India"—all these, and more, though it be a little *doctrinnaire*—is wild enough to talk of moving a force with only men, horses, swords and carabines, to "ride down" Ferozeshah, who is obliged to take camels and elephants for his own troops. Here is a native regiment of Punjaub Horse, in all respects admirable. Well, in their

late march to our camp, they could only get one day's fodder for their horses, and one day's food at Buraech, and were compelled to fast till they got up to our commissariat stores. At the very date in question, a column of ours in Bundelcund, at Sirowlee, was almost paralyzed by the difficulty of obtaining the mere necessaries of life. Horses must eat, and so must men, in spite of leaders or paragraphs. But, indeed, one must not mind very particularly the literary or pseudo-literary matter in some of the domiciled press in India. As I lay under a tree this morning I heard an account of some of the men of letters, which was given by a competent hand and was intensely funny, though it would be a libel to suppose it was largely applicable to public journalists here. One paper, for example, is conducted by a gentleman who underwent a course of treatment in one of the reformatory institutions established in Bengal, for the developement of the capacity to appreciate the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*. Another was a skipper of a budgerow or of some larger local merchantman, happy like Austria in matrimony. When a collection of Indian articles was made for the Great Exhibition, it was discovered that certain jewels which ought to have been displayed as a portion of the contribution from India were not visible. They had been handed over to the charge of one of our leaders of public opinion. The omission was noticed, and in explanation our Mercury stated that he had forgotten all about them, and appealed to his friends to bear him out in his assertion that "procrastination had always been his bane;" whereupon one of his literary adversaries remarked that he always knew

"procrastination was the thief of time," but that he never was aware before that it had a *penchant* for appropriating jewels.

We did not move off at our usual hour, as the spies did not come in with any intelligence of the enemy till the sun was far up in the east. They then returned with the information that the fugitives had mustered in Mejiddiah, a strong jungle fort a few miles only in our flank. Early in the morning orders were sent round for the march of the force at 10 A.M., and while the tents were being struck I went over to the fort, which is a wall of mud enclosing a large garden of fruit-trees, with a well and fountain prettily laid out, and well kept for a native place. In the centre there was an ordinary house, but it was burning. The outer walls of the fort were flanked by bastions, but no guns could be discovered. It was a poor position, open to assault on any side, and was wisely abandoned by the enemy.

It appears that the Nana for some weeks past resided at the fort of Burjiddiah, near which we were encamped, and that his followers were in the village close at hand, which we burned on the 26th. A villager whom we questioned said he had seen "the Nana Rao" once, that he was a stout man, with pock-marked face, but that when he went to walk in the garden the bystanders were driven away, and that it was very difficult to get a sight of him.

There was a disagreeable feeling in walking about the garden, when one reflected that the Nana had been recreating there but a few days before. It is surprising that the natives should shield a monster whose deeds they repudiate with horror. Maun

Sing says the Nana is not a Brahmin, and has no religion, or he would not have murdered women and children; but we have too many examples of the massacre of both to believe that the detestation of such offences can be very deep-rooted or energetic.

At 10 o'clock the force marched off towards Mejiddiah. No information could be got as to the strength or position of the force. Maun Sing affected not to know the place at all. As we advanced the spies and villagers gave still more perplexing accounts. Some said the place was empty; others that a cavalry force was posted in the jungle at the back of the fort, and that there were a few men inside, but all agreed that whoever was there would fly the moment we approached. We passed through a thick jungle without opposition at 11 o'clock, and advanced over a fine plain till 12, when we came upon another jungle extending far as the eye could reach. It was, however, not very broad, for in half-an-hour we had debouched on a plain, and Mejiddiah was before us. All that we could see was a dun-coloured parapet of mud, with three embrasured bastions, in the front of a dense forest, which extended interminably on the flanks and hid the rest of the work. Colonel Harness, of the Engineers, proceeded to reconnoitre the place, and found a spot on the right where we could place our heavy guns. The Cavalry were sent round to the left, where the ground seemed more open, the Carabineers being in support, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bickerstaff.

The Commander-in-Chief, who was carried in a dooly with a led horse by his side, suffering from the dislocation and shock of yesterday's fall, gave the general

direction of the attack to the Chief of the Staff, and remained in front, just under fire, the rest of the day. We could see the enemy in the bastions watching our motions; but the greater part of our force was screened from their view by a heavy crop of dall, which stood on a slightly-elevated field, just in front of the spot on which our troops and baggage debouched from the jungle. The bit of the place we could see gave one a disagreeable impression of its strength—a ditch and abattis were visible, and the place might contain 10,000 men, for all we knew. As there was only space for the heavy guns on the right, it was resolved to send our mortars to the left. All this time the enemy had observed us in silence. I had gone towards the left, having a fair glass, to see what could be seen, and found myself in front of the fort. I could see a man in purple and fine linen, attended by several natives, going round from bastion to bastion, and encouraging the men. I could see the artillerymen looking along their pieces, and the sepoys strutting about very confidently inside the parapets. Presently Sir William Mansfield and a few officers came past, riding to the left to reconnoitre. Bang went a gun from the western bastion, but it was laid too high, and the shot went whistling through the air far above our heads, and plunged with a heavy thud into the ground 300 yards behind us. The General went on at a canter; bang went gun number two, and, again, gun number three, as fast as they could load and slew the piece round. The General reconnoitred, and found a place for our mortars on the left near the cavalry, returning under the fire as before; one good shot, which passed close

and sharp, being very near emptying one of the saddles.

As the heavy guns were being sent to their position, the enemy opened on them, and one shot disabled a soldier, and killed and wounded a couple of gun-bullocks; but they were soon placed in safe cover: then they opened on the mortars going round to the left, but were less fortunate in their aim, though their round-shot sadly discomposed some groups of dooly-bearers; and one of them had the side of his face shattered by a round-shot. But the vivacity of their fire was soon diminished. Part of the Rifle brigade, of the Belooch battalion, and of the 20th Regiment, were sent up to the fort in skirmishing order; and, extending themselves, as far as their numbers would admit, from the open to the front right round into the jungle, got close up to the parapets, and poured in a constant flight of bullets through the embrasures. The heavy guns opened on the right; the mortars answered on the left. Shell after shell burst inside the place; the round-shot tore great clumps of earth off the parapets. I could see that in ten minutes the number of the defenders of the place, never very great, had become much diminished; but some of the enemy remained at their posts with steadiness and determination. One man in particular I could see serving a gun by himself. He fired, sponged out, served, rammed home, aimed, for round after round, throwing grape at the Rifles and round-shot towards the front, till he suddenly disappeared, and the gun only opened once more. Nearer and nearer crept our riflemen, less and less became the fire of musketry from the parapets and the flashes of the answering guns,

while our mortars and heavy artillery kept up a heavy, monotonous, uniform, battering, and bursting, and pounding inside, outside, and above the fort.

About 4 o'clock P.M. the firing had almost ceased. Major Dillon, of the Rifle brigade, soon afterwards came up to the Chief of the Staff, to announce that the fort was evacuated, just as Colonel Harness, suspecting such to be the case, had gone with a few men to ascertain if it was so. I went in with the Rifles, who were ordered to advance and occupy it; and as we approached the abattis, a spatter of musketry was heard, which proceeded from the last of the enemy leaving the place, and who fired probably on Colonel Harness's little party. This abattis was a thick fence of thorns and pointed branches, inside which was a thickset hedge, then the ditch twenty-five feet deep, twenty-eight feet broad, filled in places with several feet of mud and water, and opposite us the face of the bastion, fully thirty-five feet high from the bottom of the ditch. Falling, scrambling, and climbing, we got up through the embrasure—a feat which few of us would have performed had there been an enemy inside, for it required both hands and feet to do it. The first impression produced was wonder at the small size of the interior, and at the strength of the place. A small low wall, pierced for musketry, surrounded some houses in the centre, which probably served as the residence of the Rajah and his followers. The ground was covered with cooking places, thatched sheds, cooking utensils, and quantities of ammunition. There were rockets, blue lights, port-fires, cartridges, hammered shot, newly-cast brass shell, very well made, moulds for making them,

fuses, heaps of English cartridges, and bags stuffed with percussion-caps. The rockets were most ingeniously provided with a contrivance to prevent the rocket flying back, of which our engineers took a note—an occurrence which is too probable not to be guarded against. A buggy stood under a shed; in that shed was a horse. With most remarkable presence of mind, an active officer walked to the place as if he knew all about it, saw that a combination of the two might be effected with advantage, harnessed the horse, and put it to the buggy, and drove out of the gate in great glory. The magazines were well made; the best I have seen in India. Great quantities of food were found in the storehouses—rice, grain, and atta. Wild gun-bullocks lashed their sides with their tails; and, charging furiously among the invaders, caused those who had never fled before to take to ignominious retreat. A splendid Brahminee bull, who would have been a very formidable foe indeed, was fortunately fastened by the nose to a rope; and seemed rather low-spirited, in consequence of the death of a cow, which lay at some distance killed by a piece of shell. Bullocks—some of our old battery draught with the marks on their loins—were also found in the ditch. It was evident that the fort had been for some time occupied, and that those who told us it was empty were deliberately deceiving us in order to befriend the enemy. A 24-pound mortar limber was found in one place full of ammunition. There was not a dead body inside, and only in one place was there trace of any of the enemy being wounded; but it is scarcely possible for the fire to have left them unscathed. The parapets

were injured in places, bits of shell lay over the ground, and the embrasures were scored in every direction by our rifle-balls. Probably they carried off their dead and wounded through one of the numerous sallyports which led out into the jungle on the rear.

December 28th.—The engineers were employed in demolishing the fort, which was too good to leave behind us, and companies were out in all directions to ascertain what had become of the enemy. Churda was found to be empty.

December 29th.—The Chief, being quite in the dark as to the locality of the enemy, moved south at noon, to Nanparah. Our irregular appearance on the plain caused some anxiety to the garrison of Oude police who had been left in the place; but they recovered their equanimity on seeing the English camp-colours. It was dark before our tents were pitched.

December 30th.—Information was received that the Nana Sahib, Bainie Madho, and some thousands of sepoys and desperadoes had collected near Bankee, about twenty miles north of Nanparah.

I went into Lord Clyde's tent about 4 o'clock, and was told by his Excellency that I ought to be ready for a sudden start. "Do not mind what you see in general orders, or what you hear at mess." At mess, indeed, there was consternation, for the orders which were sent round stated that no officer was to accompany the force who was not specially ordered on duty. Every one wanted to go. The minds of the heads of departments and outside Staff were much relieved when Norman came in about 7 o'clock and

said, "His Excellency will permit any officer who desires to join the force to-night." The only exception was our excellent friend Major Kirby, of H.M. 94th Regiment., for reasons to be stated.

The mere chance of capturing Nana Sahib, killing and dispersing some of the desperadoes around him before the old year closed, seemed to justify an undertaking which was esteemed hopeless by those most conversant with Indian warfare. References to the great uncertainty attendant upon endeavours to catch weazels in a dormant state were largely applied to the project. The enemy were twenty-three miles away, the nights were pitch dark, there were no roads whatever, the guides were not to be depended upon, the rebels would be informed the moment we stirred—these were all points duly considered and commented upon in a spirit not very favourable by the two or three people who knew of Lord Clyde's determination that evening. As it was impossible to keep quite secret the fact that we were going to move—inasmuch as men must eat and food must be prepared, and camels and elephants brought in from grazing—the story was successfully propagated that we were going to Bingha. Now, although the matter did not in the least affect the success of the enterprise, I am bound to say that in the camp-bazaars it was stated, an hour after Lord Clyde had decided on his movements, that we were going to march that night to Bankee. The Chief of the Staff, the Special Commissioner, the Quarter-master-General, the Adjutant-General Major Norman, all were dubious of the chances of success. But Lord Clyde was resolved to try. He instructed Captain

Fitzgerald to collect as many elephants as possible, and to have them ready at dark. General orders were issued in the evening, warning the regiments available for the expedition to parade in front of their respective lines at 8 o'clock P.M., and there await further orders. The heavy guns were left in charge of a detachment of Her Majesty's 20th, and the baggage, with a small guard, was placed under the care of Major Kirby, Her Majesty's 94th Regiment acting on the Quartermaster-General's staff, with orders to move off and follow the columns next morning at daybreak, in full reliance on the skill and judgment of that excellent and zealous officer. It was distinctly announced, as I have said, that no officer should be permitted to march who did not receive an invitation or orders to do so; and, of course, the secrecy of the expedition leading to the conclusion that a great object was in view, the officers not invited had been up to 7 o'clock in a state of considerable irritation and excitement. Nearly every one about Head-Quarters, except those all-knowing wily politicals who pull the strings which set so many legs and arms working, and the heads of departments, were in utter ignorance of the object or direction of the night march. I question much if colonel or brigadier was acquainted with the course till the stars of Heaven told them they were steering northward. Now, it is a most difficult matter to organize an expedition in the night in an unknown country. One man may make his way towards a certain point guided by local knowledge, a compass, and the stars, but the direction of elephants, camels, and guns over rice-fields, swamps, ditches, rivers unknown, is a very

different matter. Even the move in front out of a camp at night in column of march is more difficult than the words seem to express. If, in the Duke's opinion, there were a few generals who could get a large corps into Hyde Park, but few or none who could get them out again in broad daylight, it may be imagined that it is by no means so simple as it would appear to the uninitiated to get infantry, cavalry, and guns in proper order, all in direct column of route, out on the open in a pitch-dark night.

Our little expedition consisted of the 7th Hussars, head-quarters of the Carabineers, 1st Punjaub Cavalry, a troop of the Royal Horse Artillery (six guns), the Rifle Brigade, a detachment of Her Majesty's 20th, and a wing of the Belooch battalion. As Captain Fitzgerald collected 150 elephants, it was arranged that one-half of the force should be mounted—five on each of these unwieldy locomotives—the other half marching till the halt took place, when they relieved their comrades from the trouble of journeying aloft, and the elephant cavalry became infantry till the next halt. There were some spare elephants in case of accidents. Lord Clyde, with his shoulder bandaged up, was, much against his will, obliged to go in a dooly. The mess-dinners, an hour earlier than usual, were full of conjecture; but it was generally supposed we were going to aid Grant in some conjectured difficulty. At 8 o'clock the regiments were formed up in front of their camps, and at 8.30 they were marched off, with the usual advanced guard, into the darkness. Not a light was to be seen save the glare of the watch-fires; but soon there appeared before us, like a light in some wintry sea, one steady flame. A lantern had been

mounted on the back of an elephant, which followed the guides, and had the honour of being the leader of the expedition. The men were in high spirits. Wrapped in their great-coats, those social fives smoked, chatted, and laughed in their peripatetic clubs till the cold monotony of the night-march proved too much for even the most loquacious Hibernian. Linkmen with flaring torches after a time were put forward to cast a light on the pitfalls, the heavy fields, ditches, and wells which lay in our course. A delay of nearly an hour occurred, soon after we left the camp, in getting the column into proper order.

Just to illustrate the difficulties of a night-march in this sort of country, where no officer knows where he is going, I may mention that the Madras Light Cavalry, a most efficient set of men, were unwittingly left behind. They were formed up in their proper place, but by some accident the Captain, Macgregor, did not receive the order to move off with the rest of the column, and after a long halt in the cold, he rode off to see what had become of the rest. He could not find them. He then marched off his troop, circled round the camp—saw no trace of the column—came back—marched again, and after an ineffectual search, returned to camp at midnight till next morning, when his squadron proved a most useful and desirable escort and aid to Major Kirby in his march with the baggage and tents. The column, once started, moved off in a straight line to Bankee. Elephants—crashing in one leaden line through cates, over swampy grass, through dall-fields—can outmarch cavalry or infantry, and the latter regulated the pace. The moving lighthouse guided the officers; and so, tramp, tramp—squash,

squash—thud, thud, away they proceeded. A northerly wind came down sharply from the Himalayas, and soon the cold cut through the warmest Indian clothing. And so on till midnight passed, and December 31st opened upon the little force in darkness and silence.

The column made such good progress that, if it had pushed on, it would have reached Bankee long ere daybreak. A long halt was called, therefore, near a tope of trees and a small hamlet. Wrapped up in cloaks and resais, officers and men enjoyed an hour's refreshing sleep. The march again commenced, and was so timed as to bring the force to Bankee soon after sunrise. As daylight broke, the flankers and vedettes were thrown well out. The country was exactly like that I have previously attempted to describe; the villages being very clean, and the houses better than in most parts of Oude. The villagers generally ran away as we approached, and large herds of cattle were visible in the distance, which the proprietors drove from the line of our march as fast as they could. The old men left in the villages professed entire ignorance of the existence of the enemy. About seven o'clock, however, when the force had got within a few miles of Bankee, a white clump was observed by our vedettes at the base of a thick tope of trees. It wavered to and fro, extended, and broke, resolving itself into a strong picket of sowars, who rode away from our right front. About 8 o'clock the enemy, mostly cavalry, were visible in our front; as we approached, it was ascertained that a long deep swamp lay in their front, which was covered on each flank by a small village. Behind them, and on

their left, as far as the eye could reach, extended the jungle, a dense high wall of green, apparently of immense thickness. The Commander-in-Chief, who was now mounted on an elephant, attended by Colonel Metcalfe, reconnoitred their position. General Mansfield was intrusted with the general direction of the attack. A very few moments sufficed for the dispositions. The Hussars slipped after the Infantry towards our left; the guns, Carabineers, and Punjaubees on the right were received by the fire of three guns—one in the tope, and two from the village, near the angle of the two lines of jungle. They pushed on, the shot flying over their heads, the enemy running into the jungle, and in a few moments the three guns were ours. It was about 8.30 when the enemy opened fire on us. The belt of jungle was about half a mile broad. By 10.30 our cavalry and part of the guns suddenly emerged on a wide plain with an undulating surface, in front of which rose the Nepaulese hills, with their base covered by the Terai. On the left of the cavalry the belt of jungle ran on in a line down to a dip in the ground, where it abruptly ceased. In the plain appeared the enemy flying in two disorderly bodies, one towards the left, where the jungle ceased, as I have described, the other towards a village on our right. Detaching a squadron of the 7th Hussars to the left, Sir William Russell led the remainder of his regiment and the Punjaubees towards the large mass of the fugitives on the right. As they dashed onwards their course was unfortunately interrupted by a deep nullah filled with water, which stopped Fraser's guns and detained the cavalry in their pursuit. The moment they were freed from this obstacle

they charged on to the right, but the enemy had got a good start and were close to the village, which was situated on a ford of the river Raptee. But the Hussars pressed close upon them. The Punjaubees captured a gun on the brink of the river. Suddenly a heavy battery of six guns from the other side of the river opened on our cavalry, covering the ford, and ploughing up the opposite bank. The Begum's guns had been sent up, and Mehndie Hoosein was doing his best for his friends. Our guns were not up. The enemy on the right had got over, and were collecting on the other side of the rapid river, under cover of their guns. Meanwhile the squadron under Fraser on the left, having a greater space to go over, had not got so close to the river at the point where the jungle joined its course. The enemy, headed by the Rifles through the jungle, and cut off on the right, were all crowding in dismay towards the narrow point where there was a ford on the left. The Hussars and Punjaubees on the right were at once wheeled round, and running the gauntlet of the enemy's guns all along the banks of the river, galloped as hard as they could to assist the squadron on the left. As Fraser's men saw they were gaining on the enemy, and that a river ran before them, they gave one ringing cheer, sat down in their saddles, and rushed along as fast, fierce, and strong as the Raptee itself. "Steady, men, steady!"—it is in vain, the thunder of horses' hoofs, the lightning of battle, roll and flash along.

In a cascade of white the sowars precipitate themselves into the waters of the Raptee. At the sight our Hussars give one more wild cry, and in an instant they are engaged with them in the river.

Not a man could be held, each went straight at an enemy. Their horses flounder amid the rocks: but the Hussars hold their own. They cut down the sowars as they are struggling in the whirling stream, and charge them in the ford. It was one of those wonderful spectacles only to be seen in actual war, and of which peace has no counterpart; here men and horses swimming for their lives, there fierce hand-to-hand conflicts between sowars and hussars in the foaming water; but the river was our most formidable foe. Poor Major Horne, a most kind-hearted, excellent old soldier, overturned with his horse in the river, was rolled over, swept away, and drowned. Captain Stisted, carried away by the stream, was only saved by the activity and presence of mind of Major Fraser, his comrade, who pulled off his coat and plunged into the river just in time to carry his friend, with a spark of life unextinguished, to the bank. The river was full of struggling men and horses; and some forty or fifty of the enemy were swimming for their lives; but the rest were beneath the waters, or were riding across the other bank. In a few minutes more no living enemy was in sight. Our men had ridden thirty miles. They were exhausted, and so were the horses; and so at 1 o'clock the cavalry fell back, marched through the jungle, and, joining the rest of the expedition, found their tents pitched and baggage up at Bankee, in their rear, at 3 o'clock.

New Year's-day.—The well-conceived secret night-march, planned by Lord Clyde and executed yesterday, has caused great consternation among the desperate rebels who still hold out on the verge of Nepaul.

The loss of their guns, the suddenness of the attack, the surprise, have all told on them, and they feel they are now no longer safe wherever they may go, and that the information of our movements which stood them in such good stead while they were at large, is now failing them as our columns occupy mile after mile of the country. I saw to-day a sepoy of the 72nd Bengal Native Infantry who was with the Nana's own force yesterday, being one of his armed followers. He said that the first intimation of our advance was the sound of the guns opening upon the head of the column. The Nana was in the wood a couple of miles in the rear. He at once gave orders for flight, had his eight elephants loaded, and made straight off for the Raptee, which he crossed, no doubt, long before our cavalry reached its banks. But, although that particular body of the rebels may not have been warned of our approach, that which defended the entrance into the jungles was, no doubt, advised of it by their cavalry-pickets before we came in sight. Living in a state of constant apprehension, the rebels are ever on the alert, and throw out strong pickets of horse all along their front, which are on the watch night and day, though the cold is said to affect their energy. Indeed, we heard at one of the villages that a picket galloped past with the news of our advance half-an-hour before our advance-guard made its appearance. Under every tope we saw horse-litter, cooking-places, and recent signs of the sowars. In the night we passed one large party on the left, which remained perfectly still. Some of our officers observed the lights in the distance, but they were supposed to proceed from a village; and it is the custom in Oude

to plough by torch-light, as the earth is soft and yields to the plough when moistened by the dew, and no notice was taken of them. Had there been, we should have given the alarm to the main body by our firing, and warned them to escape. The picket quietly remained on their ground after we passed; but when the guns opened, they fled away towards the west, and probably broke up. The sepoys tell us that there are great dissensions among the rebels. Whenever our force approaches, the recriminations and reproaches of one to the other are only silenced by the opening of our fire. "Where will you fly to now?" they ask. "What a fine example you set the other day!" "It was you who brought me to this; but for your advice I should have been well clad and fed, and my family looked after. Now I am hungry and in rags, and no chance of escaping death."

There is again one of the hitches which is occasioned in war time by the limited powers of the Commander-in-Chief. We are on the confines of Nepaul. The rebels are actually in the territory of our ally. But Lord Clyde cannot venture to pursue them, for he has not received Lord Canning's sanction, although he applied to the Government to know what course his troops were to adopt in case the rebels were forced into Nepaul, which was the inevitable result of his movements.

January 2nd.—Still waiting for Lord Canning's despatches. I took a long ride by the banks of the Raptee to-day, enjoying the glorious view of the mountains, which now and then peeped through the clouds. The stream is full of alligators and river-turtle. The population is very scanty and miserable,

and they say the air is poisonous in certain times of the year.

January 3rd.—The rebels are sending in vakeels from Oude. The Begum wants to know what guarantees we will give her and her son. Several troopers and some sepoys have come across the river and surrendered. The outposts of native troops are very unhappy at night. They are disturbed by ghosts, they say, and they are so much afraid of the heavy night dews, that the sentries have been sometimes found roosting up in the trees. There are rumours of tigers about, and of many *felinæ* in the woods all around us. I saw several wolves along the bed of the river, in which there are small islands covered with brushwood.

January 4th.—Early in the morning two very fine brass 9-pounders, of English make, with tumbrils, ammunition-boxes, &c., complete, were found in the jungle on our left, where the enemy had hidden or abandoned them, and were brought into camp and placed in park. Notwithstanding their enormous losses, the enemy have still fifteen or twenty guns across the Raptee. It is not easy at any time to gather correct news of the exact force and locality of our enemies; but the difficulty in the way of obtaining information is always much aggravated when the troops are moving about, and is almost insuperable for a short time after a defeat of the enemy. Spontaneous aid we never receive. Even now, though our information is better than it was, it is only by comparison that it is valuable or reliable. Several sowars, perhaps twenty, came in and surrendered this morning to Major Barrow. They were so miserably mounted that a shrewd suspicion has arisen

that they part with their horses before they give themselves up; for the sowars we see in the field are generally very well horsed; but they were armed with tulwar and pistol, and were stout fellows enough.

It is known that the Goorkhas have two large cantonments—one on the east, the other on the west of the valley of the Raptee—and that at least three of Jung Bahadoor's regiments must be in the vicinity of the Begum. But the friendship of that minister is by no means over-active. It is at least unfortunate that in this juncture the part which will be taken by the Nepaulese seems open to doubt; it is more than unfortunate that the conditions under which the aid of the Nepaulese was accepted should have been so indefinite as to leave Jung Bahadoor the power of making demands to which the Government could not accede, and thus permit him to believe himself an ill-used man. Should it appear that the Begum of Oude was driven out of the kingdom the very last day of the old year, it might be considered by some that we had finished the war; but so long as she is permitted to keep an army destined to disturb the peace of British India on the verge of our frontier, in the kingdom of an allied power, we are placed in a position which not only forbids our assuming that peace has been restored, but affords reason to apprehend a breach of our relations with the State which harbours our armed enemies, whose presence on the soil is an infringement of neutrality, not to say of good feeling and alliance.

The body of Major Horne was brought into camp this afternoon by some natives, who, stimulated by the promise of a reward, searched the river and discovered

the corpse in a pool, submerged in a quick-sand, below the ford. It was reported that he held in his death grip a sowar in each hand, and that the bodies, one of which bore the marks of a desperate wound, were found beside him; but there are some doubts as to the truth of the story, as no European saw the dead sowars. The gallant and lamented officer was buried this evening in front of the camp, under a lone tree, whereon a plate, with an inscription stating his name, rank, and the manner and date of his death, is affixed. It was an affecting ceremonial, decorously conducted. The Staff of Lord Clyde, of Sir W. Mansfield, the head-quarters' officers, the officers of the Rifle Brigade, Brigadier Horsford, Brigadier Richmond Jones, the officers and a detachment of the Carabineers, Sir W. Russell, and the officers and men of the 7th Hussars, followed the bier, behind which was led the horse of the deceased in funeral trappings. As the procession, preceded by the band of the Rifle Brigade, passed out of the camp, and the sad and noble strains of "the Dead March" swelled through the air, the native camp-followers thronged to gaze upon the spectacle, and one or two salaamed as the war-horse passed them. Sir William Russell, in the absence of any clergyman, read the funeral service. In the gloom of a murky evening, with one rift in the clouds, through which poured a broad thin sheet of orange light from the setting sun, the deep grave, surrounded by the countrymen and comrades of the soldier, reminded us how far we were from our home, how near we might be to that final resting-place which is everywhere. Before the service was closed in darkness, the yells of the jackals in the dis-

tance made us look to see the grave was deep. It may be long before English eyes again rest on the spot where the soldier was laid so solemnly in his shroud.

Lord Clyde has sent to the Governor-General for instructions to know whether he shall follow the Nana into the territory of Nepaul, but he has not yet received any reply; and we must, therefore, wait here in order to close the gorge of Raptee, while a force under Hope Grant, and another under Christie, with various small columns, watch the other passes, to prevent the enemy again coming into the British dominions from the fastness to which they have at last been compelled to flee.

We had got up the Terai sweepstakes, the Raptee purse, and the Nepaul consolation stakes; there was to have been a great race and tiger-hunt, and a reconnaissance up the gorge; but in the evening we received orders to move, and we are now marching back to Lucknow.

I was much amused going in to see Major Barrow, surrounded by his little court of beaten rebels, or expectant zemindars, tossing about estates as large as shires, and whole kingdoms, with the wave of his hand, just as Napoleon used to fling away empires, or as the juggler knocks balls about. I had an offer of a strip of the Terai and the adjacent land, of any number of miles in length and breadth, rent free for five years, on the sole condition that I cut down the jungle.

January 5th.—I am rather disturbed at this notion of "settling" in the Terai as a great Zemindar of Oude. But how about the jungle? I am assured, indeed, that the bark and gums of some of the trees

would not only pay for the labour, but leave many thousands of rupees on the profit side of the work. Major Barrow is only too glad to get eligible Europeans on the confiscated lands. For there is confiscation now. The last day of grace has passed. I forget how many thousands of acres I might have, but they were numbered by thousands. And I turned my eyes on the jungle, and said, "No! thank you."

January 6th.—Lord Canning has at last informed Lord Clyde he is not to violate the Nepaulese territory on any account. His duty will be to guard the passes so as to prevent the rebels returning to Oude from Nepaul, and Lord Canning will move Jung Bahadoor and the Goorkha Court diplomatically to root out the rebels if they do not surrender or cease to trouble us. The lordship appears rather less tempting now, as it is some distance from our ports, and was close to the frontier. But it was *x miles* long and *y miles* broad! Rebels—more rebels surrender every day, and are sent off to their homes under surveillance, or as prisoners to take their trial.

January 7th.—A great tumult in camp excited my attention this morning. Going out into the street I saw a rabble of camp followers, and some private soldiers in their undress jackets, crowding round a small party of well-dressed natives, who were proceeding towards Major Barrow's tent. The centre of these was the Nawab of Furrukabad.

I was present at the interview of this man with Major Barrow, to which some political importance was attached, in consequence of subsequent circumstances. It appears that in the correspondence which led to the Nawab's surrender, the native secretary to Major

Barrow used a Persian word in the phrase wherein the Rajah was promised his life if he had not shed the blood of any European, which in Persian implied the condition was in effect that he had not shed blood "by his own hand." Major Barrow, who is not, I believe, a very good Persian scholar, though I can answer for it, no more able or zealous officer can be, did not perceive the exact value of that phrase when he signed the letter which his sheristadar read aloud for him. However, I heard him distinctly tell the Rajah that he must stand his trial on the charge that he was implicated in the murder of Europeans, of women and of children; and the Rajah answered in English that he was prepared to prove his innocence of that crime. He relied in his trial on the phrase in the letter, and his defence was that he could not control the feelings which committed the murders. When I was at Government House, on my way home, Lord Canning asked me what had passed between Major Barrow and the Rajah, and I told him every word as well as I could recollect. At Madras I received a telegram from the Secretary of State, requesting that I would send in writing a statement of what I had heard, and I posted a despatch accordingly on my arrival at Point de Galle, in which I repeated my impressions and recollections. I regretted very much to hear that Major Barrow had incurred the displeasure of Government, for I am satisfied they could not have a better servant. The Rajah was sentenced to death by Commissioners at Furrukabad, but up to this date the sentence has not been carried into effect.

Mehndie Hoosein and other famous rebel chiefs also surrendered. The scene was extremely interesting,

and the particular coolness and self-possession of these men, who had been fighting against us a few hours before, and who now sat perfectly at their ease in the Special Commissioner's tent, was very striking.

They were sent—some for trial—some under escort to their homes. Colonel Crealvell took a capital sketch of the Rajah by his permission, and the latter looked at it with evident pleasure.

January 8th.—Leaving Horsford in charge of the pass, the Chief marched us once more back to Lucknow. There is not a rebel left in arms in Oude.

The present aspect of the country would indicate that the storm is over. Those who have escaped its fury are, with an anxious eye, scanning the clouds, fearful to trust themselves to believe in the calm, and, for my part, I believe it will be long indeed ere the roll and swell of the great waves shall have passed away.

With this expedition the interest of my Diary in India ceases. On January 18, the Commander-in-Chief returned to Lucknow, and there I remained, looking placidly on at the process of pacification, visiting, being visited, dining out, riding out, letter-writing, making some small excursions to and fro, shooting, fishing, and, in fact, passing a life which would be agreeable enough if there had been anything to do; but there was not. In fact, my mission in India was accomplished.

CHAPTER XX.

Our life at Lucknow.—News from home.—The future of the Service.—Lord Clyde's health.—Our severities.—A native betrothal.—The procession.—Leave-taking.—Sir John and Lady Inglis.—The Chinhut expedition.—Europeans and Natives.—Departure from Cawnpore.—European self-reliance.—External aspect of India.

Our life at Lucknow passed quietly, and for upwards of a month there was nothing to break the monotony of our existence, except the arrival of despatches, recounting small successes over the rebels; long chases and near escapes of Tantia Topee; the mails from England; and the formation of shooting parties. Lord Clyde had done his work well, and the whole of Oude was conquered and occupied. Our civilians, established in their country-seats, began to give dinners, as the best evidence of the returned vigour of our Administration and of the security of our power; and I was beginning to think of making a little tour into the indigo plantations, in order to judge of the state of affairs with my own eyes, as far as they would go, and to study a little the operations of our law courts, and the nature of our settlements, when I received intelligence of a domestic affliction, which rendered it necessary that I should return to Europe as speedily as possible. This return was well nigh beyond my power to effect; for the stream of civilians and soldiers returning home as soon as furlough was

opened, and the immense pressure for accommodation in the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company deprived one of a chance of a berth, unless he had made arrangements for a long time previously, and had engaged a passage months before; and, as there was a remote probability that if I were on the spot at Calcutta, I could snatch at a berth, left vacant at the last moment, I resolved to go there, instead of remaining at Lucknow, though the agents assured me that for several months all the ships would be quite full; and I had commenced to think of a voyage round the Cape as a *pis aller*. A few passages from my diary record the little events of the last days of my sojourn in Oude.

February 19*th*.—The heat this morning quite equal to that of the month of July or August, at their hottest, in London. I went over to Bankes's bungalow, the residence of the Chief Commissioner, in order that I might see Hurdeo Bux presenting his return nuzzeranana; Forsyth, Hutchinson, Barrow, and a few other Europeans were present, and formed a sort of durbar. The zemindar, now a Rajah, came in great state, and presented a magnificent horse, covered with splendid trappings, and trays of jewels—bracelets of emerald and diamond of considerable value; after which, a few civil speeches, on both sides, and he took his leave. When he had gone, Mr. Wingfield had some conversation respecting the salaries of the civil servants, which attract the notice of our financial reformers; and he argued with considerable force and justice that it would be hazardous and impolitic, as well as unjust, to reduce them. It is obvious that, if we wish to administer the affairs of India with credit or honour,

we must increase very largely the number of European officials; but the class which has hitherto furnished the State with officers is limited in extent, and is likely enough to diminish its contribution to the public service, if it be disgusted by ill-treatment or unfairness. It would be wrong to suppose that we could easily replace this class by another: for, in fact, the Indian service has been a hot-house plant, peculiarly cultivated and matured, and it is to be seen whether the attempt to introduce a more hardy and less refined production in its place will be attended with success. For my part, I cannot imagine any means of irritating the natives, exciting their aversion towards our rule, and bringing the British name into contempt, more effectual, and certain of success, than introducing among them a large proportion of vulgar, violent, or coarse-minded men, of an inferior class, on the ground that they have acquired a sort of special knowledge for a special occasion. Were we to begin again, no doubt it would be unwise to create such a close service as that of the East India Company, just as it would be—according to the most vehement supporters of the present system of army purchase—exceedingly impolitic to adopt that system if the army were to be remodelled *de novo*. Whatever reasons there might be adduced, before the rebellion, for a reduction of salaries, it must be borne in mind that now nearly every man is sick of, and disgusted with, India—so much so, that I believe not one out of twenty would remain there if he were offered this moment, in England or Europe, the fourth or fifth of his present salary in India. The influence of Lord Bute at one time filled Hindostan with Scotchmen;

just as at a later period the power of Lord Castlereagh developed the north of Ireland element, and gave us Lawrences, Montgomerys, and others. Now we have to ascertain whether the competition system will be equally fortunate in tempting the youth of the whole empire to the noblest field in which honourable ambition can contend. It is evident, that the higher the prizes, the better will be the men attracted to the contest. If we diminished our salaries, to any appreciable extent, we should not only offend a large class of most valuable public servants, but we should restrict the State, in effect, to select those to whom a small salary would be an adequate consideration for the unhealthiness and privations of an Indian existence. If we can, by a popular administration, secure the contentment of the people, we need not maintain a gigantic army of soldiery and police; and the sum that will be saved by the reduction of our military establishments, may be well spent in paying the civilians whose services are imperatively required in all departments of the public service in India.

I went across to Barrow's tent. There, very quietly ensconced in the corner, was a native, who was waiting with a letter he had carried from Brijeis Kuddr, the *soi-disant* King of Oude, complaining that Lord Clyde had not behaved properly by advancing against him after he had sent in to ask for terms, and accusing Major Barrow of want of courtesy in not answering his letters, and the Government of bad behaviour in not fixing the terms on which they would receive the submission of His Majesty—a cool lad, certainly! He has been warned long ago that unconditional surrender would be insisted on, and

that neither Government, General, nor Commissioner would take any notice of his letters.

February 20th.—How this weather fatigues one! Early this morning Lord Clyde passed down our street to the apothecaries' tent, and ordered himself a bottle of quinine. He is troubled with fever, which is an old acquaintance, for he tells me that long ago he had a fever, caught in foreign service in the West Indies, which lasted him nine or ten years, I think. Bad as his fever is, off he goes to consult the Chief Commissioner on the steps necessary to provide against certain troublesome gatherings of rebels on the Nepaulese frontier, near Toolsepore. Mr. Montgomery's report on Oude, which has been the work of much labour and research on Forsyth's part, is now ready, and will, no doubt, be a useful memorandum for the Government. How many such monuments of industry, learning, and ability lie hid, like Barnes' report on Kangra, in the pigeon-holes of public offices, scarcely known to the most largely-read of public men? In the evening we received telegram of news from England of 25th January, *viâ* Galle. Col. Durand's appointment to the Council is much canvassed; but he does not want supporters in camp.

February 21st.—Lord Clyde is far from being well, and his illness is probably much increased by the anxiety which he feels as to his ultimate destination, which Lord Canning does not appear able to dissipate. In fact, it is stated that Lord Clyde requested the Governor-General to inform him where he wished him to fix head-quarters for the summer, and that as yet he has not been fortunate enough to get an answer. Procrastination is not only the thief

of time, but destroyer of good-temper, peace of mind, and public business. And yet there may be many things to be considered ere Lord Canning can determine where the Commander-in-Chief should be; though it is certain that the complaints from all quarters in reference to the slowness of action on the part of the Governor-General would seem to establish that point against his personal administration of affairs. They are talking of sending private letters to inform Dr. Leckie of Lord Clyde's illness, in order that Lord Canning may be made aware of the necessity of accelerating his decision; but such a step, without the consent of the veteran General, who would be exceedingly displeased if it were only hinted at, would be dangerous. I dismissed my syce Gunga and grass-cutter Buddoo to-day, sending them with my horse to Cawnpore, and a backsheesh in hand. Each moved off with his wife and a cooly carrying her bundle on his head, and each wife had a child sitting on her hip, the husbands not being quite eighteen years of age.

February 22nd.—In consequence of some statements in reference to the strategy of Lord Clyde at the relief of Lucknow,* which implied that he had not foreseen the probability of the Calpee rebels and Gwalior Contingent attacking Wyndham at Cawnpore as soon as he had himself crossed the Ganges into Oude, I was asked to look at some remarkable papers, in which it was plainly demonstrated that Sir Colin Campbell and General Mansfield were fully impressed

* See Appendix also, in which a passage from an important despatch of General Sir James Outram is inserted, with respect to the Gwalior Contingent.

with the danger, and considered it highly probable that the post at Cawnpore would be assaulted. There appears, however, to have been greater delay in effecting the relief than was expected, and the interval which elapsed between the departure from and the return to Cawnpore of Sir Colin's force was longer than he anticipated, though he is generally pretty close to dates in his calculations. We had a slight fall of rain, which purified and cooled the air.

February 23rd.—In the course of a conversation today, an officer who was attached to Renaud's column, when it moved out from Allahabad in advance of Havelock's force (Neill being at Allahabad), told me that the executions of natives in the line of march were indiscriminate to the last degree. The officer in command was emulous of Neill, and thought he could show equal vigour. In two days forty-two men were hanged on the road-side, and a batch of twelve men were executed because their faces were "turned the wrong way" when they were met on the march. All the villages in his front were burned when he halted. These "severities" could not have been justified by the Cawnpore massacre, because they took place before that diabolical act. The officer in question remonstrated with Renaud, on the ground that if he persisted in this course he would empty the villages, and render it impossible to supply the army with provisions.

February 26th.—For the last three days I have been busily engaged in packing up, paying visits, and disposing of my effects. I have sold all my guns tolerably well; disposed of all my horses save one; and now really feel as if I were going home to

England, though when I may be able to get away from Calcutta is quite beyond my calculation. As I had an hour or two to-day, I went into the city to take a farewell look at Lucknow, and to purchase a few cheap mementos of the place. I drove out to the Kotwalee, where I found Lieutenant Rawlings, the police officer, who accompanied me up the Chandeen Chowk. The street was crowded as densely as it usually is, and although I do not like the practice of sending policemen on before me to shout out "Clear the way for the great lord," and to bully all the people in the thoroughfares, it must be admitted the results are not altogether undesirable on such occasions. The number of shops in Lucknow belonging to people who sell merely embroidered skull-caps, and gold and silver lace and wire, is extraordinary; these constitute the majority of the bazaar-shops. Next come the purveyors of sweetmeats; then money-changers, shoemakers, old curiosity shops. Lucknow is famous for the manufacture of pipe-snakes, and for articles of luxury connected with tobacco. My purchases were soon made, and we returned to the Kotwalee, where we were fortunate enough to see a native wedding, or more properly speaking, the betrothal of a rich merchant's daughter to the son of a banker in the city. The procession passed under the balcony in which we were standing. First marched a body of drummers and fifers, most probably itinerant musicians picked out of the streets, for they were ragged and dirty, followed by an elephant, richly caparisoned, who looked as sad as if he were going to be married himself. These were followed by a number of hoary fathers very splendidly dressed in Lucknow turbans of bro-

cade and cloth of gold, with grand Cashmere shawls, and fine jackets and nether garments, shuffling along in gorgeous slippers on foot. Next in single file came, in gilt open palanquins, the children of the relatives of the contracting parties, attired with a splendour and magnificence which cannot be exaggerated by the use of any language, and the notion of which can only be conveyed by the painter's brush; some rode ponies with beautiful saddle-cloths, and tails dyed red; others were in silver *chaises à porteur*, with ivory bearing-poles, lined with purple velvet and cloth of gold. Inside one of these sat a child, like a cabinet of gems crusted all over with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, and yet so tastefully dressed that this wealth of ornament was not at all vulgar. The boy was pretty; but I almost expected to see some hungry Sikh make a snatch at him and carry him off, jewels and all. After him came more little ones, some two and two, in their palkees. These were all flanked by guards—to keep off robbers, probably, and by each palkee and pony were men with fly-dusters, who flapped and fanned the little fellows' faces. The guards, bearers, and attendants were in their ordinary clothes, with the exception of yellow turbans on their heads.

The *defilé* lasted for half an hour, but at length the bride or bridegroom, no one could decide which, made an appearance—a little child of five or six years old, with demure round face, lighted up by a pair of great round eyes surrounded by painted eyelids, mounted on a milk-white pony, which was covered with rich brocades and gem-studded saddle-cloths. The little creature, who was a mere mummy

swathed in sheets of gold and silver, and weighted with precious stones, had its features completely concealed by a veil of pearls, strung together so as to form a sort of vizor, hanging from the turban, but one of its attendants raised it so that we could catch a glimpse of the little plump visage beneath it. The procession closed with a band of musicians, some mounted on horseback with kettle-drums and trumpets, others on foot with drums and fifes, who wheeled round from time to time and blew and beat their congratulations into the faces of the two venerable parents, who in gala-dress brought up the rear. The crowd paid very little attention to the proceedings beyond staring at the jewelled children and pointing out to each other those whom they knew, and the current of traffic driven from the centre of the street flowed in narrow channels up and down at the sides. The day was closed by a farewell dinner in the mess-tent, to which the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Wingfield, the Financial Commissioner, Mr. George Campbell, the Military and Civil Secretaries, Captain Hutchinson and Mr. Forsyth, Major Barrow, Major Bruce, Chief of the Oude Police, and others, were good enough to come.

I took leave of Lord Clyde, General Mansfield, the members of the Staff, and all the friends among whom I have lived in perfect harmony for more than a year, in constant intercourse, only interrupted by my visit to Simla. It is unnecessary to say I did so with regret; for though I was not so indiscriminate in my regards as to think of all alike, there is scarcely one of whom I do not treasure some pleasant souvenir. At night I was on my way to Cawnpore, where I ar-

rived on the morning of the 27th. My excellent host, Mr. Sherer, was out, collecting the revenue in his district; and I put up at the Cawnpore Hotel, formerly the house of Moohsum-ood-Dowlah, and known as the artillery officers' quarters. Next day I paid a visit to Sir John Inglis, the General in command of the Cawnpore district, whom I found in the bungalow formerly occupied by the Rev. Mr. Moore. Old as may be the races and languages and customs of India, there is no place in the world where old houses are more speedily turned into new; or where a ruined bungalow is sooner converted into a very comfortable quarter. I was very glad to see the gallant soldier —who, long before the defence of Lucknow, was well known as "Jack Inglis," a good officer, a crack shot, and an ardent sportsman, all over the north-west of India, and whose qualities are at once conveyed by the use of that familiar name—looking a very different man from the war-worn, sick, and care-stricken soldier whom I spoke to when I was in Cawnpore a year ago. Lady Inglis, the worthy wife of such a husband, and of whose real goodness and womanly nobleness I have heard many, who were besieged along with her in the Residency, speak in the highest terms, has also returned from her short visit to England. One would have thought her experience of India had been enough to last her a life-time. There was much pleasant discourse about Lucknow and other matters, in the course of my visit. How many different reports of the same affair there are from competent authorities!—"And doubting, Pilate said 'What is truth?'" It is asserted, by those who ought to know, that Sir H. Lawrence

was urged to make the Chinhut expedition by civilians, belonging to what was called the war party in the garrison; and that although the setting out of the particular column, which started on that fatal day from the Residency, might not have been known to those gentlemen beforehand, it is notorious they were always pressing Sir Henry to take active steps against the rebels in the field. That which was intended as a mere reconnaissance was, by their advice, turned into an attack. The enemy were represented by them to be only 1,100 or 1,200 strong, whereas they were at least 7,000 in number. The men of H.M.'s 32nd had no food all day; and were ordered to attack, or rather were engaged in action, before they had eaten anything, and whilst they were weak from want of their meals, in a tremendous sun. Sir Henry Lawrence distinctly blamed those gentlemen for the unfortunate affair into which he had been led, as soon as he returned to the Residency.

On my way back from this visit, I had occasion to go to the railway office to give instructions for forwarding my baggage—which had not yet arrived from Lucknow—if I were obliged to start ere it reached Cawnpore; and I am obliged to confess the fears which are expressed—that the sense of new-sprung power, operating on vulgar, half-educated men, aided by the servility of those around them, may produce results most prejudicial to our influence among the natives—are not destitute of foundation, if I may take the manners of the person whom I found at the chief engineer's house, as a fair specimen of the behaviour of his class towards gentlemen. As I was returning

to the hotel, I saw another exemplification of the mischiefs which are to be dreaded from a large infusion of Europeans into India, in positions where they are really irresponsible, unless to their own good feelings. The Company foresaw the danger, which, however, arose very much from the system of legal administration and police which they founded, or were forced to accept. If Europeans are not restrained by education and humanity from giving vent to their angry passions, there is little chance of their being punished for anything short of murder—and of murder it has been oftentimes difficult to procure the conviction of Europeans at the hands of their countrymen. This is what happened. There were a number of coolies sitting idly under the shadow of a wall: suddenly there came upon them, with a bound and a roar, a great British lion—his eyes flashing fire, a tawny mane of long locks floating from under his pith helmet, and a huge stick in his fist —a veritable Thor in his anger. He rushed among the coolies, and they went down like grass, maimed and bleeding. I shouted out of the gharry, "Good Heavens, stop! Why, you'll kill those men!" (One of them was holding up his arm as if it were broken.) A furious growl, "What the —— business have you to interfere? It 's no affair of yours." "Oh, yes, sir; but it is. I am not going to be accessory to murder. See how you have maimed that man! You know they dared not raise a finger against you." "Well; but these lazy scoundrels are engaged to do our work, and they sneak off whenever they can, and how can I look after them!"

Now I believe, from what I heard, these cases

occur up-country frequently; in one place there has been a sort of mutiny and murder among railway labourers; and in fact, the authorities have issued injunctions to the railway subordinates to be cautious how they commit excesses and violence among their labourers, and warn them they will be punished. A ganger, or head navvy, accustomed to see around him immense results, produced by great physical energy and untiring strength, is placed over hundreds of men, remote from supervision or control; he sees the work is not done—"a good-for-nothing set of idlers;" and so he takes to stick and fist for it. Going home, I called on Major Tombs, Paymaster, of Cawnpore, and brother of Colonel Tombs of the Bengal Artillery; and on Dr. Elliot, an old friend in the Crimea, now stationed at Cawnpore. All paymasters are in distress about their "balances" in war-times. How they and the Commissariat, and the doctors, and the brigade officers, rejoiced when the gale of the 14th November, before Sebastopol, blew all their papers into the sea! In India, paymasters handle enormous sums; and the "balance" will sometimes, in such times as these, amount to seven or eight lacs—that is, 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*

March 1st.—I spent the day in driving over the cantonments and the ruined bungalows of the station, and in inspecting all the graves, of the state of each of which I took a list; but the heat at last drove me in till dinner-time.

March 2nd.—I wonder how it is no clever *vautrien* has hit on an ingenious plan of robbery, suggested to me to-day. I went over to Mr. Sherer's to look for my gun-case. His venerable old chief, Joseph, was on

the premises, and conducted me to a large cellar and store-room filled with property left there from time to time by travellers, whose habit it is generally to make this use of the civilian's houses. I explained to him that I wanted my gun-case; but he seemed to think that as long as I got some one's gun, or something of value, my desires ought to be satisfied; and accordingly he offered me, in succession, a complete set of surveying apparatus, theodolites, levels, and a camera; a variety of fowling-pieces; some portmanteaux; and finally all the remaining articles in the room. I dined with Sir John and Lady Inglis in the evening, where I found General Mansfield, who has just come down here on his way to Calcutta. A grand thunder-storm broke over the Ganges, on the Oude side, at night. Bade good-bye to Le Geyt, Bruce, of the Artillery, and others, on my way to the hotel. Next morning, March 3rd, I left Cawnpore in the 9.30 A.M. train for Allahabad.

I quitted Cawnpore almost the day twelvemonth that I arrived there. I had passed through an eventful year; but it was one in which—as was well said by a most accomplished and able man, Mr. Keene, whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make ere I left the country—I had only seen India in mourning fighting in black, like Brunswick's dragoons. India, be it observed, in English speech means the Europeans in India. So far he was right. I had lived, indeed, in camps where war was a trade without much glory and with little profit; wherein, superadded to its usual horrors, the incitement of revenge and anger, of race-animosity, all the horrors of servile war, or of a Jacquerie wherein one's fate is cast

with the masters, exercised an influence only mitigated by the exertions of Government, the authority of their superior officers, and the forbearance and humanity of their lieutenants. I was anxious to see the old station-life of which traces were still left, and to examine the new systems by which English capital is brought into relations with native labour. But the opportunity was denied to me; I was summoned home by news which would have unfitted me for such scenes, even if I had had time to seek them.

We are strange beings! I do not direct this novel remark to any general propensity of the human race; but to the British species. I am now looking at a passage in my diary when going down-country, which refers to this extraordinary fact, that in three or four straggling bungalows which I have passed through, there are complaints in the books from officers going up-country this time last year—a time when Lucknow was still in the hands of the rebels, and when half India had to be conquered—that "the kitmutgur here is uncivil," and that "there is no table-cloth," or that "I could not get a napkin at dinner;" or — well: it may be that I am more unreasonable still, when I expect a race, placed as ours is and has been in India, to show any greater virtues than those of immeasurable energy, dauntless courage—the fierce properties in fight of men assaulted by an inferior civilization and by beings of a lower order; who must be as relentless as Lords of the Pale in Ireland, Danes in Britain, or Spaniards in Mexico. Here is a friend of mine, who has just been winning three steeple-chases, in a state of pardonable anger against Government and all man-

kind, because the "niggers" have just murdered some unfortunate gentlemen who were surveying a railway close at hand. If they had been shot in a boundary row, or on a Munster jaunting-car, he would think comparatively little of it, however he might grieve for their loss. His wrath now is directed against the "niggers," and, above all, the Government, which has, he declares, encouraged these rebels. "I would," he exclaims, "hang every scoundrel within ten miles of the place!" A moment afterwards he is eulogising the syce who has fed his horse. The syce says he has relations among the rebels who killed the engineers. Further on I meet a man going out to shoot. "I can't try the best places, about five miles from this, up the Kymore Hills," he says, "because there are a lot of rascally rebels there." "But suppose they come down on you?" "Oh! my fellows" (all natives) "will keep a sharp look-out, and they would all fight for me to the death." "Can you trust them, after all that has happened?" "Well: I am going out alone—they carry my guns and everything, and I have 500 rupees also, but they won't do me any harm." "What is the difference between them and sepoys?" "Well, as to that, you know, they 're all niggers alike; but I *can* trust my fellows," &c., &c.

Arrived at Calcutta, I went to the Auckland Hotel; but Sir James Outram, whose invitation to stay with him was of long standing, claimed my promise to accept it, and I remained under his hospitable roof till I could get a passage; for, as I have said, the furloughs had commenced, and every berth in the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company were occupied for months to come. By a fortunate chance, however,

I succeeded in obtaining a berth at the end of the month of March, and I left India—probably never to see it more—with a strong desire for the welfare of the grandest empire that has ever arisen under our hands, and with the sincere prayer that our rule may be blessed in the prosperity and happiness of the people, and in the extension of that European community, whose intelligence and civilization must direct the onward march of Hindoo and Mussulman alike. I confess that the present aspect—the aspect of the outward and visible signs of our rule in India—to me is not very encouraging. Towns, villages, and public works, monuments, temples, tombs, tanks, reservoirs, and buildings of all sorts in which the *people* of India are deeply interested, are in decay. In the late mutiny, the people took their revenge by burning our stations, our barracks, our bungalows, and our hotels. Time, neglect, and the ravages of conquest, perhaps, are much to blame; but I think that even in a utilitarian spirit we might do something to arrest the progress of decay. When I was at Agra, I observed that a wild fig-tree had taken root in the cupola of the Taj, and threatened it with destruction; a few rupees would have cleared it, but there was no one to order the work to be executed, though there is, indeed, an officer appointed to survey public buildings in Agra. The great tombs all over India are falling to pieces; the revenues appropriated to them being misapplied or absorbed for other purposes. Many of them are now the refuge of wild beasts. We may point to the Ganges canal and to our railways; but the iron road and the iron wire pass over crumbling cities, by prostrate monuments and deserted villages; and even the canal itself

has not produced, according to the statements of the people, the benefits which were expected to be derived from it. As to the state and extent of the internal communications, in the oldest of our possessions, they are all summed up by one of the Inspectors of Schools, who declares that no one would dream of taking wheel conveyances sixteen miles from Calcutta, as metal roads fade into the mud at that distance in Western Bengal; and in all his district, for one hundred miles, he did not see a single bridge even of bamboo.

But these may be said to be small matters, provided that we have increased the sum of general prosperity, security of life and property, contentment, and virtue. I am not in a position to determine if such has been the case; but I believe that the actual physical happiness of the natives has not been augmented by the change of rulers. Sir Henry Lawrence, who had long and varied experience, told Sir Robert Montgomery, on whose authority I repeat the statement, that he was persuaded, on the whole, the people were happier under native government than under our own. There is the whole difficulty of our position. We have by this very effort, which effected the reduction of India, satisfied ourselves that the drain on our resources is too great to be submitted to permanently without ruin to the empire at home. There is but one way left to retain it. Let us be just, and fear not—popularize our rule—reform our laws—adapt our saddle to the back which bears it. Let us govern India by superior intelligence, honesty, virtue, morality, not by the mere force of heavier metal. Let us proselytize solely by the force of example. Let

us keep our promises loyally in the spirit, nor seek by the exercise of Asiatic subtlety to reach the profundity of Asiatic fraud. Otherwise, the statesman was never born who can render India either safe or profitable; and the strength of our arms will be paralyzed in the money-market, for the cost of keeping that glorious Empire will be far greater than the advantages we derive from its possession; and such a result, in these days, would be considered quite sufficient ground for the relinquishment of the greatest heritage that the devotion, courage, and energy of her sons ever bequeathed to a nation.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

I.

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Calcutta, 27th July, 1858.

My dear Russell,—I write in a hurry to save the post.

* * * * * * * * *

You will find the extract on the other side, also copy of a letter I sent to Cawnpore about ten days before Sir Colin left, which will show you that, however anxious I was for relief, I was more anxious that the Gwalior rebels should first be disposed of from the moment I learnt that they were threatening Cawnpore. I certainly was much deceived as to the quantity of grain; but there was no doubt the few remaining gun-bullocks would not suffice, and I was fully prepared to eke out the time by eating up our starving horses. I have had much anxiety about you on hearing of your sun-stroke, and it was a great relief to me to learn that you had gone to Simla. What a narrow escape you had from the Ghazees! Baird told me all about it, whom I accompanied to Galle, having myself had some threatening symptoms, which induced me to take a short sea-trip.

Ever most sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. Outram.

Extract from Mr. Russell's *Letters to the "Times," published in the "Times" of Monday, June 7th,* 1858.

"But it is certain that here the grave error was committed (by Sir J. Outram) of hurrying Sir Colin Campbell's

advance, by representations respecting the state of the supplies and the means of holding out, which were, to say the least, unfortunate. If Sir Colin Campbell could have had more time to collect troops, the garrison might have been relieved, and the city of Lucknow held without any danger to Cawnpore; but Sir James Outram was led to believe that the supplies would only last till a certain date. Sir Colin acted on the statement which was made to him, and anxious to save women and children, advanced at once, and barely succeeded in saving Cawnpore and Lucknow both."

Extract of a Letter addressed by MAJOR-GENERAL OUTRAM *to* CAPTAIN BRUCE, *at Cawnpore, dated Lucknow Residency, 28th October*, 1857.

"I shall not detain Canojee (the cossid) beyond to-night, being anxious to prevent the force being hurried from Cawnpore to Alumbagh. The latter post having now been amply supplied with food, and sufficiently strengthened to defy attack, is no longer a source of anxiety; and, however desirable it may be to support me here, I cannot but feel that it is still more important that the Gwalior rebels (said to be preparing to cross into the Doab) should be first disposed of. I would, therefore, urge on Brigadier Wilson, to whom I beg you will communicate this, as if addressed to himself, that I consider that the Delhi column, strengthened to the utmost by all other troops than can be spared from Cawnpore should, in the first instance, be employed against the Gwalior rebels should they attempt to cross into the Doab, or be tangible to assault elsewhere within reasonable distance. We can manage to screw on, if absolutely necessary, till near the end of November, on further reduced rations. Only the longer we remain, the less physical strength we shall have to aid our friends with when they *do* advance, and the fewer guns shall we be able to move out in co-operation.

"But it is so obviously to the advantage of the State, that the Gwalior rebels should be first effectually destroyed, that our relief should be a secondary consideration. I trust, therefore, that Brigadier Wilson will furnish Colonel Grant with every possible aid to effect that object before sending him here."

As this letter duly reached Major Bruce on the 30th October, there can be no doubt it was communicated to the Commander-in-Chief, who did not leave Cawnpore for Lucknow until the 9th November.

J. OUTRAM.

II. (APRIL, 1858.)

LUCKNOW GARRISON. (SIR HOPE GRANT.)

ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

F. Troop, R.A. (D'Aguilar's).

1st Troop, 1st Brigade, B.A. (Olphert's).

5th Co., R.A., 12th Batn. No. 20 Field Battery (Gibbon's).

Q.E. Co., 3rd Batn., B.A. Battery No. 12 (Carton).

3rd Co., 8th Batn., R.A., and 6th Co., 11th Batn. (heavy guns).

4th Co. Royal Engineers, 3 Companies of 4th Punjaub and Delhi Pioneers.

CAVALRY.

2nd Dragoon Guards, Lahore Light Horse.

1st Sikh Cavalry, Hodson's Horse.

INFANTRY.

H.M. 20th, H.M. 23rd, H.M. 38th, H.M. 53rd, H.M. 90th, H.M. 97th Regiments. The 1st Madras Fusiliers, Head Quarters of 27th M.N.I. 5th Punjaub Infantry.

OUT-FIELD FORCE. (MAJOR-GEN. WALPOLE.)

ARTILLERY. (DAVID WOOD.)

2nd Troop, 1st Brigade, B.H.A. (Tombs).

Head Qrs., 3rd Brigade, B.H.A. (Brind).

2nd Troop, 3rd Brigade, B.H.A. (Mackinnon).
3rd Troop, do. do. (Remmington).
6th Co., 13th Batn., R.A. (Middleton).
5th Co., do. do. (Talbot).
4th Co., 1st Brigade, B.A. (Francis).
1st Co., 5th Brigade, B.A.
Naval Brigade (Cawnpore).
23rd Co., Royal Engineers.
Head Qrs., 24th Punjaub Infantry, Bengal Sappers and Miners.

CAVALRY. (BRIGADIER HAGART.)

H.M. 7th Hussars.
H.M. 9th Lancers.
2nd Punjaub Cavalry.
Detachments of the 1st and of the 5th Regiments of Punjaub Cavalry.

INFANTRY.

1st Brigade (Adrian Hope).
H.M. 42nd, H.M. 79th, H.M. 93rd Highlanders.
4th Punjaub Rifles.
2nd Brigade (Horsford).
2nd and 3rd Batn. Rifle Brigade.
1st Bengal Fusiliers.
2nd Punjaub Infantry.

AZIMGHUR FIELD FORCE. (LUGARD.)

ARTILLERY. (RIDDELL.)

½ Troop, R.H.A. (Anderson's). E. Troop.
Cotton's Battery, Madras Artillery.
8th Co., 2nd Batn., R.A.

A detail of Royal Engineers and Native Sappers and Miners.

CAVALRY.

2nd Batn. Military Train (Robertson).
3rd Sikh Cavalry.
12th Irregular Cavalry.

Douglas Brigade of Infantry.
H.M. 10th, H.M. 34th, H.M. 54th, and
The Corps already in the district.
H.M. 13th, H.M. 37th, H.M. 54th.

MEMO.

H.M. 75th move to Meerut; H.M. 32nd stand fast at Allahabad; H.M. 5th at Cawnpore; H.M. 64th, with Penny, near Bolundshuhur; H.M. 78th on the march; H.M. 88th at Ukherpore.

Seaton's Force, Head Qrs., Futtehguhr.
No. 4, Field Battery R.A., H.M. 82nd Regt.
Alexander's Horse, Sikh Artillery.

III.

FORCE BEFORE LUCKNOW (ALUMBAGH INCLUDED).

Artillery	1,745
Engineers	865
Cavalry	3,169
Infantry	12,498
	18,277

IV.

When Sir Colin Campbell retired from the Residency with the garrison, he took away 160,000 lbs. of corn, which was still remaining in the Magazines.